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The Rebel

THE NEWSWEEKLY WITH A CAUSE

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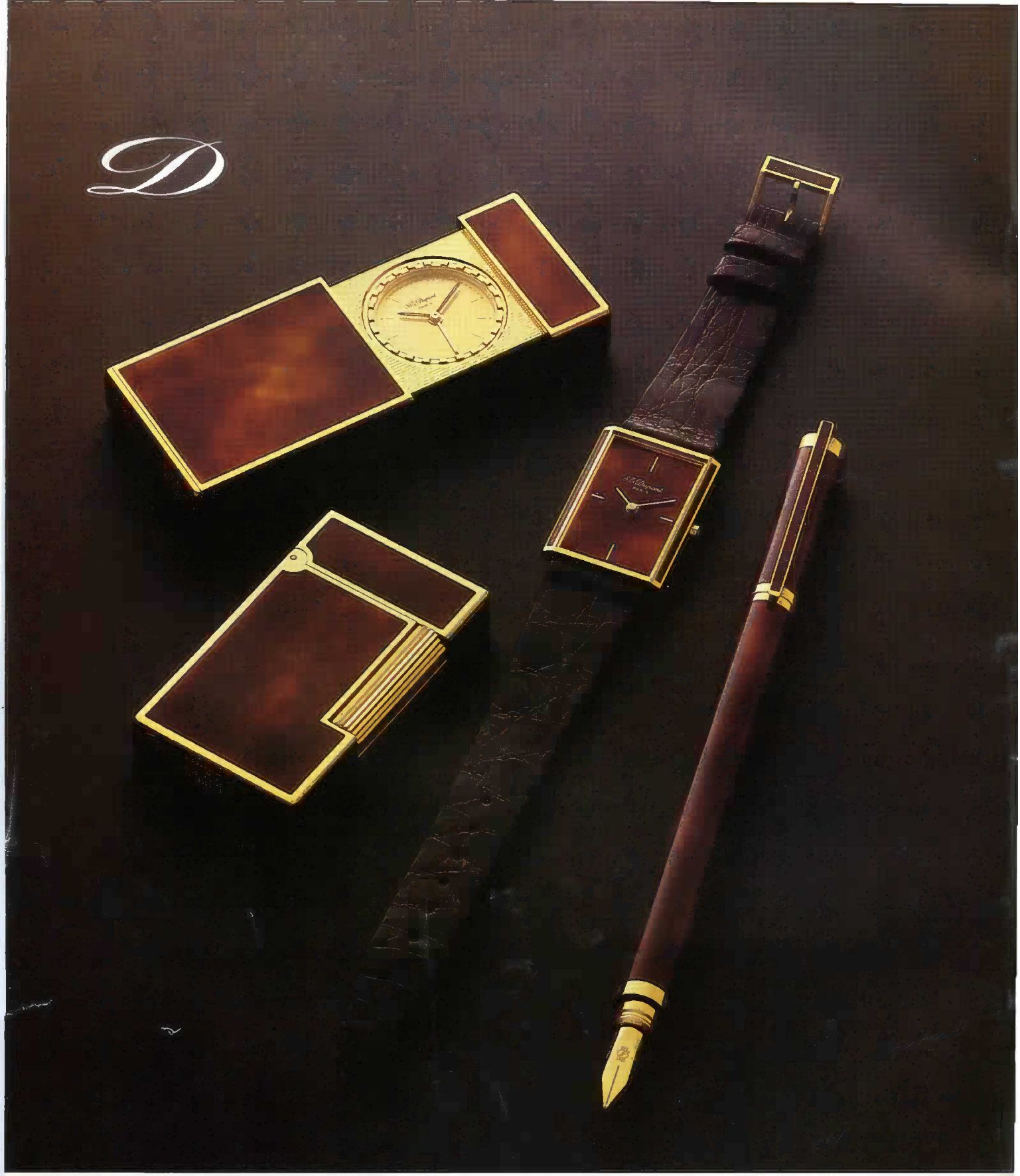

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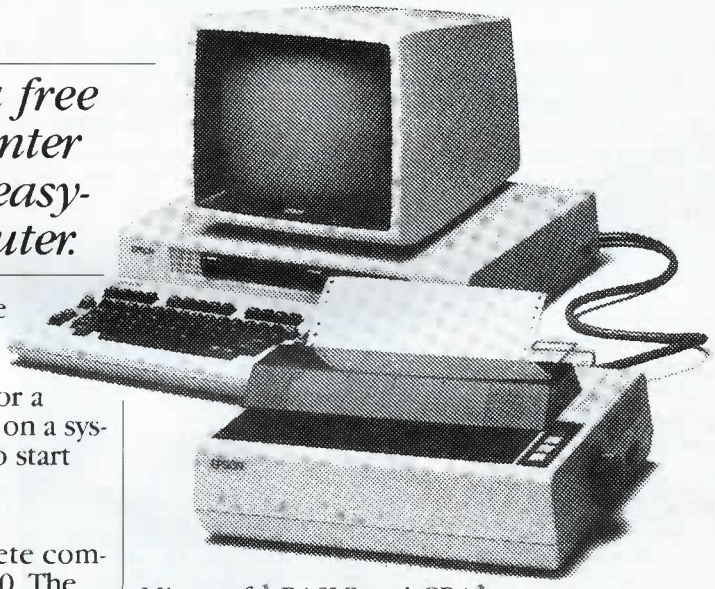

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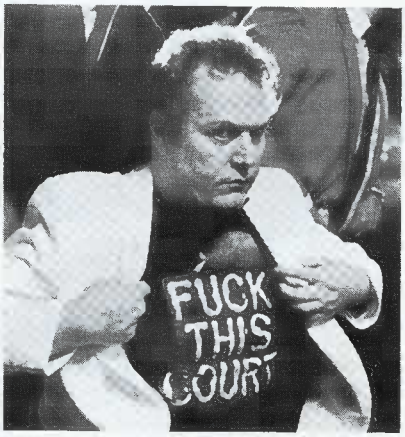
December 6, 1983

Henry David Thoreau once said that in an unjust society the only place for a just man to be is in prison. And here I am writing to you from the Federal Penitentiary at Terminal Island, California. I was locked up here in early December for a very simple reason: It's because I still believe in the First Amendment and in a Free Press. I am in jail because I refuse to reveal my confidential sources as an editor and publisher. For that reason courts from California to Chicago to Washington, D.C. persecute me and jail me.

Now they say I am being held in contempt of court. Well, in a philosophical way they are right. I have always held that this country's courts were deserving of contempt. We cannot take these courts seriously until they take our First Amendment rights seriously.

What else but contempt can we have for those judges who, cloaked in black robes, cloak the crimes of the white-collar gangsters? What else but contempt can we have for those judges who conspire with multi-million dollar criminals—and then jail the hungry and unemployed who have stolen a loaf of bread for their families? What else but contempt can we have for those courts that permit our environment to be destroyed by giant corporate polluters? What else can we have but contempt for those judges who permit the FBI and CIA to tap the phones of honest Americans and spy on their every move? What else but contempt can we have for courts that for almost 200 years allowed citizens of a different color to be forced to sit, work and study apart from others of lighter skin?



As I sit here locked up in Mr. Reagan's prison, I conclude that I can no longer run for the presidency of this country.

I could not see myself presiding over this organized filth and corruption that calls itself the U.S. Government. This does not mean, however, that either I, or *The Rebel*, will let up in our campaign to expose and do away with the hypocrisy, lying and madness that has become commonplace in the halls of financial and political power.

I have been accused of desecrating the flag because I wore one as a diaper during one of my requested appearances in court. But just think of the hundreds of thousands of innocent Americans who have been sent off to kill and die for that flag. How that flag was dishonored when it marked airplanes that carpet-bombed Vietnam and Cambodia back into the stone age! How that flag was desecrated when U.S. Marines were sent to invade and plunder an island country the size of a golf course just because the Senile Actor in the White House no longer approved of that nation's government! And how that flag is disgraced when it is forced to stand next to Mr. Reagan when he appears on television and lies and deceives our whole nation. There is just too much suffering and pain and duplicity attached to that flag. We need one that represents a whole new way of thinking.

We need a flag that stands for peace, not for a suicidal nuclear arms race. We need a flag that stands for honesty and integrity rather than for information gaps and presidential lies. We need a new flag that means equal rights for all instead of discrimination against half the country. And we need a new flag that stands for defense of our individual rights instead of the open trafficking of those rights by the courts, the Congress and the White House.

I am in jail today because I still speak out in defense of these rights, as does *The Rebel*. Jailings, arrests, and persecution have never in history been able to stifle ideas when their time has come. So when you ask me now just what it is I am doing in jail at a time like this, I answer as Thoreau did and say: "What are you doing *out* of jail?"

Larry Flynt

Editor and Publisher

The Rebel

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The Rebel

The newsweekly with a cause

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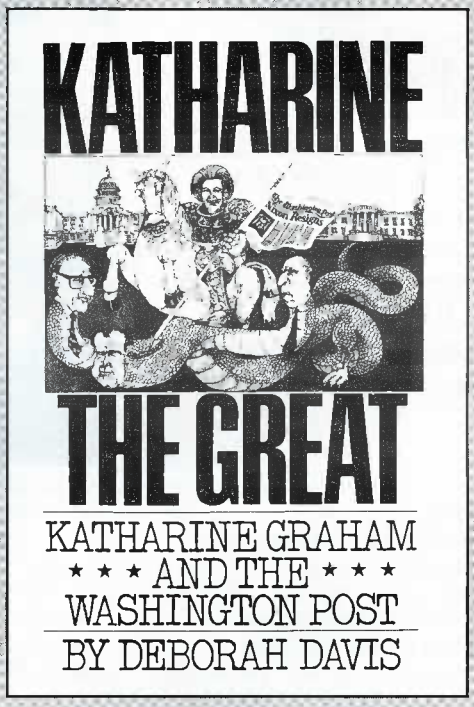

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The Reagan revolution is driving the government deeper into the red.

Testament

Directed and co-produced by Lynne Littman. Starring Jane Alexander, William Devane, Ross Harris, Roxana Zal, Lukas Haas, Philip Anglim, Lilia Skala, Rebecca De Mornay. An Entertainment Events Production in association with American Playhouse, a Lynne Littman Film distributed by Paramount Pictures

Testament, *with Jane Alexander, confines its scope to a single family residing in Northern California*

Heard the one about the screenwriter who's shopping *Testament II* around Hollywood? The idea isn't so farfetched since the movie industry discovered that there's gold in those radioactive hills. Originally made for the Public Broadcasting Service, *Testament* cost a mere $750,000 and has been such successful box office through director/co-producer Lynne Littman's Paramount distribution deal that her actors are now suing for compensation. Nicholas Meyer's *The Day After* cost ten times as much to make, was seen on television by more people than will ever see Littman's film, and is doing big business in Europe, proving yet again that catastrophe always sells.

Politically, *The Day After* is by far the stronger of the two films. Any television show that William F. Buckley condemns as a willful attempt to jeopardize national security has to have something going for it. Cinematically, *Testament* is a subtler, less effective, but more bothersome item. An ideological polemic for the good guys, it undercuts itself in many ways to the detriment of its own intentions.

Testament is easy to see as merely a low-budget version of *The Day After*. (*Testament*'s budget allowed neither for the filming of actual damage caused by nuclear war, nor for the makeup necessary to represent the medical effects of radiation sickness.) In both cases the films attempt to show the unshowable, but *The Day After* has a disclaimer at the end warning us that the effects of a for-real nuclear war would be much worse than what has just been seen. Swell. A little honesty never hurts. Unfortunately, the final scene implies that some of us *would* survive. We'll be very, very unhappy, but a few hearty souls will be around to pick up the pieces, as naively untrue as that seems.

Testament, too, belies itself in its conclusion. Like *The Day After*, it assumes that the end of the world will come not with a bang but with a whimper. As it has unreeled, mother Carol Wetherly (Jane Alexander) has had to bury her children, who have each slowly died of radiation poisoning. Nevertheless, the film's final images lend a note of hope to all those that have preceded. The grainy frames of a home movie depict the once-happy family frolicking in self-conscious suburban satisfaction, which is certainly not the kind of apocalyptic imagery that is going to strike fear into the hearts of our leaders.

Whereas *The Day After* attempts to show how an entire metropolitan area would fare in the aftermath of a nuclear attack, *Testament* confines its scope to a single "nuclear" family residing in Northern California's Sierra Madres. The family is something of a horror story unto itself, including as it does an adolescent boy (Ross Harris) in an obviously Oedipal power struggle with father Tom Wetherly (William Devane). Without blowing the psychoanalytic situation out of all proportion (as the film does), it should be pointed out that the nuclear attack becomes a *deus ex machina* for the son's paternal death wish. It is the mother who steps into the breach and attempts to maintain order amid the devastation, although the three-quarter-million-dollar budget doesn't allow for much chaos. The worst that immediately happens is that the electric power goes off before everybody in the town dies of radiation poisoning. Not good, but not nearly bad enough.

It's more like a child's fantasy about what life without parents might be like. The sentimental liberal message behind the film isn't much different, conveying as it does the impression that when the shit hits the fan we must proceed as if everything were OK. At one point an older woman recalls the death of a different father figure: "When the President was assassinated, we mourned, but we went on."

The title *Testament* refers to the diary Carol begins to keep the night before the holocaust, to the home movies that are cut to whenever there is a particularly sentimental death, and, we must assume, to the film itself, all of which suggest that someone will be around to appreciate all this documentation. There won't be, and the same goes for the title of *The Day After*. There won't be one.

Neither of these films asks hard questions about who is responsible for the primal fear to which we have become accustomed, and what can be done to prevent nuclear war. The best they do is drum up dewy-eyed sentiment and brave resignation. But since the freeze movement has limped to a standstill, the horror of nuclear war may provide little more than fodder for further commercialization of our plight, allowing Hollywood to create ever more deeply moving renditions of the end of the world. ■

Reviewed by Richard Gehr

And The Walls Came Tumbling Down.

Rebel against the government that is spying on your every move. *Rebel* against an administration that wants to send your sons and brothers to die in illegal invasions of other countries. *Rebel* against the cops, courts, and federal officials who want to take away your right to speak. *Rebel* against the establishment media that cover up the crimes of politicians, corporate executives and mobsters.

My new magazine, **The Rebel**, will be appearing every week beginning January 23 to help us work together to regain our lost freedoms. **The Rebel**, the newsweekly with a cause, is a new alternative to the lying and conniving voices of *Time* and *Newsweek*. The American people will now have somewhere else to turn for their real information on the misdeeds of big business and big government. For fifty years, those two publications, instead of delivering the truth to the American people, have served as mouthpieces for government, police agencies, and multi-billion dollar corporations.

Our First Amendment freedoms are steadily being chipped away by agencies like the FBI and the CIA, given a glaring green light by Ronald Reagan and his millionaire friends. Why doesn't the media do its job and alert the citizens of this nation to this danger?

President Reagan continues to accelerate the nuclear arms race while refusing to engage in serious talks with the Soviets. Why hasn't the media blown the whistle on this race toward death and human extinction?

On advice from the CIA, the administration is sending its troops around the world to overthrow governments that the president dislikes. Why does the media continue to beat the war drums for Reagan instead of denouncing his flagrant violations of international law?

Well, I have some bad news for the corporate and government criminals and their servants in the press: The party is over! **The Rebel** will be relentless in making public the illegal activities that are passed off as business and government as usual.

If you are as angry and fed up as I am, then you will become a regular reader of **The Rebel**. Together we still have time to salvage what is left of our dignity and freedom.

Larry Flynt
PUBLISHER

(Subscription coupon on page 95)

Return Engagement

Directed by Alan Rudolph. Starring Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy and Carole Hemingway. An Island Alive Picture in association with New Cinema.

Return Engagement, a documentary set during and around one of the "Liddy vs. Leary" stand-up debates, explores the incongruous interplay between two seeming opposites: Timothy Leary, hounded by police and government throughout the '60s and '70s and still viewed by many as the "High Priest of L.S.D."; and G. Gordon Liddy, Watergate burglar and the assistant D.A. who first arrested Leary almost 20 years ago. While pointing up the obvious contrasts between the two men, Return Engagement intimates that they may have more in common that even they might be willing to believe.

Directed by Alan Rudolph, the film begins dully, in traditional documentary format: grainy shots of the auditorium before the show begins, out-of-focus interviews ("Who is Leary? Who is Liddy?") with persons-on-the-street, then moves to the debate itself, where L & L joke and reminisce about the circumstances of their first meeting/bust. From the debate, however, we travel to the precincts Rudolph appears to know best—the middle-class cocktail party complete with black servants in livery and guests cracking wise about cocaine. This is the territory of *Welcome to L.A.*, Rudolph's first film, and he returns to it as often as he can—for lunch with Liddy and Leary and their wives at the Chateau Marmont, for dinner at a French restaurant where the great men eat sorbets and discuss their dreams, for afternoon tea at Esalen, an upper-crust nudist colony in Big Sur.

So far, so bad. The problem with the documentary is the same as the problem with the debates: who cares? Who wants to see a staged contest between a white-collar criminal and a bourgeois drug guru? Does either one have anything to tell us? Does their "debate" amount to anything except a way for them to stay in the limelight and pay for the affluent lifestyles? Initially *Return Engagement* appears to tell us no. Their early cut-and-thrust is feeble in the extreme, a polite disagreement between friends—or rather, business associates, for these debates are business, after all. They bug each other in the back of a limo. On stage they pompously discuss the meaning of "The Law." Over lunch, Liddy reveals that he is not monogamous. Mrs. Leary replies that Mr. Leary *is*. This is tedious stuff.

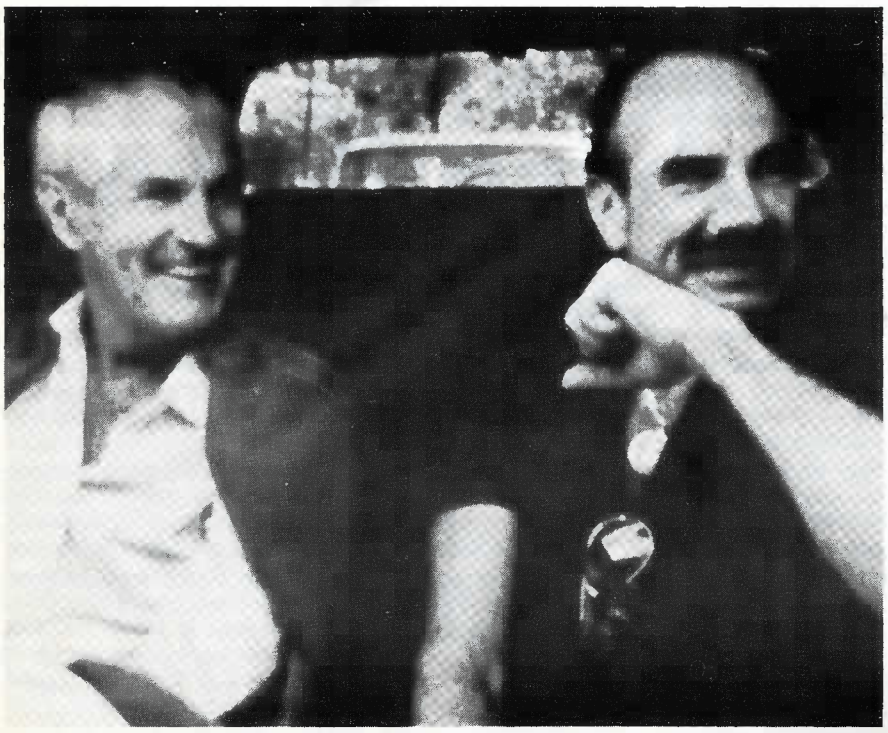
But just as you begin to doubt that anything interesting will *ever* happen, *Return Engagement* turns from a rambling, pointless slice of lifelessness into a *movie*. The second half is better than the first for two reasons: Carole Hemingway, the debate moderator who also serves as on-camera interviewer, starts asking pointed questions; and Rudolph begins using his editing skills to make some points of his own. Thus, scenes of Leary with the blissed-out Big Sur naturists are juxtaposed with Liddy riding a Harley alongside his biker buddies. Film of Liddy blasting man-size targets with shotguns and laser pistols is intercut with Leary playing video games. At the same time, Hemingway starts pressing Leary for some answers: if people born after 1946 are our society's only hope, how are they to wrest control from their incompetent but tenacious leaders? Leary has no idea. Instead he switches topics, urging ghetto kids to get out there and build space platforms. He calls himself a "cheerleader" not a leader, and his one example of the power of positive youth is Steve Wozniak, Apple Computer millionaire and backer of the US Festival, one of the least "fun" pop festivals of all times.

These off-stage glimpses of the two men say more about them than do any of the debate sequences, even though they have a certain set-up quality. But they show Liddy and Leary in the environments in which they wish to be seen, and in so doing, reveal the unsettling self-image of both men. The debate itself ends with a question-and-answer session in which a maniac Christian rants at Leary (strangely, since Leary clearly espouses the Christian virtues of faith, hope and charity while Liddy rejects the concept of an afterlife); then Liddy scores points over a bearded radical; and in a harrowing moment, Leary is confronted by a man blinded by thugs on L.S.D.

Return Engagement finally concludes that Liddy and Leary have a lot in common. They are media personalities beloved by the trendy set. They have dubious philosophies—gun-ism and drum-ism—and worship absurd dieties: Nixon and "The Woz." They are, if anything, symbiotic rebels: Leary against his own generation, Liddy against the politics of change. As rebels, both men are out-of-synch with their peers. Leary's happy-face philosophy and adulation of computer games do not speak *for* direct action, but against it. Liddy is too real for the John Deans and other half-assed hit-men who, when comes the crunch, cave in on their conservative beliefs and incriminate everyone in sight.

But in the end, Rudolph tells us, Liddy and Leary are both out to lunch. If Leary was in charge, the Russians really could—in Ronald Reagan's paranoic parlance—"take us with a phone call." But if no-compromise Liddy had his way, we would all be long-since irradiated and dead. Both possibilities are fairly bizarre—like the men themselves. ■

Reviewed by Alex Cox



Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy

Film

Silkwood

Directed by Mike Nichols
Written by
Nora Ephron & Alice Arlen
Twentieth Century-Fox

In *The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber*, Ernest Hemingway depicts a character mired in an existence of petty defeats and humiliations who suddenly breaks free during an African safari. Overcoming his fears, Macomber experiences a sense of rebirth and meets his death under ambiguous circumstances, either by accident or murder.

Karen Silkwood was such a person. Except that rather than lions and buffalo, she faced the nuclear power industry. Through acts of courage, she forged a new identity as a deeply caring and politicized woman. In the end, this ordinary woman left behind an extraordinary story. It is the stuff of which myths are made. The heroine, larger than life, who redeems us all.

Fortunately, the powerful new film *Silkwood* avoids the pitfall of mythologizing. As directed by Mike Nichols, the portrayal of Karen Silkwood by Meryl Streep is touchingly human. The young factory worker emerges intact, with all the foibles and frailties, as well as the strengths, she actually possessed. (According to one person involved in the making of the movie, when Karen's real-life lover attended a screening, he was "blown away" by the accuracy of the characterization.)

Others in the cast—Kurt Russell is the man in Karen's life, and Cher as her roommate and confidant—turn in glowing performances. And the original script by Nora Ephron and Alice Arlen hews closely to truth in most important respects—but leaving unresolved the mysteries that still cloud Silkwood's death nine years ago, at the age of 28.

Silkwood focuses on the period of Karen's life from 1972 to 1974, when she lived most intensely. Her employer, the giant energy conglomerate, Kerr-McGee Corporation, was to Oklahoma what DuPont is to Delaware. But Karen Silkwood—a lowly $3-an-hour laboratory analyst in a plutonium reprocessing facility outside Oklahoma City—dared to play David to this Goliath. She charged the corporation with callous disregard for the health and safety of its workers and with falsifying quality-control records for highly radioactive plutonium rods that were being transported to another state for use in an experimental breeder reactor.

Karen Silkwood's early life gave no clue to the commitment and seriousness of purpose she was later to display. Raised in a small town near the gulf coast of Texas, she was a straight-A student, but dropped out of college at the age of 19 to elope with another teenager, an oil company worker. After seven years and three children, she gave up on her marriage and granted custody of the kids to their father. At the age of 26, she was on her own, with little training or job experience.

The Silkwood legend began with an awakening. During a strike at Kerr-McGee, Karen moved from political passivity to dedicated support of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers union. As she came to understand that radiation causes cancer, and as she observed daily violations of elementary rules of employee protection, her concern for the well-being of the plant's workers became a consuming passion. She took on an undercover assignment from the union to gather evidence of the company's malfeasance. Ironically, her criticisms of the company were resented by some of her co-workers, who feared for their jobs and had no appreciation of the hazards to which they were being exposed.

Finally, in early November 1974, Silkwood herself became contaminated with plutonium that had somehow, inexplicably, found its way into her home. An examination of her body with sophisticated radiation-detection equipment at Los Alamos showed that she had ingested and inhaled minute amounts of the deadly substance. Her fear that the plutonium lodged within her might be a source of contamination to others was so great that she refused to kiss her lover, and even saved her used menstrual pads to be tested for radioactivity before disposing of them. Her final week was a nightmare of terror and determination: terror because she believed that someone had deliberately contaminated her, determination because she nevertheless arranged to deliver to a *New York Times* reporter documents proving the wrongdoing of Kerr-McGee. She was on her way to this meeting when her fatal auto crash occurred. No documents ever were found.

Meryl Streep as Karen Silkwood

The film ends with her death, but in real life the Silkwood story did not end there. Persistent but unsuccessful demands for the facts were pushed by her union, the National Organization for Women (NOW), the General Accounting Office (GAO), and committees of Congress. Whenever those investigating the affair picked up a rock, out scurried slimy creatures from the intelligence community. Both the CIA and the super-secret National Security Agency (NSA) seemed to be involved. Some believe that Karen may have stumbled upon an illegal CIA operation to divert plutonium from nuclear plants to friendly countries for military use abroad. The FBI has stonewalled and refused to release many of its files.

A short-lived victory was won in 1979 when an Oklahoma jury, who heard testimony about the appalling work conditions in the Kerr-McGee nuclear plant, awarded Karen's parents and children $10.5 million in damages. But the federal courts have overturned the decision on a technical issue unrelated to the facts.

But as all formal channels for redress of grievances have gradually been exhausted, Karen's cause has increasingly been taken up by people inspired by her example. The genesis of the current movie is a case in point. Two UCLA graduate students, Buzz Hirsch and Larry Cano, read about Karen Silkwood shortly after she was killed and for the next seven years they investigated her life, interviewed people who had known her, and obtained the rights to her story. As executive producers of *Silkwood*, they carried the project through to completion, and the film's success is due largely to their vision and research.

Clearly, although the establishment has shut the door on this case, the people haven't. All around the country, bumperstickers—distributed by NOW and the anti-nuclear movement—continue to pose the poignant question: WHO KILLED KAREN SILKWOOD? With this film adding its powerful voice to that rallying cry, it's just possible that we may finally begin to get some answers. ■

Reviewed by
Walter and Miriam Schneir

Books

Conversations With The Enemy: The Story of PFC Robert Garwood

by Winston Groom and Duncan Spencer
Putnam; $16.95

Losers fight wars. In Vietnam the young men on search-and-destroy missions were disproportionately poor whites or ghetto blacks and barrio Latinos. Many enlisted only to escape hometown dead-ends. Some street kids were shanghaied into the military by judges and probation officers in cahoots with recruiting sergeants who gave them a Hobson's Choice: enlist or rot in jail for offenses like joyriding and petty theft. Bobby Garwood, a wild semi-literate kid from a fabulously incompetent family in Adams, Indiana, joined the Marine Corps as his only alternative to a juvenile home—neither his crippled, befuddled father nor his real mother wanted him.

The Marines sent Bobby to South Vietnam. He was lucky. He got a cushy job as a divisional staff driver. Steaks, beer and an occasional friendly wave from the general kept him mindlessly content. Then fate rescued him from a life of obscurity. On Sept. 28, 1965, only days before he was due for rotation out of 'Nam, he stumbled into a Vietcong ambush, killed one VC with his .45 and was himself shot—his first and only taste of combat. Thus began one of the most extraordinary tales to emerge from that most bizarre of wars.

The first thing to remember while reading *Conversations With The Enemy* is that it's a case for the defense of the only Vietnam war veteran to be tried after the release and official pardoning of nearly 600 POWs in 1973. Incidents are recalled, dialogue quoted, almost entirely from Bobby's viewpoint. He has an axe to grind. And I'd advise the reader to drop the normal moral categories simply because they did not exist for Bobby Garwood—especially the 14 years he spent as a slave, captive and probably collaborator of the Vietnamese communists.

It was a deadly serious game of manipulation and counter-manipulation. The Reds tried to use Bobby by turning him into a "progressive American" for propaganda. His sole aim was to survive—starvation, wounds, Vietcong barbarism, U.S. air raids, mind-fucking, terrifying isolation, the hostility of fellow captives, and finally his own lack of education or training for his impossible ordeal. Bobby Garwood is an anti-hero for our time—squalid, perpetually stunned by life, infinitely adjustable, contradictory, small-minded, but above all a survivor. Brecht would have written a play about him.

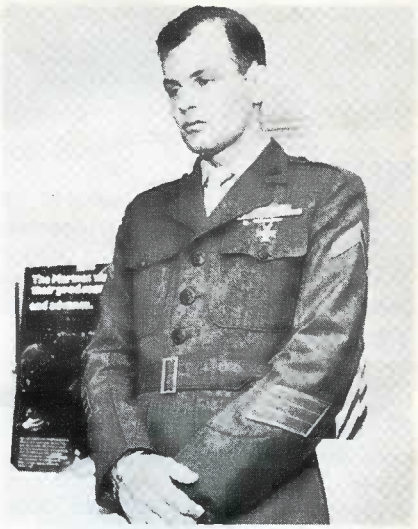
He spent half his life in an Asian prison camp. The miracle is that he did not die in the first weeks after capture. His arm wound festered while VC guards dragged him around the devastated countryside, whipping up crowds of peasants who spat at Garwood as a symbol of the Yankee invader. "The old people seemed to hold the most hatred" of this American, treated like a circus bear whose whimperings of pain the guards seemed to enjoy. Thrown into a cage, Garwood was fed an occasional banana just to see him devour it.

Fairly early on, he earned "special status," with better food and nursing. The National Liberation Front decided to use him against other U.S. prisoners and to make points against the war. It says much for Groom and Spencer's book that they bring alive not so much Garwood's dilemma—he was too far down on life's totem pole to enjoy anything as luxurious as real moral choice—as the painstaking process by which Garwood's survival came to depend on his sensing and turning to his own advantage the NLF's expectations of him.

In fact, Garwood agreed to a propaganda letter, made a recording and even starred in a crude communist movie. Fearing a trap, possibly fearing life outside, he even refused a VC offer of release. The other prisoners hated him. Garwood didn't care. All he wanted was to live. Somewhere deep inside, this Indiana high school dropout found surprising reserves of persistence and resourcefulness.

As more Americans died in his camp, Garwood noticed that "The poorer the individual and the worse the background, the better the survival rate. . . ." The tragedy was that some of the Americans not only rejected available food—they also rejected the Vietnamese language, culture and customs. Garwood didn't make this mistake. After a few years he thought and spoke, even dreamed, in Vietnamese. He had almost completely forgotten how to be an American—and that's what saved his ass. And then the war ended. The POWs were all returned—except for him. The communists kept him until Garwood managed to slip a note to a western journalist in Hanoi—five years after the ceasefire.

But his ordeal was not over. On the Air France plane delivering him from Saigon to Bangkok, the sympathetic pilots embraced him and the stewardesses wept in welcome. The French, with their own history in Vietnam, understood. But the moment he was transferred to a U.S. military plane, the first official words Garwood heard were his "rights" read to him by a hostile Marine Corps lawyer. He was then



Garwood hears his "rights" read to him by a Marine Corps lawyer

whisked off to Camp Lejeune and court-martialled for desertion, collaboration, hitting a fellow prisoner and failing to follow to the letter the U.S. Military Code (name, rank and serial number only).

The Marines in court tried hard to prove that Garwood was the fabled "white gook" who had deserted to the enemy and fired on his own troops. A number of Garwood's fellow prisoners came forward to point the finger at him. But with his defense organized by a crusading local woman, Donna Long, a passionate POW/MIA militant (who became his lover), Garwood got off with a slap on the wrist compared to the life sentence he might have received.

This surprisingly light sentence smacks of a secret deal. My hunch is that Garwood was more of a "white gook" than even the Marine Corps is prepared to publicly admit. Garwood's story rings falsely at several crucial points. Groom and Spencer are probably right to emphasize his passivity under pressure. But if I had to bet on it, I'd put my money on Garwood as a genuinely enthusiastic turncoat. Like the best FBI informers, Garwood probably carried a dual consciousness. At this point he undoubtedly no longer even knows what he did and didn't do, or why.

And now begins a new Robert Russell Garwood story. He "is a stranger in his own country," a Dorian Gray in reverse, "an 18-year-old punk of a boy behind the eyes of the 34-year-old man." The authors, Groom—a former Vietnam army officer—and Spencer, have done Garwood a form of justice with their able, eloquent and absorbing story.

Let the last words be Bobby Garwood's. When asked if he'd done the things he'd been accused of, he looked the questioner in the eye: "Well, there were 15 or 16 guys in that camp and 12 of them are dead now. I did the best I could." ■

Reviewed by Clancy Sigal

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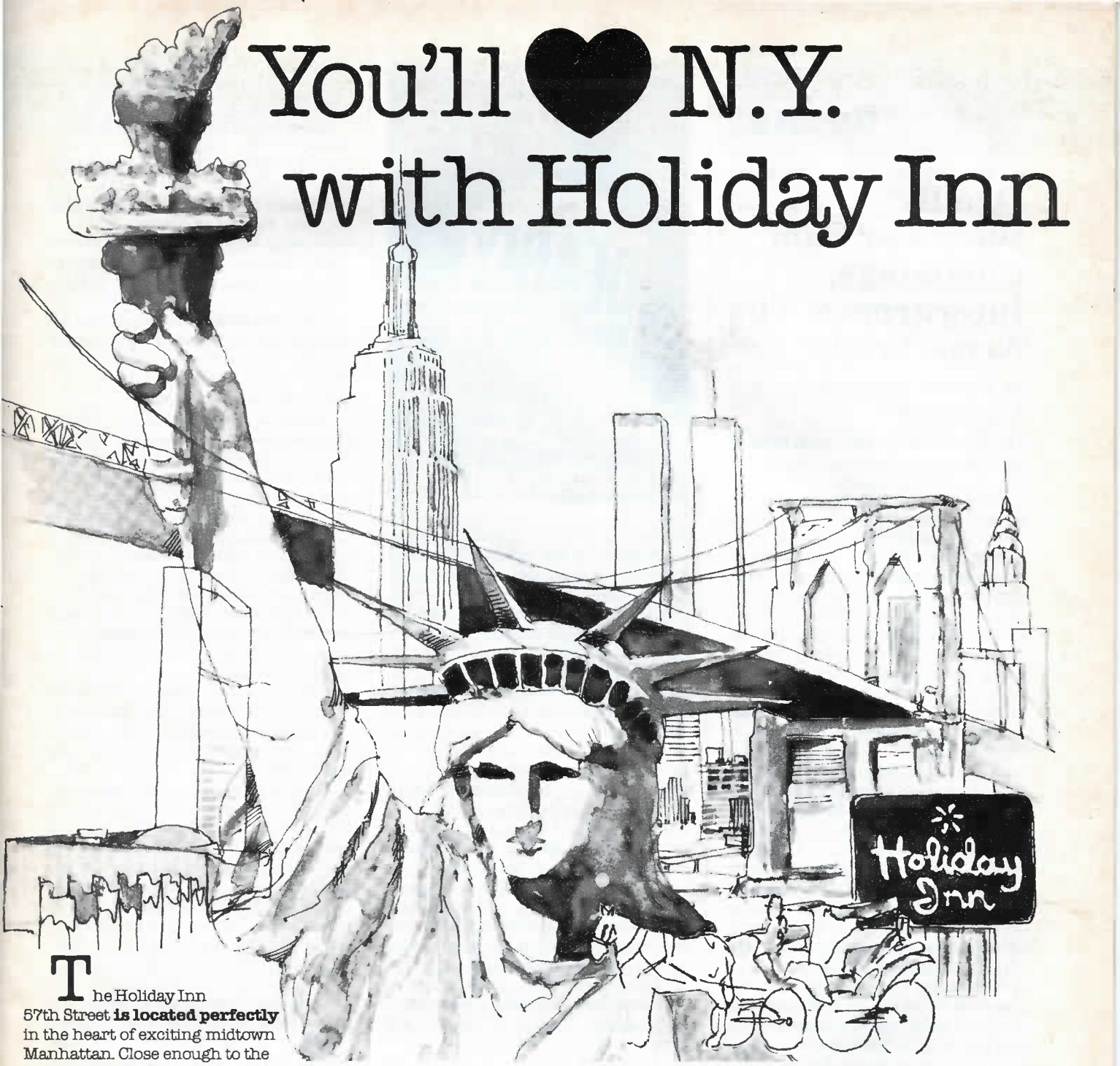

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Deadly Business: Sam Cummings, Interarms & The Arms Trade

by Patrick Brogan & Albert Zarca
W. W. Norton & Company.
$17.95

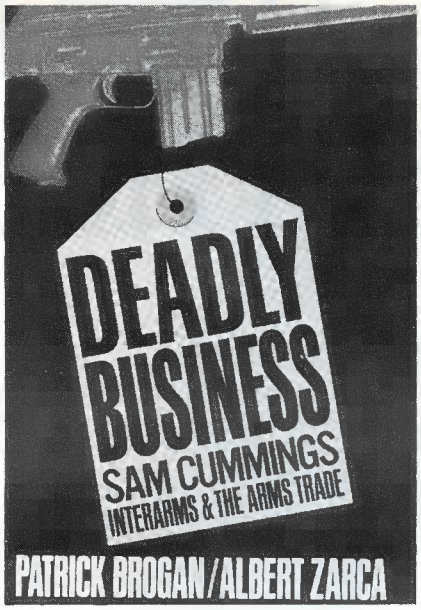
Sam Cummings kills people. From the Israelis, he buys the AK-47's left behind by the PLO in Beirut—to be sold to the highest bidder. What the *Wehrmacht* left stockpiled throughout Europe after World War Two, he has sold to almost every country on earth—even back to Germany. He has bought and sold Egyptian arms captured by Israel, and he has bought and sold Israeli arms captured by Egypt. He has even tried, in vain, to buy the world's largest arsenal left behind in any war—the U.S. supplies abandoned in Vietnam.

Philadelphia-born, raised on the run from the Great Depression, Sam Cummings grew up as a gun enthusiast. At age 5, he acquired a German Maxim MO8/15, a World War One relic. He learned how to take it apart and put it back together again. "It was a hobby that became an obsession," write authors Patric Brogan and Albert Zarca. His knowledge of guns brought him, in the early 1950s, to the CIA, where he became a specialist in identifying weapons from photographs.

While on tour in Europe, looking for surplus arms to buy for the CIA, Cummings conceived of his future business. He realized that the great stocks of arms—cached in bunkers everywhere in Europe—could be bought cheaply and imported back to the States for the domestic American gun market.

In his own way, Cummings was a genius. At a time when governments—the French, the American, the English, the Russian, and later the Israeli—would soon dominate the arms trade, he discovered a strange kind of gap in the fabric of cold-war politics. He could buy and sell surplus weapons: the small stuff, guns, mortars, hand grenades.

Sam Cummings struck it rich as a battlefield scavenger. He is today master of the private-gun industry and has sold more guns than any man in history. Through his company, Interarms, he controls 90 percent of all the world's private arms trade.



He has sold millions of weapons to American civilians, he has armed governments to suppress rebellions. He earns $100 million a year.

An American expatriate, Cummings lives in Villars, Switzerland—a dull, anonymous place—and in Monte Carlo. He lunches with Argentine generals during the Falklands war; yet he travels on a British passport. He has armed many of the "little" wars since WWII—estimated to have cost 25 million lives—but he has never fought in a war himself.

In essence, if the authors of *Deadly Business* are to be believed, the arms trade is a business like any other, as prosaic as pumping gasoline. It is humdrum, however, only because the authors picture it so. They have filled *Deadly Business* with UZIs and M-16's, mercenaries and revolutionaries, Somozas and Shahs the way an after-Christmas catalogue is filled with remaindered merchandise. In fact, the book is written like a press release, or an institutional biography commissioned by the subject. It simply recites each and every detail of Sam Cummings' career from his early days in the CIA to his present-day operations as the world's leading procurer of small arms.

There may be a simple reason why *Deadly Business* is a dull book. Its authors Brogan and Zarca regard Cummings as a shrewd but ordinary businessman, and nothing more. "Interarms did not achieve its dominant position in the world of arms dealing simply because Cummings was lucky, industrious and farsighted—although he is all of those things. He gives his competitors no quarter and devotes much energy to devising ways of thwarting them." Cummings is a smart businessman because he uses non-union labor; he is clever because he tricks his competitors into paying too much for arms; he is cunning because he always undersells the competition. These authors could write lovingly about Heinrich Himmler having a bad day at the gas ovens.

Who is Sam Cummings, really? Is he just another wealthy businessman living comfortably in Monte Carlo? For starters, he once worked for the CIA. Did he ever stop working for them? After all, he supplied the guns used to overthrow Arbenz in Guatemala in 1954—a CIA-sponsored coup. Cummings' weapons were used by Suharto in Indonesia to kill tens of thousands of dissidents, another CIA-led operation. He has supplied Baby Doc in Haiti and the generals in Argentina. It is unlikely that any of this business could be conducted without a go-ahead from the Central Intelligence Agency.

Moreover, Cummings fulfills a need of the giants of arms trading. His business fits neatly into the accord among world leaders that weapons sales are a legitimate aspect of foreign policy. The Americans ply arms, as do the Russians. Cummings exists not because he has exploited an opening at or near the bottom, as our authors seem to believe, but because he helps to keep going the entire machinery of the arms trade. When Sam Cummings sweeps up the discards of vanquished armies, when he buys the surplus of oversupplied nations, and sells them to new warring parties, he helps to keep the world in turmoil. He supplies the "little" wars that lead to the big weapons sales. He provides the sparks that make the big explosions.

Deadly Business is merely the actuarial side of Sam Cummings and the arms trade. Surely he's more the man of intrigue than he's made out to be in the pages of this book. He is privy to state secrets, and certainly possesses vast knowledge of the closed-door decisions being made in Washington, Bonn, London, Paris and Moscow. These are the true rewards for Cummings-the-court-jester of the arms bazaar.

Unfortunately, the authors of *Deadly Business* have fallen victim to one of Cummings' more clever tricks: his willingness to talk freely about his business and himself. He has discovered that the best way to cover his tracks is to speak endlessly, to fling open his files and to bury you in facts. No man with something to hide would be so free with such information. Would he? That's the genius of Cummings' style.

Sam Cummings is many things, but few of them are revealed or even mentioned in *Deadly Business.* In this book he is businessman *par excellence,* but strangely, not the merchant of death. The Browning .50-caliber machine-guns he buys from England and sells to Zaire are merely widgets. "Guns don't kill people—people kill people," the authors approvingly quote Cummings. Thus, by accepting his repellant personal philosophy without a flinch, they rob their subject of his true meaning—and his immorality. ■

Theater

Jean Seberg A Musical Play

Directed by Peter Hall
Music by Marvin Hamlisch
Lyrics by Christopher Adler
Book by Julian Barry
National Theatre, London

Her life was always good copy, and so was her death. In September 1979, her body—overdosed on drugs and drink—was found in a parked Renault on a Paris backstreet. She had first entered the limelight some 23 years earlier when a starstruck, small-town teenager won Otto Preminger's much publicized talent contest to find St. Joan. Jean Seberg, instant star. And, when critics ridiculed her performance, instant victim. She picked herself up and went on to make another 36 films in Europe and Hollywood. In France she became a cult figure, making the cover of *Cahiers du Cinema*, starring in Godard's first movie, *Breathless*, marrying French novelist Romain Gary.

America always refused to take her seriously as an actress, but gossip columnists chronicled her doings avidly, almost sadistically, as if they were making her a scapegoat for their own gullibility and addiction to Hollywood hype. There were affairs, divorces, breakdowns, suicide attempts. She was notoriously involved with the Black Panthers at the peak of their publicity drive, and there were rumors that her unborn baby was black.

Some of the nastiest stories, it turned out, were leaked by the FBI in a systematic attempt to smear and "neutralize" her. When she took her last and lethal overdose, no one missed her. She'd been dead for 10 days when her body was discovered.

Not, you might think, the most obvious subject for a musical. But not for lack of talent involved in the making: composer Marvin Hamlisch (*A Chorus Line*, writer Julian Barry (who scripted *Lenny*). And the publicity has been unrelenting. Everyone has talked endlessly and earnestly about how Jean embodied the American Dream and its failure, about how the musical form freed them from the constraints of realism, about their attempts to make not a Broadway musical but a serious musical drama in the manner of, say, Kurt Weill. Perhaps—like Jean herself—they fell for their own sales pitch.

The delayed first night came and went, not with a bang but a whimper. For all its pretentious gimmicks—the use of two actresses to play the young and older Jean, a flashback structure whereby the dying Jean relives the trial scene in *St. Joan*—it's just another fairly competent musical.

Once or twice the familiar song-and-dance routines are given sardonic or surreal twists that hint at lost possibilities. In a fast, funny scene between an FBI agent and Los Angeles columnist "Joyce Ferret," the bounce and panache of the bitchy, double-talking duet actually undermines their malevolence. And in a number dealing with Jean's breakdown—with a chorus of doctors softshoeing around her limp body, depersonalized by a white

(WIDE WORLD)

Jean Seberg

clown's mask—there's a dislocating distance between style and content. But overall, the show is as forgettable as many of Jean's own movies.

The musical pretends to be a celebration of Seberg. But it never manages to remind us that—just occasionally—she was a fresh, even an exciting actress. Kelly Hunter sings and dances proficiently enough as the young Jean, but has none of her unsettling qualities. It was partly her looks—the strong bones, the hinted androgyny, the sexiness that eluded stereotyping. Even in *St. Joan*, Seberg's raw fumbling manner and obvious provincialism lent Shaw's words a power that the most skilled actresses often missed. But Seberg was above all an *American* actress, and at her best, captured a particularly American form of blankness and disassociation.

It's for Godard's *Breathless*, however, that she will be remembered. She caught forever a certain kind of American innocent abroad—dazzlingly fresh, energetic and charming, but disturbing because she is at once unformed and already closed off, self-centered and lacking any real sense of self.

If Jean could be a complex actress, she was certainly a complicated personality. But the musical is a hymn to naiveté—to naiveté as a guarantee of goodness. Despite that sophisticated Parisian facade, in spite of her promiscuity, we're assured that, at heart, she was still a nice American girl. Nothing was really her fault, or even her responsibility. At the end, Jean turns, pathetically, on everyone—parents, Preminger, press, Panthers—blaming them all for "everything you did to me." She is pure victim, persistently identified with the persecuted and destroyed St. Joan.

Seberg was, of course, abused and exploited. But to present her as merely helpless, as a tragic martyr who believed in racial equality, is not only sentimental nonsense. It diminishes her by glossing over her strengths as well as her weaknesses, by denying the contradictions that tore her apart, but that made her so interesting. She remains a puzzling figure—a beautiful and intelligent actress who made for the most part mediocre films, a stubborn and courageous woman who acted masochistically and self-destructively, someone capable of the crudest self-pity and the shrewdest self-analysis.

The saddest and most revealing moment in her life—betraying her deference to hometown opinion, as well as her uncertain commitment to racial equality—came after the death of her baby. She took the body home to Iowa, in an open coffin to demonstrate its whiteness. The musical manages to skim over this episode with a slow, bluesy love song.

Perhaps aware of its own simplemindedness, the show seeks not to complicate Jean, but to humanize J. Edgar Hoover. At first he is inquisitor and executioner, the villain to her victim. But he eventually sits down and allows that he's just another mixed-up guy who's been hurt by gossip himself. In the finale, Hoover is given the statement issued by the FBI when the Freedom of Information Act forced them to admit their plan to discredit Jean: "The days when the FBI used derogatory information to combat advocates of unpopular causes has long since passed. We are out of that business forever," he says. I couldn't detect any hint of irony. And, indeed, Marvin Hamlisch has been quoted as saying, "Hoover had *his* dreams. Everyone has his own dreams, and they're all valid."

And that's the clue to what's gone wrong. Instead of looking freshly at Seberg, the musical serves up every limp cliché about The American Dream. It ends up foundering, dreamily, in good will to all men. "Sometimes to dreamers the real world is a dream," the two Jeans sing sentimentally as the lights go down. We need a moratorium on the phrase "American Dream" for a decade or so. Only then might it be possible to see the ways in which Jean Seberg's story does hold a mirror to some of the dark and unacknowledged places in the American psyche. ■

Reviewed by Margaret Walters

Theater

Secret Honor: The Last Testament of Richard M. Nixon

a political myth by Donald Freed and Arnold M. Stone

Philip Baker Hall stars as Richard Nixon in* Secret Honor, *a play by Donald Freed and Arnold M. Stone

Reagan is Reagan, but there have always been many Nixons. There are the old and new Nixons, the Ackroyd and Frye Nixons, the Nixon of *Six Crises*, and the Nixon of the tapes. To this gallery Donald Freed and Arnold M. Stone add yet another Nixon, one large enough to contain most of the previous Nixons. Though the Nixon of *Secret Honor* is appropriately scabrous, it's one with which the "real" Nixon—if one can be located at this point in time—might well identify. This is *Secret Honor*'s main success, as well as its largest problem.

The play opens with Nixon—expertly incarnated, with a minimum of *shtick*, by Philip Baker Hall—gazing into the lambent flames of his fireplace. He pushes the tab on his cassette recorder, clears his throat, and commences his testament. Pacing his study as if it were a cell, addressing three oversized oil portaits—Ike, Woodrow Wilson, Kissinger—Nixon serves up, in an eerie ramble/halt/begin-again rhythm, his apology. "If I had gone to prison," he tells the machine, "I would be a free man today." But he is still under the shadow of Ford's ambiguous pardon, and needs to let the world know that he has done no wrong—that beneath the public shame lies a secret honor. "If the nation only knew the truth . . . " he tantalizes repeatedly, only to be derailed by an oncoming train of thought.

In a monologue which pastiches everything from Nixon's lofty "there was a boy" acceptance speech to interpolated interjections about the "East Coast shits," a Nixon emerges more to be pitied than scorned. His rant and bombast have, in the absence of public attention, gone somehow hollow. His vile, retributive instincts are no longer of much use, and the undeleted expletives, delivered with brave gusto, seem to provide little glee, less solace. He paces dissociatedly, brought up short again and again by his "nobler" images of himself. It's as if he were chained, by a short tether of guilt, to the Nixon only his mother was ever able to see. In short, this Nixon bears a strong familial resemblance to the beautiful losers—drunk to the point of sobriety, adrift on the Street of Broken Dreams—whom one finds everywhere in fictional America, from the worst plays of O'Neill to the best country & western songs.

Freed (perhaps best known for *Executive Action*, a fictionalized account of the Kennedy assassination, and *Inquest*, a Broadway drama of the Rosenberg case) and Stone (a former intelligence analyst with the National Security Agency who also spent four years in the Justice Department supervising federal investigations into organized crime) aren't content, though, to let Nixon be Nixon. They have a theory, with which the meat of the play is interlarded, about Watergate. In short, Nixon bugged himself, and carefully orchestrated the release of the tapes to bring about his own downfall. Why? To save America from fascism.

As *Secret Honor* would have it, Nixon made a Faustian bargain, just after WWII, with the Committee of 100, a consortium of new-money ethnics and mobsters which met regularly at Bohemian Grove, California. (The Committee is presented as bent on world domination, and as having the same relationship to Cowboy interests as, say, the Trilateral Commission has to Yankee ones.) In exchange for a platform—anti-communist, anti-crook—and near-unlimited campaign funds, Nixon agreed to become the Committee's faithful dog.

In 1972, *Secret Honor* maintains, the Committee called in its markers: Nixon had to stay in office through 1980, either via a coup or a third-term constitutional amendment, in order to continue the Vietnam war. (The war, according to this scheme, was necessary to the mob's huge Asian heroin traffic and its attendant profits.) Per Freed and Stone, even Nixon had scruples about eight more years of death, and engineered his own disgrace so that the war might end. With help from John Dean and Alexander Haig (whom the play tags as Deep Throat), Nixon sacrificed the presidency to deliver us from Vietnam, repression, and the multitude of other evils with which his name has heretofore been ineradicably associated.

Poor Richard! Extorted by the mob, bound by a bargain he made while still a mere child, whipsawed by Camelot Yankees, saddled with opportunistic siblings. Freed and Stone present us with a weak, driven man who scarcely had a choice. It's a take on Nixon which is rendered palatable only by the passage of a decade and Philip Baker Hall's gutsy, lustful bravura.

One hopes someday to see a William Burroughs cut-up-fold-in Nixon, which would do justice to his verbal patterns, or a Sam Shepard Nixon, which might explore his relationship with his brother, or a Garcia Marquez Nixon, which might capture the rotting-gardenia stench of San Clemente, or . . . Let a thousand Nixons bloom! ■

Reviewed by Howard A. Rodman

Rebel Round-Up

CIA'S NICARAGUAN war is one of its worst kept secrets. Administration officials admit the CIA makes regular supply runs to anti-Sandinista guerrillas fighting inside Nicaragua from bases in Honduras, and that it has directed sabotage operations against airports and fuel dumps. One of the front companies employed is the McLean, Va.-based Investair Leasing Corp., managed by a former top official in the CIA proprietary airline Intermountain Aviation. Investair's marketing director, Mark Peterson, reportedly served as secretary and treasurer of Air America, the thinly covered CIA cargo airline established in the 1950s and active during the Vietnam War. (It was said to have been the largest in the world outside of the Soviet Union.) (San Jose Mercury; San Francisco Chronicle)

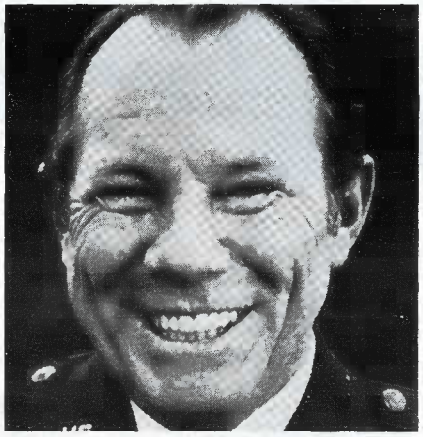
(WIDE WORLD)

Sheriff John Duffy

THE ORGANIZED CRIME Commission of the Reagan Administration, mandated to root the mob out of public life, is coming under fire. Former assistant U.S. attorney and Senate crime investigator Michael Aguirre of San Diego has vigorously complained about the selection of San Diego Sheriff John Duffy. Duffy's association with the owners of Rancho La Costa—including former bootlegger and gambling boss Morris Dalitz—earned him a rebuke in 1976 from the San Diego grand jury. "The Sheriff would do well to reexamine his relationship with known and suspected organized crime figures," the grand jury stated in its report, "Organized Crime in San Diego County." Duffy has taken campaign money from La Costa figures and testified as to their good character in a suit by the resort owners against *Penthouse* magazine, which accused the operation of fronting for the mob. Duffy denies any wrongdoing.

Another commission appointee, Rep. Peter Rodino (D-New Jersey) has attracted less attention. But Rodino was one of four members of Congress who tried in 1966 to suppress publication of the memoirs of mobster Joseph Valachi. (Peter Maas recounts the incident in the introduction to *The Valachi Papers.*) He has been associated over the years with members of the Boiardo crime family, according to published accounts. His name popped up frequently on the Abscam tapes, and allegedly on FBI crime wiretaps in New Jersey, but he has never been charged with corruption or racketeering. (Parade; Spotlight; Washington Observer Newsletter; Robert Greene, The Sting Man (1981); Wall Street Journal; interview with Aguirre)

U.S. NAVY Captain George Tsantes was assassinated this month in Greece with the same .45 caliber pistol that was used to kill Athens CIA station chief Richard Welch eight years earlier, according to ballistics tests. Responsibility for both slayings was claimed by a left-wing terrorist group called the "Organization of November 17." But newspapers in Greece—alleging that Tsantes too worked for the CIA—suggested U.S. involvement in his killing as a prelude to the setting up of a Turkish-Cypriot state on the island of Cyprus. One Greek paper—which some sources say is KGB-financed—reported that the CIA hired Israeli and Turkish agents to assassinate Tsantes. The newspaper claimed that Greek authorities were informed a month ago of a CIA plan to carry out "a politically embarrassing assassination in Greece." (USA Today; Los Angeles Times)



(WIDE WORLD)

Gen. Richard Collins

CIA MONEY SECRETS may come to light in the trial of former Air Force General Richard Collins, charged with embezzling $450,000 in U.S. spy money. Collins reportedly managed a secret Air Force account in Switzerland that funded covert operations overseas, especially in Southeast Asia, apparently in conjunction with top officers of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. Collins' predecessor at the account, Richard Brown, went to work for Lockheed after retiring from the Air Force. Now *60 Minutes* has disclosed the existence of a contract between Lockheed and the Air Force for government reimbursement of company "bribes to foreign officials." Such officials might include former Japanese Prime Minister Tanaka, sentenced recently by a Japanese court for taking huge bribes from the aircraft firm. (Miami Herald; New York Times)

POLITICAL CORRUPTION from drug profits flourishes despite highly publicized and lavishly funded federal and state "crackdowns." Until recently, the entire government of Bolivia was controlled by dope traffickers and Nazis, including the "Butcher of Lyon," Klaus Barbie, now facing trial in France. But at home the same condition exists. Former U.S. attorney Frank Robin Jr. has been indicted for trying to sell confidential government information to one of its targets, who in turn has been accused of plotting to kill a former federal prosecutor. Alabama State Circuit Judge Thomas Coggin was sent to jail for flying 98 pounds of marijuana into Florida; former Florida Supreme Court Justice David McCain is a fugitive from charges of conspiring to import 30,000 pounds of marijuana from Colombia. Ten Chicago police officers went to jail this year for sanctioning heroin sales in two city neighborhoods. And DEA supervising agent Jeffrey Scharlatt recently pleaded guilty in Miami to obstruction of justice and bribery in a drug case. (Atlanta Constitution; Wall Street Journal)

ROBERT VESCO, the fugitive centimillionaire swindler, has been accused of paying $100,000 a month to Bahamian officials, including Prime Minister Lyndon Pindling, to protect his drug trafficking operation out of Norman's Cay, where literally tons of cocaine are said to be stored in refrigerated hangars. Vesco's partner on the island is reportedly a 34-year-old Colombian neo-Nazi, Carlos Enrique Lehder Rivas. Pindling's entourage denounce the reports as a "conspiracy . . . directed against the government of the Bahamas and the Prime Minister in particular," and the DEA has backed off, saying it has no evidence. But the DEA did arrest one of Pindling's top Bahamian political backers on charges of cocaine smuggling.

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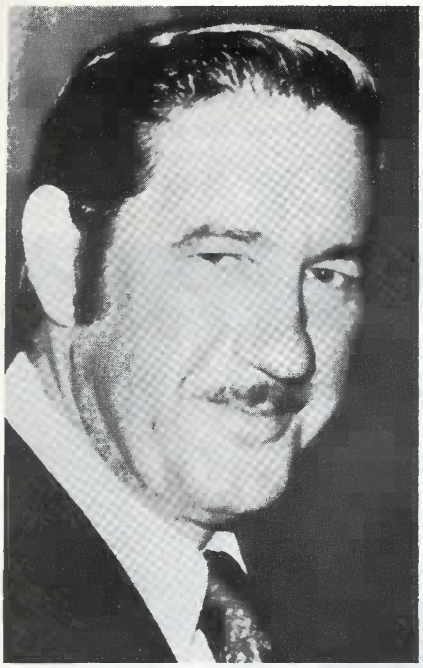
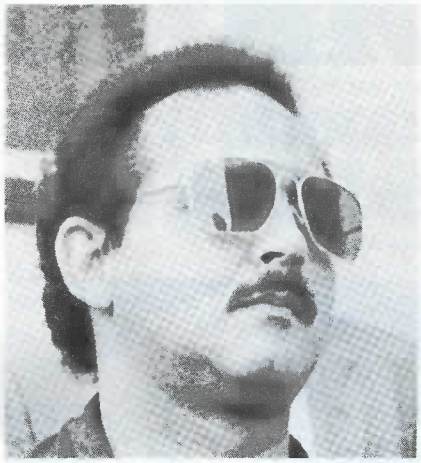

(WIDE WORLD)

Robert Vesco

ther claims that Vesco's Nazi associate Lehder used Cuban ports as transfer points for drug smuggling in return for shipping weapons to the leftist M19 guerrillas in Colombia—an unlikely allegation since Lehder founded a rightist death squad in his native country. (Miami Herald; New York Times; Chicago Tribune; Detroit Free Press; San Francisco Examiner; San Jose Mercury).

CIA-LINKED Cuban exiles continue to dominate major drug trafficking organizations in the Caribbean and the southeastern United States. Federal prosecutors have charged Bay of Pigs invasion veteran Frank Castro with trying to smuggle 30,000 pounds of marijuana into Galveston, Texas. Castro, former head of the Cuban National Liberation Front, was reportedly one of the organizers of a 1976 meeting in the Dominican Republic at which representatives of Cuban exile groups plotted international terrorist crimes. Castro denies any part in such activities. At least seven other known CIA veterans have been identified as active in drug trafficking along the Texas coast. One of these, anti-Castro activist Jose Antonio Fernandez, has been arrested in Brazil after jumping a $500,000 bond two years ago. He reportedly owns major interests in Miami-area banks and shopping centers. His drug organization is accused of smuggling more than 400,000 pounds of marijuana. (Miami Herald; Houston Chronicle)

CIA COVERT operations have a global scope and an intensity of resources unmatched since its heyday 20 years ago. It is reported that the CIA gives "training, arms and financial assistance" to anti-government UNITA guerrillas in southern Angola, in violation of a congressional ban on such aid. CIA spokesmen first denied that report, then hedged, saying they were "pretty sure we can deny" the report and that "we follow the law." The congressional ban has been in effect since 1975. (Washington Times; Washington Post)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Eduardo Arocena

CUBAN EXILE extremists are in a state of shock following FBI revelations that Eduardo Arocena, the alleged leader of the terrorist Omega 7 organization, secretly informed the FBI of planned bombings. One official said he cooperated after he became convinced that his associates had become "communist sympathizers." Arocena, who is now charged with transporting explosives used in a plot to kill Cuba's ambassador to the UN, allegedly also admitted that Omega 7 was financed with narcotics money. (Miami Herald)

ANTI-CASTRO ASSASSINATION plotter—or so he has described himself—Norman Rothman, a former Havana casino owner and gunrunner, has been charged with selling huge quantities of Quaaludes as part of a "Canadian connection." Rothman, an associate of Tampa mafia boss Santos Trafficante, has been convicted three times, most recently at age 67, in 1981, for illegal sale of machine guns. Back in 1960 he was convicted of trying to fly stolen weapons to anti-Castro rebels in Cuba. His alleged associates in the drug ring include William O'Bront, Montreal meatpacker and so-called "Meyer Lansky of Canadian organized crime," and at least 10 other Quebec mobsters. The drug sweep netted 500,000 Valium and Quaalude tablets, and a silencer-equipped submachine gun commonly used for assassinations by South Florida drug rings. (Miami Herald; Maclean's)

CIA/AUSTRALIA. The CIA has protested to its counterparts in the Australian Secret Intelligence Organization over the public naming of two CIA agents implicated by an Australian police task force in arms deals involving the Nugan Hand Bank and then-CIA officer Edwin Wilson. Nugan Hand, whose entourage included a host of former CIA officials and U.S. military officers, has been a major target of Australian investigations since its role in narcotics, arms, and money trafficking became known. Wilson, a close associate of the bank's founders, has since been convicted of charges stemming from his international terrorist ties to Libya. The CIA has refused to assist Australian inquiries into the case. (Tribune (Australia))

(WIDE WORLD)

Edwin Wilson

(WIDE WORLD)

Jackie Presser

TEAMSTER SUPPORT for President Reagan in the 1984 election has been promised recently by union President Jackie Presser. The Teamsters endorsed Reagan in 1980, and Presser—who now makes $225,000 a year as union president

Rebel Round-Up

CIA'S NICARAGUAN war is one of its worst kept secrets. Administration officials admit the CIA makes regular supply runs to anti-Sandinista guerrillas fighting inside Nicaragua from bases in Honduras, and that it has directed sabotage operations against airports and fuel dumps. One of the front companies employed is the McLean, Va.-based Investair Leasing Corp., managed by a former top official in the CIA proprietary airline Intermountain Aviation. Investair's marketing director, Mark Peterson, reportedly served as secretary and treasurer of Air America, the thinly covered CIA cargo airline established in the 1950s and active during the Vietnam War. (It was said to have been the largest in the world outside of the Soviet Union.) (San Jose Mercury; San Francisco Chronicle)

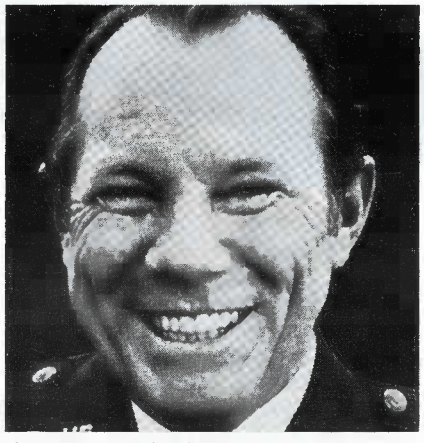
(WIDE WORLD)

Sheriff John Duffy

THE ORGANIZED CRIME Commission of the Reagan Administration, mandated to root the mob out of public life, is coming under fire. Former assistant U.S. attorney and Senate crime investigator Michael Aguirre of San Diego has vigorously complained about the selection of San Diego Sheriff John Duffy. Duffy's association with the owners of Rancho La Costa—including former bootlegger and gambling boss Morris Dalitz—earned him a rebuke in 1976 from the San Diego grand jury. "The Sheriff would do well to reexamine his relationship with known and suspected organized crime figures," the grand jury stated in its report, "Organized Crime in San Diego County." Duffy has taken campaign money from La Costa figures and testified as to their good character in a suit by the resort owners against *Penthouse* magazine, which accused the operation of fronting for the mob. Duffy denies any wrongdoing.

Another commission appointee, Rep. Peter Rodino (D-New Jersey) has attracted less attention. But Rodino was one of four members of Congress who tried in 1966 to suppress publication of the memoirs of mobster Joseph Valachi. (Peter Maas recounts the incident in the introduction to *The Valachi Papers.*) He has been associated over the years with members of the Boiardo crime family, according to published accounts. His name popped up frequently on the Abscam tapes, and allegedly on FBI crime wiretaps in New Jersey, but he has never been charged with corruption or racketeering. (Parade; Spotlight; Washington Observer Newsletter; Robert Greene, The Sting Man (1981); Wall Street Journal; interview with Aguirre)

U.S. NAVY Captain George Tsantes was assassinated this month in Greece with the same .45 caliber pistol that was used to kill Athens CIA station chief Richard Welch eight years earlier, according to ballistics tests. Responsibility for both slayings was claimed by a left-wing terrorist group called the "Organization of November 17." But newspapers in Greece—alleging that Tsantes too worked for the CIA—suggested U.S. involvement in his killing as a prelude to the setting up of a Turkish-Cypriot state on the island of Cyprus. One Greek paper—which some sources say is KGB-financed—reported that the CIA hired Israeli and Turkish agents to assassinate Tsantes. The newspaper claimed that Greek authorities were informed a month ago of a CIA plan to carry out "a politically embarrassing assassination in Greece." (USA Today; Los Angeles Times)



(WIDE WORLD)

Gen. Richard Collins

CIA MONEY SECRETS may come to light in the trial of former Air Force General Richard Collins, charged with embezzling $450,000 in U.S. spy money. Collins reportedly managed a secret Air Force account in Switzerland that funded covert operations overseas, especially in Southeast Asia, apparently in conjunction with top officers of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. Collins' predecessor at the account, Richard Brown, went to work for Lockheed after retiring from the Air Force. Now *60 Minutes* has disclosed the existence of a contract between Lockheed and the Air Force for government reimbursement of company "bribes to foreign officials." Such officials might include former Japanese Prime Minister Tanaka, sentenced recently by a Japanese court for taking huge bribes from the aircraft firm. (Miami Herald; New York Times)

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Round-Up

and about $300,000 a year from other union posts—became an adviser to the transition team on economic matters.

Presser was also the guest of honor at a private dinner held by senior administration officials in June. But White House counsel Fred Fielding has warned presidential aides to maintain an "arms-length relationship" with Presser because the Labor Department is investigating his role in a major union embezzlement case. In July, Presser's uncle, Allen Friedman, was indicted as one of five "ghost employees" at Presser's old union local who were receiving salaries illegally. (San Jose Mercury; Cleveland Plain Dealer; San Francisco Chronicle)

(WIDE WORLD)

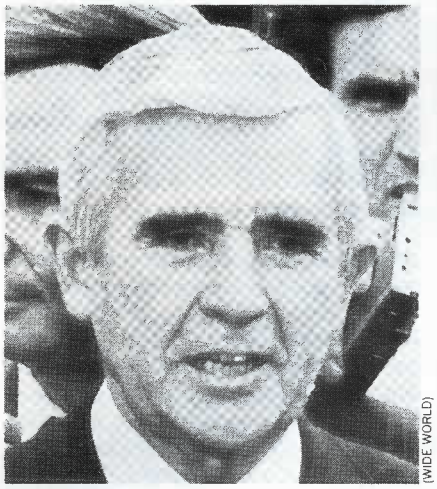
Reagan

PRESIDENT REAGAN has also bestowed his favors on the International Longshoremen's Association, in front of which he delivered a major address on U.S. policy in Central America. Reagan praised ILA President Thomas Gleason for showing "the kind of integrity and loyalty that's hard to come by today." But Gleason has been the subject of federal tax investigations and took the Fifth Amendment before the New York State Crime Commission, which documented the ILA's part in turning the New York docks into the most violent and corrupt in the country. One witness testified that Gleason was a partner in the numbers business on the waterfront. Scores of his union members and officials have gone to jail on racketeering charges. (Washington Post)

THE WHITE HOUSE, worried about new attacks on President Reagan's defense buildup, took pains to downplay a potentially embarrassing report by the Central Intelligence Agency that Soviet spending for military hardware has leveled off since 1976.

Critics of the Pentagon's fast-rising budget, which has more than doubled during the last five years, seized on the CIA's latest findings to buttress their argument that Reagan's defense-spending priorities are way out of line.

Presidential spokesman Larry Speakes said the CIA's new estimates of Soviet military expenditures—while accurate—are subject to "misrepresentation and misuse." (Reprinted from the Daily News of Los Angeles)



(WIDE WORLD)

Paul Laxalt

SENATOR PAUL LAXALT, (R-Nevada) President Reagan's close friend and campaign chairman, has long been cozy with Nevada gamblers targeted by federal organized crime probers. Now he has been accused of owning Carson City's Ormsby House Hotel Casino at a time when large sums of money were allegedly being "skimmed" from the take to avoid taxes. Two of Laxalt's financial backers in the casino, according to veteran mob reporter Denny Walsh, were close associates of the Chicago mob. Laxalt denies any wrongdoing, and Nevada gaming officials say they don't plan any probe. (Sacramento Bee)

TOM BRADLEY, mayor of Los Angeles, received large contributions for his 1982 gubernatorial campaign from aviation businessman Robert Terry, who has been subpoenaed by a grand jury looking into Miami-area racketeering activities of mobster Charles Delmonico. Terry is also reported to be under a tax investigation by the Justice Department's strike force, has done business with a notorious international con man, and pleaded guilty in 1966 to the international transport of counterfeit currency. Terry, who posed for a photograph at the White House with Mrs. Reagan, has also been charged, in an unsubstantiated deposition by a Los Angeles police department veteran, with meeting regularly with White House Counselor Edwin Meese III and with attempting to run war material to Argentina during the Falklands War. Terry denies both charges. (Los Angeles Times)

(WIDE WORLD)

Ed Meese

ED MEESE'S name has come up in connection with reported attempts by Joseph B. Sullivan to secure a military promotion for the White House aide. Sullivan, former Director of Commerce under California Governor Ronald Reagan, is now head of Toxic Waste Containment Inc., a firm which does business primarily with the Defense Department. Toxic Waste's largest stockholder, Wally Lindsley, was indicted in March on federal charges of extortion, conspiracy, and obstruction of justice (the intended murder of a government witness). The firm's attorney, Gary Wolff, faces civil charges brought by the SEC for stock manipulation.

Meese also attended a lavish Teamster reception last summer in honor of Jackie Presser, along with Ray Donovan. (Dallas Morning News; Venture; New York Times)

RAYMOND DONOVAN, Secretary of Labor, has once again come under suspicion of colluding with racketeers while an executive with Schiavone Construction Co. of Secaucus, N.J. A federal informer has given sworn testimony that Nat Masselli, son of a mobster in the excavation business, was murdered on Aug. 25, 1982 to keep him from linking Donovan to organized crime. The killer, according to the testimony, tried to bribe Masselli to keep his silence, then murdered Masselli when he was discovered to be wearing a secret transmitting device. Meanwhile, prosecutors in another case in Brooklyn charge that Schiavone Construction paid salaries to no-show employees. Donovan claims ignorance of the matter. (Arizona Republic; Newsday; Washington Post; Time)

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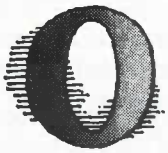

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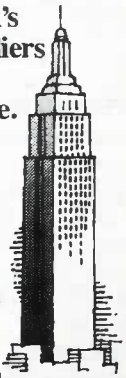

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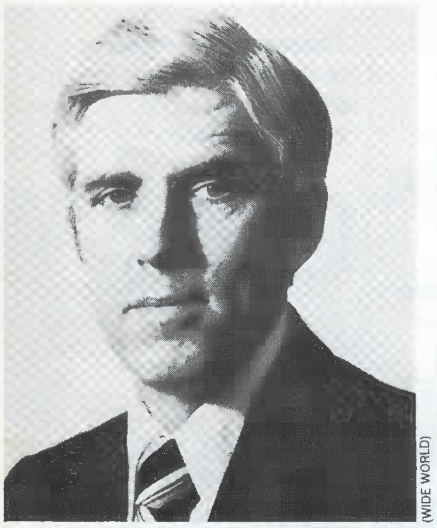
Rebel News

New Dea Head Linked to Embezzlers

DEA corruption was the hidden issue behind the delayed Senate confirmation of Francis M. Mullen Jr. as chief of the Drug Enforcement Administration. Mullen came under the scrutiny of Senate investigators because of two bank loans he allegedly obtained through the assistance of a convicted embezzler with ties to organized crime. He had previously come under fire



(WIDE WORLD)

Francis M. Mullen Jr.

in the Senate for withholding information during the 1981 confirmation hearings of Labor Secretary Raymond J. Donovan; Mullen, then executive assistant director of the FBI, did not tell members of the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee about a reference to Donovan in a New York City organized crime wiretap.

The two loans to Mullen were approved by Victor Lota, former vice president of the Hibernia National Bank of New Orleans, currently in jail on a three-year prison term for embezzling more than $5 million. Congressional investigators uncovered nothing illegal about the loans, but were miffed that the FBI didn't tell them about this one either.

Lota apparently also helped New Orleans restaurant owner Ciro Callico Sr. obtain a $275,000 commercial loan from Hibernia to pay off nine previous loans that had financed a marijuana shipment to Louisiana, according to a 14-count indictment against Callico. Lota testified that in return he stood to earn $1 million on the marijuana deal if it had succeeded.

A federal grand jury summoned Callico to testify in the summer of 1980 about the murder in May 1979 of U.S. District Judge John Wood of San Antonio, a murder that has been linked to the operations of a giant nationwide smuggling conspiracy known as "The Company." As part of the same investigation, the Wood grand jury also subpoenaed Joseph Marcello Jr., brother of convicted Louisiana Mafia chief Carlos Marcello. Joseph's testimony reportedly centered on a request by the smugglers linked to Callico and Lota for bail money. Government prosecutors later brought perjury charges against Marcello, then dropped them for undisclosed reasons.

So the question remains: Why was the nation's chief drug enforcement officer taking loans from a drug financier? (New Orleans Times Picayune; Chicago Tribune; Los Angeles Times) ■

CIA Employed Nazi War Criminal

Klaus Barbie, "Butcher of Lyon," is now officially admitted to have been an agent of the U.S. Army Counterintelligence Corps (CIC) in postwar Europe. But the report issued in August by the Justice Department's Office of Special Investigations has brought charges of coverup. That report, for example, absolves the CIC of responsibility for knowing Barbie's terrible past until 1949—even though CIC veteran Michel Thomas says he informed headquarters of Barbie's identity as a Gestapo officer and war criminal suspect in mid-1945. Barbie's lawyer claims further that his client began working undercover for the United States during the war, and continued his association as late as 1965.

Barbie made several trips to the United States on weapons purchasing missions after setting up shop in Bolivia, where he dabbled in cocaine and assisted in the 1980 military coup. French and Bolivian reports confirm that Barbie worked for the CIA as late as the 1960s, and perhaps aided the CIA campaign in 1967 to track down and kill Argentine guerrilla leader Ernesto "Che" Guevara.

Finally, the report made Barbie's work out to be some kind of abberation. But as John Loftus, a private attorney formerly employed by the Office of Special Investigations (OSI), points out in his book, *The Belarus Secret*, the CIA and military intelligence spirited literally hundreds of top Nazis out of Europe and protected their identities. OSI has had next to no success deporting these Nazis; only one of its targets has left the country.

According to news accounts, it took substantial Jewish pressure on the White House to have even the limited Justice Department report issued.

Now it appears that the French, who decried U.S. collaboration with Barbie, themselves employed Paris Gestapo agent Ernst Misselwitz, a torturer of Resistance fighters, as a postwar secret service agent. (Vancouver Sun; Jerusalem Post; Los Angeles Times; Sentinel; Chicago Houston Chronicle) ■

U.S. Bars Nicaraguans

The Reagan Administration, which has repeatedly charged Nicaragua with stifling free debate, did a little stifling of its own last month and denied Nicaraguan Interior Minister Tomas Borge a visa to come to the U.S. on a speaking tour. The action came despite assurances from U.S. officials last June that Borge, who already had been turned down once, would be allowed to come to the U.S. if he applied again. The Interior Minister said that one month prior to the denial he was told by U.S. Ambassador to Managua Anthony Quainton that the visa would be approved.

State Department spokesman John Hughes gave little explanation in announcing the administration's decision. He said that the Nicaraguan government has plenty of other opportunities to make its views known to the American people. Borge, speaking with Washington reporters by telephone, responded that the administration seemed to be doing all it could to make those opportunities few and far between. Borge added that considering that his government is being charged with various anti-democratic actions by the administration, and that those charges are the rationalization for the not-so-covert U.S. war against Nicaragua, he had hoped to come to the U.S. to give his version of his government's actions.

Borge noted that Reagan Administration Central American envoy Richard Stone, the Henry Kissinger entourage and Assistant Secretary of State for Latin America Langhorne Motley have all visited Managua in recent months. In his telephone press conference he said that President Reagan could come to Nicaragua whenever he likes. Saying that the Nicaraguan press gives ample coverage to statements by Reagan Administration officials about Nicaragua, Borge angrily denounced the administration's move which he said would prevent the American people from learning the truth about Nicaragua.

In announcing the decision, the State Department also announced that it has denied a visa to the leader of El Salvador's ultra-right ARENA party, Roberto D'Aubuisson. The former Salvadoran major is reported to have close links to that country's death squads, and while the State Department insisted that the two moves were unrelated and the timing of the announcements was coincidental, the move fits nicely with administration attempts to portray Central America as an area where an embattled center is being challenged by extremists from both the

left and right. The fact that D'Aubuisson was the big winner in El Salvador's much-ballyhooed March 1982 elections seems to have been forgotten, for the moment at least.

As for the Borge decision, its timing came as Nicaragua eased restrictions on the opposition press and broadened the dialogue with opposition politicians. The message from Washington was clear. Despite claims of a desire for dialogue, the administration is doing all it can to close the doors to anything but a military confrontation. ■

(UPI)

Vietnam veterans on Memorial Day, 1981 stage a hunger strike to call attention to the consequences of Agent Orange

V.A. Agent Orange Study a Fraud

The Veterans Administration's widely publicized Agent Orange study—which claims that Vietnam vets suffered no ill effects from the deadly chemical herbicide—is a scientific fraud. A leading expert on Agent Orange, Dr. Peter C. Kahn of Rutgers University, has revealed to *The Rebel* how the VA skillfully peddled its worthless study to the press with a bit of carnival flimflam.

Dr. Kahn, who blew the whistle on the VA's "shoddy work" and "bad science," is a member of the New Jersey State Commission on Agent Orange. He explained that the VA's soothing conclusions are based on its Agent Orange Registry—a collection of medical data obtained from examinations of more than 85,000 Vietnam vets. That registry, Dr. Kahn disclosed, has been discredited as a source of reliable scientific information by the federal government's own watchdog, the General Accounting Office (GAO).

The GAO conducted an extensive investigation of the Agent Orange Registry and found it riddled with errors. As a result, the GAO noted that "the registry cannot be used to determine whether Vietnam veterans are experiencing an unusual incidence of chloracne or other skin conditions, what types of tumors they have and in what locations, and what types of birth defects their children have." Yet this was precisely the use to which the VA put the registry in its much-heralded Agent Orange study.

The GAO urged the VA to "discontinue" the registry, noting that it is of "little use in determining what health problems are being experienced by Vietnam veterans exposed to Agent Orange." Even if the registry's deficiencies were corrected, the GAO stated, "the data still could not be used as a basis for scientifically valid conclusions about veterans' health."

But the VA ignored this GAO report and, despite the registry's unreliable data, managed to pull off a highly successful publicity stunt. Dr. Kahn explained how this was done: At the last national meeting of the prestigious American Chemical Society, two VA employees presented the Agent Orange study. One of them, a physician, talked informally about her work with veterans and praised the VA's Agent Orange program. The other read the study's reassuring conclusions, but did not make the study itself available or respond to questions.

Said Dr. Kahn: "That's not the way you present research findings at a professional meeting. Immediately afterwards, the VA called a press conference. Of course, the assembled press didn't know about the GAO criticisms of the registry and the VA didn't tell them."

Favorable stories on the VA study appeared in all the major papers in the country. The next day's *New York Times*, for example, reported that the VA study "revealed no adverse health effects" and quoted a VA expert who asserted that "at this point in time, we don't see anything" confirming a health problem.

"What the VA is doing is playing a public-relations game," Dr. Kahn charged. "They want to convince chemists and the public that there's no problem. Then if someone should produce research results that do show a problem, they have set the stage for making it easier to discredit those results. They can say simply, well, we've done a big study and it shows no harmful health effects."

The stakes in the "public-relations game" described by Dr. Kahn are immense. Agent Orange, a combination of the chemicals 2,4,5-T and 2,4-D, contains dioxin, the most poisonous substance known. Millions of Vietnamese civilians were heavily dosed with this herbicide when U.S. Air Force planes sprayed the Vietnam countryside to destroy crops and forests. An official admission that Agent Orange causes severe longterm medical problems could spur a worldwide outcry for the payment of war reparations by the U.S. In addition, nearly three million American men and women served in Vietnam and an unknown number of them were exposed to Agent Orange. At present, a lawsuit on behalf of 40,000 of these veterans is seeking extensive damages from several manufacturers of the substance.

Not surprisingly, one of these manufacturers, Dow Chemical, has greeted the VA study with enthusiasm. A spokesperson for Dow, Garry Hamlin, told *Rebel* that the VA's study was "significant." Though Hamlin is one of Dow's team of public relations experts on Agent Orange, he and his colleagues have seen only a brief abstract of the VA study's conclusions. Asked why he never had obtained and read the full study, he admitted that it never had been published in any journal or otherwise made available by the VA to either scientists or the general public. ■

America Versus the World

When the 38th annual meeting of the United Nations General Assembly ended December 20, many diplomats were amazed that the UN had survived. Even the presence of a record number of world leaders—including our own Ronald Reagan—couldn't mask the bitterness of this year's General Assembly debates. There were North-South divisions over social and economic legislation, and East-West confrontation over superpower activities in Latin America, the Middle East and Af-

ghanistan. However, the biggest story, perhaps, is that the UN itself was threatened with eviction and bankruptcy by disgruntled American diplomats and the U.S. Senate.

Much of the American hostility stems from the fact that the UN has begun to play a more active role as an arbiter in international economic relations. Under UN auspices, member states are developing a Code of Conduct for Transnational Corporations, a Commodity Fund, and consumer guidelines for governments and individuals.

One American diplomat, reflecting the Reagan Administration's free-market economic policies, charged that the new UN role was "a Pandora's Box for ill-conceived meddling in the affairs of member states." Murray Weidenbaum, former chairman of President Reagan's Council of Economic Advisors, joined the attack, charging that the UN was "in a growth phase in its regulation of business" and claiming that the UN was exceeding its charter mandate "to maintain international peace and security." This prompted a reply from Assistant Secretary General Peter Hansen, who said the charter gives the UN a specific obligation to seek "solutions of international, economic, social, health, and related problems."

During the past year, the U.S. has found itself increasingly isolated in the international community. On economic, social and disarmament issues, the American diplomats cast votes counter to the will of the General Assembly. In many instances, the U.S. voted alone; even our European allies blushed at some American positions.

In the General Assembly or its subsidiary committees, the U.S. has taken firm stands opposing aid to the starving, legislation to protect consumers, and codes to restrain illegal corporate activities. American diplomats have blocked efforts to regulate economic development of the seas and skies, and defended the right of Israel to bear nuclear arms. At the same time, the U.S. has opposed efforts to condemn racism, justifying corporate collaboration with the apartheid regime in South Africa.

It was not a voting record to win America friends in the Third World.

Not surprisingly, many Americans resent government money being used to support what seems to be a magnificent outlet for anti-American sentiment. New York City's Mayor Ed Koch called the UN a "cesspool." The Reagan Administration and its Republican allies in the Senate have reflected this xenophobic attitude.

In September, after the Soviet Union charged the U.S. failed in its obligations as a host country by allowing Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko to be denied permission to land at civil airports, an American diplomat, Charles Lichenstein, invited the United Nations to move elsewhere. "We will put no impediment in your way," Lichenstein said. "Members of the U.S. mission will be down at dockside waving you a fond farewell as you sail into the sunset."

Although Ambassador Lichenstein's remarks were refuted in a statement signed by six former Secretaries of State and other American statesmen, powerful forces within the Reagan Administration, including Ambassador Jeane J. Kirkpatrick, have questioned the U.S. role in the United Nations.

The Republican-led Senate has also gone on record against the UN. A recent Senate bill to slash funds was only withdrawn in a legislative conference with the House of Representatives. But strong Senate support for the bill has prompted warnings that a reduction in the U.S. contribution could be made next year. The original proposal, passed in the Senate by a 66 to 23 vote, would have cut the U.S. government contribution in half over the next four years.

The Reagan Administration has masked its political opposition to many UN programs by insisting that it merely wants those programs curtailed to eliminate budget deficits at the international organization. UNESCO, the UN Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, has emerged as one of the main targets of administration threats because of its endorsement of "the new international information order," an effort by Third World countries to correct distortions in western news coverage of the Third World. The U.S. cast the sole vote opposing the UNESCO budget, after charging that the Third World information order would stifle a free press.

If the U.S. were to cut its UN contributions, part of which funds UNESCO, its membership in the UN may be challenged, because payment of a UN assessment is one of the obligations of membership. These assessments are determined by an 18-member committee, based on member states' capacity to pay. Cooler heads in the administration may prevail on this issue. Leaving the UN would harm America's international prestige, and could upset economic and political relations with Third World and European allies.

Diplomats say the UN would probably survive a cut in the American government contribution, since all government contributions provide less than half of the UN's income. Almost 60 percent of the $4 billion total budget is provided by voluntary contributions. These monies finance several well-known agencies outside the regular UN budget, including the World Food Program, the UN Children's Fund (UNICEF), and the Office of the UN High Commissioner for Refugees. However, member states' contributions finance other, vital UN activities, including the work of the Economic and Social Council, the Trusteeship Council, the International Court of Justice, and the Secretariat (under which various peacekeeping operations are administered).

Although the U.S. is the largest contributor to the UN, providing one-quarter of its operating budget, other countries have been more generous on a per-person basis. According to a recent analysis of contributions of member states, the highest per-capita donations are from Norway ($37), Sweden ($25), Denmark ($25), Kuwait ($24) and The Netherlands ($13). On this basis, the United States ranks eighteenth, with per-capita donations of $4, behind such countries as Canada, Gabon, Iceland, Finland and Libya. The Soviet Union is the seventh largest contributor ($161 million), ranking fifty-ninth on a per-capita donation basis.

Despite American bluster in the General Assembly, no other country has volunteered to play host to the UN, or pledged to take over a greater share of UN funding. Other interests have top priority. These interests are revealed when one considers that the $4 billion UN budget represents less than 1 percent of the amount of money member states will spend on arms and military activities this year. Ironically, in this same year, the General Assembly voted to make 1986 the "Year of Peace." If past experience is any guide, it will be a violent year. ■

Breaking the Apartheid Boycott

What do Frank Sinatra, Rod Stewart, Spike Milligan, and Ernest Borgnine have in common? They have all performed in South Africa, and are named in a "Register of Celebrities" recently released by the UN Center Against Apartheid. The register is part of a new campaign to isolate the apartheid regime in South Africa through a cultural boycott.

The Center Against Apartheid launched its publicity campaign by releasing the register "of entertainers, actors and others who have performed in apartheid South Africa." The register covers the period since the beginning of 1981, after the passage of UN Resolution 35/206 E, calling for "cultural, academic and other boycotts" of South Africa.

More than 200 artists and entertainers from 24 countries made the list, which will be updated at six-month intervals. The Center Against Apartheid hopes the threat of bad publicity from being named in the register will pursuade celebrities to support the cultural boycott of South Africa. If a celebrity named in the register joins the boycott, their name will be deleted from future lists.

The register is one of several tactics being used to discourage entertainers from performing in South Africa. Most efforts center on the U.S., home for a majority of these named in the register, where the Reagan Administration's "constructive engagement" policy has tended to encourage economic and cultural links with the apartheid regime.

Frank Sinatra, who reportedly earned $1.79 million in 1981 for a series of concert appearances at Sun City, a major South African resort complex, was one of the entertainers singled out by the Center Against Apartheid in a report accompanying the release of the celebrity register. The Center pointed out that Sinatra returned to South Africa in 1983, despite appeals of anti-apartheid groups, and accepted honors and decorations from the so-called "tribal land" in which the South Africans built Sun City.

(WIDE WORLD)

Frank Sinatra performed in apartheid South Africa

A number of black artists who have performed in South Africa are also named in the register, including singer Johnny Mathis, jazz guitarist George Benson, and some members of The Village People rock group. Other celebrities named include Helen Reddy, Sha Na Na, the Beach Boys, Liza Minelli, and Linda Ronstadt.

However, a growing number of American entertainers have issued declarations in support of the boycott, either independently, or through groups like Artists and Athletes Against Apartheid, an effort launched in September by Harry Belafonte, Tony Randall, Arthur Ashe and others to promote the cultural and sports boycott of South Africa.

In turn, South Africa has tried to lure black American entertainers, offering multi-million dollar contracts for them to perform in a few integrated showcase theaters. Singer Roberta Flack reportedly rejected a $2.5 million offer. Others who have rejected similiar offers include Ben Vereen, Gladys Knight and The Pips, Lena Horne, and Diana Ross.

Black performers aren't the only ones who have declined the invitation to play Sun City or other South African resorts. Offers have been turned down by celebrities like Tom Jones, Tony Bennett, The Boston Ballet, and The Dubliners. After rejecting a tempting offer, one actress declared: "I have a moral commitment that supersedes money." The same could be said for others who have joined the boycott.

But the lure of million-dollar contracts is often irresistible, and the South Africans are willing to pay top dollar for world-class entertainment. One of the boycott organizers admitted that some offers are hard to reject: "It isn't every day that an artist is offered a million dollars for a few days' work," he said. "Some artists can't resist the temptation." ■

Death of Business Executive Connected to Trafficking in Arms and Drugs

Drug smuggling, arms traffic and an Iranian connection may figure in last summer's execution-style murder of multimillionaire business executive George M. Perry. A former consultant to General Motors, with business contacts around the world, Perry disappeared from his Manhattan hotel room in January 1983 and was discovered three months later in an upstate lake, shot through the head and with weights on his legs.

Although police haven't solved the killing, they are investigating his role as a middleman in a deal to ship Brazilian arms to Iran. That deal apparently was arranged a year ago, in November or December, between Joseph Vanacek, head of the Brazilian firm Stiil Inc. of Sao Paulo, and Sadegh Tabatabai. Tabatabai, former deputy foreign minister of Iran, and a distant relative of the Ayatollah Khomeini, had been serving as a special envoy from Iran to West Germany for nearly five years and had been a key secret negotiator in the talks that led to the freeing of the American hostages in Tehran.

At a dinner in Zurich arranged by Perry, Vanacek agreed to sell Tabatabai $1 billion in weapons. But before the deal could be consummated, West German police on January 8 arrested Tabatabai with four pounds of opium in his possession. He fled following his conviction, possibly with the connivance of the Foreign Ministry, before a West German court could sentence him.

Police say Tabatabai had been buying weapons in Germany with proceeds from narcotics smuggling. On the weekend of Tabatabai's arrest, Perry was supposed to accompany Vanacek on a business trip to East Germany. The head of Vanacek's New York subsidiary (and a close Perry associate), Milan Jedlicka, pleaded guilty in June to conspiring to sell nearly 13 pounds of cocaine. But the head of the conspiracy, John Henehan, was murdered, as was the prime suspect in his murder, two weeks later. So Perry is the third man to die in this case.

Just to complicate matters, Perry was also a known informant for the CIA, which would sometimes debrief him on his international travels.

Tabatabai, along with Lt. Col. Mohammed Vahidi, deputy chief of Iran's ground forces, was defrauded in an enormous would-be purchase of American-made M-48 tanks. Details of the plot came to light when Swiss police arrested a petty criminal and found documents in his possession relating to the $67 million deal. As it turned out, a Swiss national had approached the two Iranians in Dusseldorf with the offer to sell the tanks, in return for $50 million cash up front. But as insurance investigators later discovered, the shipment was bogus; no tanks ever left Europe for Iran. Only $30 million was ever recovered.

The often unreliable organ of the U.S. Labor Party, *New Solidarity*, reports that Tabatabai met in late 1982 with the Italian neo-Nazi fugitive Stefano Delle Chiaie and Swiss guns-for-drugs trafficker Hans Kunz "to arrange the attempted shipment of U.S. military surplus to Iran." Both Kunz and Delle Chiaie were indeed Mideast arms dealers.

Kunz was also a suspect in the mysterious death of Vatican banker Roberto Calvi who fled to England by way of Switzerland after being charged in connection with the collapse of Italy's largest private bank. A British coroner's jury, after two official inquiries, left open the question of whether Calvi—found hanging from London's Blackfriars Bridge with his pockets stuffed with bricks—was murdered or committed suicide.

A Dallas jury found British arms dealer Ian Smalley not guilty of conspiring to export illegally 8,300 TOW anti-tank missiles to Iraq and 100 M48 tanks to Iran. Smalley had been indicted in 1982 in England for selling tank engines to Iran, but he jumped bail on that charge. The U.S. government charged in its case that Smalley considered bribing U.S. Attorney Robert Wortham of Beaumont, Texas, the port out of which he intended to smuggle the tanks. Two government informants

claim Smalley told them he bribed officials in Washington to drop the case. Smalley apparently boasted of his ties to the CIA, and two of his associates are Bill Halpain, president of a CIA supplier named Scientific Communications Inc., and William Weisenburger, a former CIA official fired for his dealings with Edwin Wilson, the ex-CIA gunrunner. Scientific Communications supplied Wilson with 1,000 electronic timers for use in explosive devices. (Newsweek; New York Times; San Jose Mercury; London Times; Sunday Times (London); Dallas Morning News) ■

Bankrupt Banks

If you want to keep your money in a safe place, put it under your mattress. The American banking system is facing its worst crisis since the Depression. A shaky economic recovery at home, coupled with the impact of bad foreign loans, has caused a record number of bank failures.

According to federal bank regulators, 597 American banks are "in deep financial trouble," because of loan defaults at home and abroad. So far, 43 banks have collapsed this year—the largest number since the Depression. Some failures have been so large that entire regions are affected; banking operations in Oklahoma, Oregon, Tennessee, Texas and Washington State are said to be in turmoil.

Although the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp. insures most deposits in member banks, many of the troubled banks' customers are unprotected, because those institutions withdrew from the FDIC during the past decade. Furthermore, while many of the troubled banks will enter into forced mergers to stay solvent, as many as 126 could close their doors within the next year.

The collapse of regional banks has hurt several of the nation's largest financial institutions. For example, as a result of last year's Penn Square collapse, Continental Illinois Corp., which held more than $1 billion in Penn Square notes, has been hobbled, slipping from sixth to seventh place in a listing of the nation's largest banks.

But the banks' main problem remains rooted in the Third World debt crisis. Of the $750 billion owed by developing countries, over $400 billion is owed to private banks, mostly American institutions. The Federal Reserve, the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund agree: It is an ocean of debt that could sink our banking system.

Major lending agencies are trying to prevent the total bankruptcy of a growing number of Third World debtor countries. More than 25 of these countries, with bank loans of around $250 billion, have rescheduled their debt repayments. In one major case, Mexico, with a $90 billion foreign debt, government and private bankers worked out a multi-billion dollar package of emergency loans, so debt payments could continue.

Similarly, the banking lobby in Washington pulled out all the stops to get the Congress to pass an $8.4 billion increase in U.S. International Monetary Fund deposits—basically creating a billion-dollar cushion for those banks with large foreign exposures. But such efforts are widely seen as insufficient. Many bankers feel sweeping changes are needed to save the international financial system from collapse.

On the home front, thrift institutions, the major source for consumer loans, have also been hard hit by default. Losses reported in New York State, home of the largest thrift units, affect 39 of 75 reporting banks, prompting speculation that a number of savings banks may have to be merged to protect deposits.

A recent report on retail banking in New York State, home of six of the nation's top ten banks, found that since 1980 these banks "have increased charges to banking customers by hundreds of millions of dollars and have effectively withdrawn essential banking services from many New Yorkers." The banks, it says, "are clearly seeking to augment profits and cover losses on foreign loans."

The report, issued by New York State Senator Franz S. Leichter, is aptly subtitled "Consumer Beware." Leichter charges that consumers are unfairly being made to pay for "adventurous and risky" foreign loans gone bad. His report found that the largest increases in various bank charges were instituted by those banks with the greatest exposure in the Third World: Chase Manhattan, Citicorp, Chemical Bank, Bankers Trust, and Manufacturers Hanover. ■

Disguised Draft Proposed

A growing number of businessmen, educators, and politicians are supporting plans to enact compulsory youth service as a way to relieve social strains caused by high teenage unemployment. The youth service concept could also be used by the Reagan Administration to mask military conscription or limit draft protests.

The most recent convert to the youth service bandwagon, David Saxon, chairman of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has proposed a "universal youth service," in which teenagers would perform civilian or military work with "no deferments except for extreme hardship or disability."

Saxon says his plan "could provide a new method of attack on a number of social problems," helping young people "adrift in the backwaters, out of work and out of the mainstream."

An earlier proposal, advanced by New York City Mayor Ed Koch, would compel all Americans to spend a year performing national service when they reach 18 years of age. Under the mayor's plan, the 18-year-olds—both men and women—would choose between military and civilian service. They would receive training and job skills and "a spirit of altruism," Koch said, adding that the nation would benefit by having a ready pool of people able to meet its "need for public service."

A third proposal, advanced by Ford Foundation President Franklin Thomas, is similar to the Koch plan. Thomas suggested the teenagers would not displace civilian workers; they would serve in such positions as tree pruners, construction helpers, and classroom assistants.

Sen. Paul E. Tsongas (D-Massachusetts) and other lawmakers are sponsoring bills that would establish a commission to study proposed national youth service programs and make recommendations to the President and Congress.

Critics charge that the proposed youth service programs are simply a way to bring back the military draft in disguise. Although no one has suggested that youths enrolled in one or another of these programs would have to wear uniforms, supporters concede the programs could serve as a draft substitute.

Saxon was unsure whether military service should be voluntary or compulsory under his proposal, nor did he provide cost estimates for his program. Mayor Koch, on the other hand, estimated that 3 million teenagers would be eligible for his compulsory program initially, and that it would cost $25 billion to $30 billion a year to administer, including wages and housing allowances for participants.

Koch, a World War II veteran, made no secret of the military aspects of his proposal, saying that "those who enjoy the benefits of democracy must share in the responsibility of defending it."

There are some awkward hurdles to cross before any of the proposed programs could be enacted. Chief of these is the U.S. Constitution. A mandatory service for teenagers would run the risk of a court challenge under the 13th Amendment, which prohibits "involuntary servitude." Many of the existing youth service proposals could be viewed as forms of institutionalized slavery under the law. ■

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Who Killed Vicki Morgan?

By William Turner

A *Rebel* investigation by Donald Freed, Lake Headley and William Turner.

Who killed Vicki Morgan? This is the question that may bring down the Reagan government.

While the question of the murder still hangs, an eerie silence descends on the media: scraps of yellowing tabloid, front-page photos of the gorgeous "model" and her multi-millionaire "patron" whip through the cold winter streets of Ronald Reagan's America.

The truth of the murder and coverup is now beginning to bleed through the boilerplate of "sex and scandal in Hollywood." The red footprints of murder lead right past the bludgeoned corpse of Vicki Morgan and into the official corridors of world power. In the end, Vicki Morgan was a bit player in death, as she was in life. She, Vicki, a young woman with an extraordinary potential, was made into a victim of power; because that is what the Morgan murder is all about: power, not sex.

The name Vicki Morgan has been tossed by the media into a dirty cubbyhole filled with old press clips of Mandy Rice-Davies, Judith Campbell Exner, and, still luminous, Marilyn Monroe: women whose liaisons with power set in motion blackmail, coverup, and violence in the arena where the rulers grapple for control. The study of this arena has come to be called "sexpionage" by the historians of the great game of power politics—a game that, finally, has a decisive impact on the life of every citizen. ***—Donald Freed***

Fledgling actress Vicki Morgan was used to being approached, but the older man who followed her into the Old World Restaurant on Los Angeles' Sunset Strip seemed different than the rest. It was not only that he was distinguished-looking and well-tailored, but there was a quality about him that was both theatrical and powerful. At least his opening line was familiar. He introduced himself as Alfred Bloomingdale, and said his wife was in Europe and his daughter played tennis, although he himself no longer indulged in the sport because of bad knees. Could he have Miss Morgan's phone number so he might arrange a game with young Lisa? "And that's how it went," Vicki would recall, "very, you know, lax, casual conversation."

The 17-year-old Vicki had no idea who Alfred Bloomingdale was. She had never traveled far from the Lotus Land of Southern California, so made no connection with the Bloomingdale's department store in New York, a family enterprise that was the wellspring of his wealth. She didn't carry a Diners Club credit card, so had no idea that he was the Diners Club founder. And she didn't read the society pages of the *Los Angeles Times* diligently enough to realize that Al and his socialite wife Betsy were mentioned with monotonous frequency, often paired with Governor Ronald Reagan and his wife Nancy. But she gave Mr. Bloomingdale her number.

Thus began what would be a 12-year sexual relationship. But because of who Bloomingdale was, it was perforce not the usual extracurricular affair of a privileged executive with a kept mistress. It would have been of no more than prurient interest were it not for Bloomingdale's long-standing involvement with the current occupant of the Oval Office and those he summoned almost daily with the press of a button, and his post on the Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, easily one of the most sensitive slots in the intelligence community.

Even though dead—he died of cancer in August 1982—Bloomingdale left a videotape legacy that ticks like a time bomb, its perimeter of destruction reaching even to the White House. For among the performers on those surreptitiously filmed tapes are members of the President's inner circle in positions not always missionary. By the time of his death Alfred was genuinely in love with Vicki, and determined to provide her with "life insurance." She was a girl who knew too much, who would be terribly vulnerable when he was gone. So he videotaped the "play" sessions, creating a monster more potentially lethal to the Reagan regime than Nixon's 18-second tape gap.

It was calculated to give Vicki a lease on life, but it may have backfired. Shortly before Alfred passed away Vicki, cut off from his lifetime allowance by a vengeful Betsy Bloomingdale, filed a palimony suit in the course of which she gave a kiss-and-tell deposition that raised even the lawyers' eyebrows. Coupled with the graphic evidence of the tapes in her possession, she might have talked herself to death. She became obsessed with the idea that Nancy Reagan was going to have her killed. "I'm going to be the next Marilyn Monroe," she told a close friend.

Less than a year later, on July 7, 1983, Vicki was found bludgeoned to death in her Studio City condo. The police arrested an out-of-the-closet gay named Marvin Pancoast who shared the quarters with her, and Pancoast promptly confessed. But he has since recanted the confession, and there is precious little evidence to implicate him. In fact Pancoast was a longtime friend of Vicki, with no discernible motive.

There is the distinct possibility that Vicki was murdered by a person unknown because she was privy to the carnal orgies of powerful men. The killer might have been looking for the sex tapes. In homicide cases the police look for a suspect with the motive, means and opportunity. Pancoast lacked the motive. But there are others with all three.

The Rebel has interviewed a friend of Pancoast whose information strongly supports both the existence of the tapes and suppression of the Bloomingdale-Morgan story at the very highest level of the federal government. The witness, who insists on anonymity, was an employee of the big William Morris talent agency in Los Angeles during the time that Marvin Pancoast worked in the copy room there. The witness states that Pancoast saw two or three of the films, which he described as "fucking and sucking." Pancoast lived in such a narrow world that he would not have recognized any political figure. Vicki clued him in: "Those are Reagan's friends."

The witness further advised that Pancoast, who wanted to help Vicki tell her story and raise some money by publishing a prospective book titled *Alfred's Mistress*, arranged a meeting for her with Morris agent Steve Weiss, who, with the okay of his boss Larry Auerbach, began negotiations to represent Vicki in the sale of book rights. Vicki visited the agency three times, so advanced was the deal. Then, around July or August 1982, Norman Brokaw, a senior Morris agent who represents General Alexander Haig and ex-President Gerald Ford among other famous names, received a call from Ford. "If Vicki Morgan is signed up by your agency," Ford threatened, "the IRS will come down on you immediately, and that comes right from the White House."

According to two sources at the William Morris Agency, President Ford was at least a social acquaintance of Miss Morgan and Bloomingdale. The sources, who insist on anonymity because they fear for their jobs, describe parties in Palm Springs that one source characterized as "the whole Sinatra-Agnew-Annenberg set. Nothing kinky, just typical Palm Springs house and country-club fun. But he (Ford) knew her."

(MEGA)

Contacted by *The Rebel*, Norman Brokaw stated that Ford is "as close to me as anybody" but that "he would never mention the name of a person like Vicki Morgan." Asked for Ford's number, Brokaw said "I would never let the President discuss this." He acknowledged that Vicki Morgan had been in contact with Weiss and Auerbach, but said that no deal had been signed.

However, a second source still inside the Morris agency confirms that Ford "raised hell" about handling *Alfred's Mistress.*

At this point only the book had been killed.

THE NOT-SO-SECRET LIFE OF ALFRED AND VICKI

At the time that Bloomingdale met Vicki in 1970, he was already a powerful behind-the-scenes figure in the California Republican Party. Since 1966, when Reagan captured the statehouse in a stunning victory, the party had been in the hands of men whose reactionary politics would make Stonehenge look like Star Wars. During that campaign Bloomingdale belonged to Reagan's famous Kitchen Cabinet composed of captains of industry who inspired and financed his candidacy. During the late

(ADAM SCULL/BLACK STAR)

"The IRS will come down on you immediately, and that comes right from the White House"

1960s when farm labor leader Ceasar Chavez was perceived as a major threat to the status quo of California agribusiness, Bloomingdale supervised a dirty-tricks campaign aimed at destroying his infant union.

By 1970 when Bloomingdale began his trysting marathon with Vicki, Reagan's presidential ambitions were beginning to germinate, and Bloomingdale and the rest of the Kitchen Cabinet nurtured them through the abortive putsch against Jerry Ford at the 1976 Republican National

(WIDE WORLD)

President and Mrs. Reagan were longtime friends of the Bloomingdales

Convention in Kansas City. In 1980 the long march ended with Reagan's resounding win over Jimmy Carter. Although Bloomingdale coveted the ambassadorship to France as his reward, it was denied him because Betsy Bloomingdale had an unerasable criminal record after being caught red-handed in 1975 attempting to smuggle tens of thousands of dollars worth of Dior gowns into the U.S. by phonying the invoices. Imposing a sentence of one-year's probation and a stiff $5,000 fine, the judge scolded Betsy that she "deserved the contempt of society, which has served you so well."

Instead Reagan with somewhat perverse logic gave Bloomingdale a seat on the Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, as well as one on the President's Advisory Commission on Public Diplomacy, which helps tidy up after messy intelligence operations. Ronald Reagan was almost certainly aware of the Alfred-Vicki relationship, since Nancy had found out about it even before Betsy.

After Vicki gave Alfred her phone number at the Old World Restaurant, he called the next day. And the next. For two months he called no less than five times a day and up to 20. Vicki kept protesting that she was married, since he wasn't talking about tennis. But she finally agreed to meet him for lunch at the Old World. For appearance's sake Alfred brought along another woman. Alfred wanted to see her again *a deux*. She yielded, sensing that he might have a beneficial influence on her fortunes.

The rendezvous was at Schwab's drug store in Hollywood, where legend has it talent scouts hanging around the soda fountain discovered Lana Turner and other screen stars. Alfred waved Vicki into a car with another young lady, and they drove to a palatial home in the hills. Enroute the young lady told Vicki, "Alfred has a real interest in you and I'm here to tell you that he's going to beat you when he sees you up at that house, as he does all the hookers he sees." But Alfred also wanted Vicki to know that she was "special to him and that he will make special —what's the word?—allowances."

When they were alone Alfred said he wanted Vicki to become his mistress and, while holding her hand, inquired as to how much money it would take to get rid of her husband. The arrangements concluded, Alfred took her upstairs for a little fun. "By the time Alfred and I walked up there," Vicki recounted in her deposition, "these two women were nude and I was told to take my clothes off and Alfred was already taking his off and he asked one of the girls to get the equipment, which is Alfred Bloomingdale's belt, his ties, and, excuse me gentlemen, but a dildo." The women lined up against the wall, arms raised, wrists tied, and Alfred beat them with his belt. "He had a look in his eyes, and believe me when I say this, a look in his eyes and his face that scared me to death," she said. When the S-M session was over and the women had gone, Alfred had sex with Vicki, spanking her in the process.

(WIDE WORLD)

(WIDE WORLD)

Vicki met Cornfeld (left) through her father who had been "burned badly by Robert Vesco" (right)

Although repelled by Alfred's kinky sex habits, Vicki felt irresistibly drawn to him. She thought him "the most fascinating man I have ever met in my entire life. There's no one like him in the world. He's fun, he's childlike. He's a little arrogant but not rudely arrogant. He always needed help doing this or that because he was tripping over his own feet and he was so worldly. He knew everything."

And everybody. Through Alfred, Vicki would rub shoulders with Columbia Pictures producer Ray Stark; director Mervyn Leroy, a friend of J. Edgar Hoover; Justin Dart, the Kitchen Cabinet member who headed Rexall Drugs; Reagan adviser Edwin Meese; and other Los Angeles luminaries. For an obscure actress from Montclair, it was an intoxicating experience. So were her trips with Bloomingdale. While in Los Angeles Alfred was largely confined to daytime meetings with Vicki (he had her on call from 6 a.m. to 5 p.m.), since his socialite wife monopolized his after-dark hours. But when he was off on business to Europe, Florida or the Bahamas, or on holiday at La Costa, the posh resort near San Diego, Vicki went along. She felt like a jet-set queen.

Still Vicki, who never pretended to be a sophisticate, didn't fully comprehend what Alfred expected of her. Once when she overstayed a brief vacation Alfred braced her: "I sometimes forget your age but you obviously don't know what a mistress is, Vicki. So let me explain . . . . It's like my other wife, meaning, Vicki, you just don't call me every day and tell me where you are and how tan you're getting, how lovely this place is and that place is. You're here to be here for me." Yet it was Alfred who proposed changing the nature of their relationship, promising to divorce Betsy and marry Vicki. "He proudly told several of his friends that I was having his child," Vicki testified. But when the child was conceived Alfred backed down, instructing her to have an abortion.

Considering the public exposure their affair was getting, it was only a matter of time until Betsy found out about it. Apparently Nancy Reagan realized what was going on in the first year but didn't tell her confidante Betsy. "Nancy Reagan had seen us [together] along with quite a few other people," Vicki disclosed. "At the time, I'm still young and naive. I don't know who Nancy is. I don't know who a lot of Alfred's friends were . . . but he would say to his friends that I was his daughter. I'd say, 'Alfred, I don't look like your daughter.' "

One day Betsy and daughter Lisa were in the Beverly Hills shopping area when they spotted Alfred dropping off Vicki at the hairdressers, and it was not merely a peck on the cheek with which he bade her goodbye. According to Sheldon Davis, for 25 years a Bloomingdale consultant, that night was a stormy one inside the Bloomingdale residence. It was, Davis told *The Rebel*, a "major confrontation" with Betsy reading Alfred the riot act. Alfred called Davis for advice, but there was no pat solution. When all the fuss died down, however, he went back to funny business as usual.

By 1975 Vicki had had enough of Alfred's Marquis de Sade hangups and ducked out on him, changing phone numbers and apartments to evade his spirited pursuit. She married a struggling young actor named John David Carson, but this didn't dissuade Alfred, who found out her phone number because he knew the chairman of the board of the telephone company. Alfred tried to buy off Carson, but the young man wasn't cowed by his power. "I went into his office, grabbed his collar one day and told him, 'You son of a bitch, leave my wife alone!' " Carson said. Bloomingdale calmly replied, "I'll see that you don't get any work."

Although Alfred succeeded in breaking up the marriage, he didn't get Vicki back immediately. There was a hiatus during which she took refuge in the Los Angeles mansion of Bernie Cornfeld, the high-flying entrepreneur whose wings had recently been clipped. Cornfeld was the whiz kid who dreamt up Investors Overseas Services (IOS), which sold tax-dodge mutual funds to Americans in Europe. By 1969 IOS was teetering, the victim of Cornfeld's dubious transactions and expensive lifestyle. Like a shark to bloody water Robert Vesco moved in, bailing out IOS and deep-sixing Cornfeld. Vesco, a heavy contributor to Richard Nixon's 1968 war chest, has long been a fugitive from U.S. justice. Vicki met Cornfeld

through her father, Delbert Morgan, who had been, according to Vicki's onetime attorney Paul Caruso, "burned badly by Robert Vesco." Vicki had retained Caruso to pursue a financial settlement with Alfred, which was quietly worked out for "an undisclosed cash settlement between them. She and Al settled it privately."

Vicki's stint in Cornfeld's Camelot was not all pool parties and frolic. As author Michael Dorman has described Cornfeld's lifestyle, "Surrounded by beautiful women, he drifted constantly among a succession of luxurious homes in various parts of the world. He owned two castles, plus numerous apartments, chateaux, villas, and townhouses. He had his own fleet of airplanes and yachts." But all of this had been scaled down by the IOS denouement. For pocket money he ran, according to a source close to Vicki, an international call girl operation. The clientele tended to be exotic, as Vicki found out when she was ticketed to a Saudi prince straight out of the Arabian Nights.

In 1976 Vicki returned to Alfred, lured by his unceasing blandishments and vows to forsake his sexual aberrations. He paid her $10,000 a month in advance. But Alfred, not wanting her to accumulate a nest egg that would reduce her dependence on him, advised her to lease a Mercedes, hire a security guard and otherwise tie herself up in economic bondage. Despite the *la dolce vita*, Vicki felt unfulfilled. Once again Alfred promised her, "I'll divorce my wife. We'll tell her and we'll be married." But as Vicki lamented, "he told me that hundreds of times."

In 1978 Vicki again attempted to purge Alfred from her life by marrying real estate developer Robert Schullman, but, as in the past, Alfred hounded her. Schullman confronted Bloomingdale and, as Vicki described it, "they grabbed shirts, they were going to fight." Bloomingdale contended Vicki was into him for $10,000 in cash and merchandise, but Schullman wrote out a check in that amount on the spot. Nevertheless the marriage lasted only six months before Vicki returned to Alfred's arms.

Somewhere around this time Vicki was given a proprietary interest in the swank Marina Bay Club in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Although Alfred had retired in 1970 from the presidency of Diners Club, he had a number of holdings on both coasts. He had a substantial piece of the Show Biz Pizza Company, a national franchise operation, the Journey's End in Marietta, Georgia, and the Marina Bay Club, a hotel property. When Bloomingdale and his co-investors bought the Marina Bay Club there was an exchange of equity, according to IRS documentary tax stamps, of only $250,000. Bloomingdale received a 40 percent interest for a mere $39,000, although the property is worth millions. Obviously, other considerations were involved.

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Johnnie Roselli was a close friend of Bloomingdale's since the 1940s

The footprints lead east, toward the Bahamas, where the secretive banking laws were copied from Switzerland's and gambling casinos contribute immeasurably to the gross national product. An investigator who has probed Bloomingdale's investments in the region reports that about the same time as the Marina Bay Club purchase he acquired one of the myriad islands in the Florida Keys for $100,000, again only a fraction of what it was worth. As Alfred bragged to one of Vicki's male acquaintances, "The airplane to get back and forth cost that much." The Keys are only a stone's throw from the Bahamas where, Sheldon Davis says, Bloomingdale figured in International Floatels, another leisure-time venture. The scenario inevitably raises the possibility of a money wash through offshore banks, which is not at all farfetched given Bloomingdale's longstanding association with the dapper mobster Johnnie Roselli. According to Davis, Roselli was an "extremely close friend of Al's" and a business associate dating from the 1940s and 1950s.

Under a written contract over Alfred's signature, Vicki was to receive $4,000 a month from the revenues of the Marina Bay Club. She made trips there to act as "hostess," a role that included "servicing" special guests. Before or after the 1980 election practically all of the Reagan inner circle, with the exception of James Baker, who was considered George Bush's man, were on the club's guest list.

During the campaign of 1980 Bloomingdale played a key backstage role. In her deposition Vicki divulged: "Alfred continuously confided in me by telling me his private opinions about influential and important people with whom he was intimately involved, such as Ronald and Nancy Reagan, and he would relate specific instances involving them, and he told me about his involvement in secret and delicate matters such as campaign contributions for Mr. Reagan." At Alfred's instance Vicki herself volunteered as a mailing-list checker in the campaign headquarters. She received an invitation to the Inaugural Ball in Washington.

Following the landslide victory an elated Alfred told Vicki "about his judgments concerning Ronald Reagan's appointments, the Reagan cabinet, and his role in Reagan's Kitchen Cabinet." He donated $10,000 for interior redecorations in the White House, and, although disappointed at being credentialed to the Court of Versailles, took up his dual intelligence posts.

But in the spring of 1981 Bloomingdale was admitted to UCLA Hospital suffering from cancer of the esophagus. When Betsy learned that Vicki was a frequent visitor, she ordered her barred. So Vicki bought a nurse's uniform and came and went freely. Alfred drew up a contract that gave Vicki one-half of his equity in Show Biz Pizza plus two years of a monthly allowance of $10,000. By this time Vicki's original role as a kind of mercenary sex therapist had matured into a genuine bond of love.

After coming home briefly Alfred was admitted to St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, where Vicki visited in the disguise of a nun. It was perhaps fitting that Alfred should die in St. John's, for although born a Jew he had for over 25 years been a highly devout if private Roman Catholic, and was in fact a Papal Knight, the loftiest lay level in the church. On Aug. 20, 1982 Alfred passed away. *The New York Times* reported that the burial was "attended only by immediate family and a few close friends." But Vicki remonstrated, "They buried him like a dog."

There was no mention of Vicki in Alfred's will, but he may have anticipated that Betsy would legally contest any bequeathal to Vicki and decided to take care of her through the Marina Bay Club and Show Time Pizza contracts. Vicki was also trying to take care of herself. When Alfred was hospitalized Betsy had been forced to handle the family finances and discovered Vicki's monthly allowance. She immediately cut it off. Vicki countered by retaining attorney Marvin Mitchelson, who pioneered palimony suits in the Lee Marvin case, to prepare one for her. It was filed only days before Alfred's death, a straightforward document based on the contractual agreements that was given only a one-day roll in the press.

It was on Friday the 13th of August that Vicki gave the explosive deposition that revealed Alfred's kinky sex splurges in juxtaposition to his role as a Reagan adviser and confidante, as for example his disclosures "about his involvement in secret and delicate matters such as campaign con-

tributions for Mr. Reagan." As Ann Louise Bardach analyzed it in the *L.A. Weekly*, "Morgan almost certainly buried herself and her case that day by discussing the sexual and financial relationships with Bloomingdale. Most attorneys concur that mixing sex and money together when suing for breach of contract will quite likely raise the legal spectre of prostitution." But Vicki's paramount concern seems to have been the political implications of the pillow talk, since it would be assumed that she knew much, much more than she told in a legal forum. One of her closest friends told Bardach, "Vicki was all for letting everything hang out and making it public in the days before Bloomingdale died . . . she is scared to death, this shit goes so deep and so high . . . it combines big money, big politics and big society."

The shit hit the fan when some of

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Marvin Pancoast became Vicki's platonic roommate

Vicki's more sensational revelations were incorporated in Mitchelson's legal filings and became public knowledge. Mitchelson was "invited" to the White House by Morgan Mason, the son of actor James Mason, who then was a Reagan special assistant for political affairs (the attorney had represented the actor's wife Pamela in a divorce contest 18 years earlier). Mitchelson has confirmed that the Morgan palimony suit was the subject of discussion, but will go no further. It would not be rash, however, to conclude that the White House devoutly wished the wraps to be kept on as tightly as possible.

Vicki was extremely upset by the premature publicity in her case, all the more so because the press was comparing her to Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies in the Profumo Affair sex scandal that rocked Britain two decades ago, and salivating about an impending Bloomingdale Affair. She tended to blame Mitchelson, and dismissed him from the suit in favor of Michael Dave, a decade-long friend. At the end of a media-circus trial, a judge tossed out most of her causes of action, leaving only a skeleton case.

For the first time in her 12 years with Alfred, Vicki was adrift without a predictable source of income. She disposed of the Mercedes and moved into a rented condo in Studio City. To help make ends meet she took on a roommate, Marvin Pancoast, whom she had known for a number of years. Since Pancoast was an out-of-the-closet gay, it was a platonic relationship. The scandalmongering press coverage had made a virtual recluse out of Vicki. Alone with her phobias, taking increasingly to drugs and alcohol, Vicki struck on an idea that would be at once therapeutic and financially rewarding. She would write her memoirs, tentatively called *Alfred's Mistress*. Michael Dave drew up a contract with the freelancer Vicki had chosen to collaborate with, Gordon Basichis. They began taping Vicki's life story, storing the tapes in a safe deposit box. Vicki was adding another degree of imperilment to her life.

Three days after Vicki was murdered last August and Pancoast was jailed as the suspect, a short young woman with a Gucci purse strode purposefully into the law suite of Steinberg & Bugliosi on Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills and left a package for Steinberg. In it were three videotapes.

THE X-RATED MOVIES

The tactic of secretly filming people in compromising positions is not new. In the early 1960s the late Colonel George White, chief of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, ran a "sex apartment" in New York City whose hidden camera focused on unsuspecting clients steered there by the CIA. And after the Sharon Tate murder police found films of orgies at her mansion whose participants included several VIPs. While Bloomingdale originally may have captured his guests' exertions for his own kicks—the tapes are said to date back to 1979—it is likely that after he knew his days were numbered he viewed them as a form of life insurance for Vicki. As Sheldon Davis reveals, Bloomingdale was grateful to the young woman who had "preserved his sanity since 1970." On his deathbed, a hospital source says, he and Vicki whispered their fears to each other of what could happen to her after he was gone.

Robert K. Steinberg is a civil law specialist in partnership with celebrated criminal lawyer Vincent Bugliosi. Why Steinberg, of all the name attorneys in Los Angeles, was selected to receive the three tapes is anybody's guess. The only conceivable link is a mutual friend of

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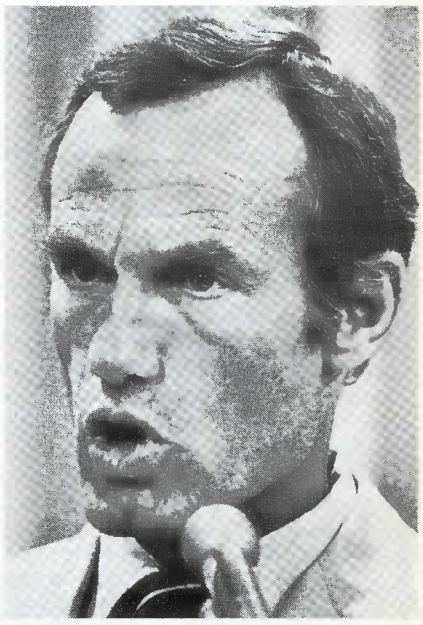
Edwin Meese (above) and Barry Goldwater Jr. (below)



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Steinberg and Marvin Pancoast named Cindy Stonehouse. But there is also a report that another attorney got two of the tapes, which he intends to hold for a while before putting them up for auction.

On July 12, 1983 Steinberg held a press conference to announce the existence of the tapes. He said that he and two others—one a lawyer, the other a federal employee—had viewed them over the weekend. They appeared to be a few years old, and showed Bloomingdale and five other men, one a former U.S. Congressman and two others currently holding high posts in the Reagan Administration. The sex tapes, Steinberg asserted, could "bring down the Reagan government."

A few days later Steinberg's bombshell scoop was reduced to ashes when, faced with a court order to turn the tapes over to

the police, he alibied that they had been stolen from a jogging bag in his office during the press conference. A mocking media turned the tapes into the Maltese Falcon of the Vicki Morgan case. But *The Rebel* has interviewed a person close to the situation (not Steinberg) who contends that the tapes do exist, and show three separate sessions: (1) Vicki Morgan, Alfred Bloomingdale and an unidentified female; (2) Barry Goldwater Jr., Edwin Meese and one of Bloomingdale's oldtime pals, and (3) unnamed Reagan associates with females.

The Rebel's investigation has also developed a source who claims to have seen the tapes and whose description of them and their contents is convincingly specific:

- The tapes are in black and white, on Betamax cassettes.
- The cassettes are protected by a spongy material, deep maroon in color.
- The tapes run for approximately 18 to 20 minutes.
- All three tapes were filmed in the same location, a recreation or large conference room devoid of furniture except for several couches against the walls.
- The sex acts are for the most part oral copulation, either on the couches or the floor.
- Although apparently taken with a hand-held camera, the tapes are quite clear.

The flip side of what could be called, for journalistic convenience, the Steinberg tapes, is the Flynt tape. When Steinberg hit the news with his announcement of the tapes, *The Rebel* publisher Larry Flynt began negotiations to buy them for $100 million. But before a deal could be struck Steinberg issued his second announcement that they had been stolen. Shortly thereafter Flynt somehow came into the possession of several additional sex tapes. He has played one of them for a number of media people, among them representatives of the ABC, NBC and CNN television networks and the *Los Angeles Times*.

Its vintage is uncertain but it depicts a man closely resembling Ronald Reagan taking off his clothes and fondling a young woman attired in English riding habit, complete with boots and crop. She has a dildo strapped to her pelvis. After a brief blank section the tape picks up with the pair on a couch, the woman performing anal sex with the dildo. The journalists who viewed this tape have not reported it either in their profiles of Flynt or separately. To the media it is apparently non-news, too touchy to touch without ironclad proof of its pedigree, possibly even a film Flynt himself produced and directed.

In fact the tale of the tapes has been largely ignored by the bloodhounds of the Fourth Estate. Only the parochial *L.A. Weekly*, which ran the Bardach article, has named names. In a sidebar to the Ann Bardach article, the editors declared that "sources the *Weekly* would tend to believe

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are reliable say that Meese almost certainly appears to be one of the men on such tapes, even given the difficulty of making a positive identification of someone on a videotape. According to an extremely reliable source, Vicki knew Meese and met with him both before and after the elections. Meese, it might be noted, was a friend of Bloomingdale's who met Vicki through Bloomingdale and, according to the source, saw her several times more."

If members of Reagan's upper management do appear on the tapes it would not be wildly out of character. They are the type of men who call their women "Honey," play with them like Barbie Dolls, and attend the annual summer stag parties of the Bohemian Club on the bucolic Russian River in Northern California. This Bacchanalian rite shrouded by the redwoods comingles the most powerful business and government leaders in the country, figures such as Henry Kissinger, Gen. Alexander Haig and Caspar Weinberger. In recent years the encampment has attracted the attention of the local sheriff, who noticed a sudden influx of prostitutes just as the festivities were getting under way. One hooker interviewed by the *L.A. Weekly* boasted of a dalliance a few years ago with George Shultz, then a top officer of the Bechtel Corporation and now Secretary of State.

The Bloomingdale Affair hangs like a thread-suspended sword over the Reagan reelection bid. Should the tapes somehow be authenticated, they would be far more graphic evidence than "Deep Throat" was able to furnish Woodward and Bernstein. Unlike Watergate, the issue is not the cover-up of dirty tricks, but keeping the lid on a sex scandal in which the national security may well have been compromised.

At this the administration has experience. In 1967, during Reagan's first

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Albert and Victoria

months as California governor, word began to seep out of a homosexual ring inside his staff which used a Lake Tahoe cabin as a party pad. Since this was long before gay liberation, a full-blown sex scandal was in the making. Reagan moved quickly, forcing the resignation of several aides, and the threat blew over. Only feisty Drew Pearson in his *Washington Merry-Go-Round* column did any hard-core reporting on it. Reagan tipped his nasty side by warning, "If Drew Pearson ever sets foot in California he better not spit on the sidewalk."

The American public may abide, even applaud such heroics as invading tiny Grenada, playing nuclear chicken with the Russians and mounting covert actions against the socialist Third World. But it would have little tolerance for an administration populated by carnal cowboys. It would have even less tolerance for men of great power and great responsibility being involved in the bloody silencing of Morgan. Verification of contents of the tapes could spell disaster for an entire collection of some very austere gentlemen. Their involvement in the murder of Morgan could undo a whole administration. ■

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Donald Freed is a prize-winning historian and playwright. Books and plays include: **Inquest; Secret Honor; The Spymaster; Agony in New Haven; The Glass House Tapes.** ***New works include a book with Larry Flynt,*** **The Secret Life of Ronald Reagan.**

Lake Headley is a world-class investigator. He was central to the Wounded Knee and Bill Smith cases. He broke the Don Bolles murder case for **Playboy.**

Alfred Bloomingdale: Merchant, Power Broker and Spy Master

By Donald Freed

Alfred Bloomingdale was Victoria Morgan's lover, patron and "sugar daddy." And Alfred Bloomingdale was Ronald Reagan's spy master.

The public image of Bloomingdale is almost completely a myth. Painted in the press as a wealthy playboy and sometime member of Ronald Reagan's "Kitchen Cabinet," Bloomingdale is just one more in a series of dirty old men in the public pantheon of scandal and gossip in high places. In reality, Bloomingdale lived a life astride the inner workings of power in America—one leg in organized crime, one leg in covert actions and espionage.

The story begins in 1916. Bloomingdale is born into the great department store family. The young Bloomingdale attended Brown University and settled into the family store in 1938. He dabbled in show business, producing and financing Broadway shows, among them the Ziegfeld Follies. But his career as an entrepreneur was short-lived.

In 1946 Bloomingdale married L.A. socialite Betsy Newling, well-known even then for her frequent parties and charity affairs. During this period of the late 1940s Bloomingdale began his relationship, which was to last for decades, with Johnnie Roselli. Roselli was as handsome as any movie star and indeed was closely associated with the moguls at the major studios. Roselli was a gangster and the man to see in Hollywood when the fix had to be put in during the ferocious jurisdictional union struggles of the late 1940s and 50s. It was during this time that Bloomingdale, Ronald Reagan and Johnnie Roselli crossed paths. Roselli was Reagan's link to the studio heads, as well as to crime, unions and Teamsters. In the late 40s and early 50s Bloomingdale, Roselli, Reagan and Frank Sinatra were to find themselves thrown together in a combination of union, entertainment and political projects.

During the 1950s Bloomingdale consolidated those relationships that he was to put to use when the time came to found the Diners Club. Now the department store heir was seen in the Bahamas, the Caribbean, in Havana; a habitue of the casinos, the clubs, the resorts, the leisure industries that were the fronts for both the Lansky organized crime operation as well as the Roselli-Sam Giancana wing of the underworld.

Skipping to the 1960s, we find Bloomingdale a prime mover in the group that was to become known as Ronald Reagan's Kitchen Cabinet, also known as the "Friends of Ronald Reagan." Bloomingdale was responsible for the Friends of Ronald Reagan's concentration of psychologists, pollsters, behavior-modification experts and psychological warfare types who were to build the image of Ronald Reagan. Rubbing shoulders with Bloomingdale in the Kitchen Cabinet were such multi-millionaires as Walter Knott, Henry Salvatori, and Patrick Frawley. All of these men had or were to develop close ties to the ultra-right wing militant American Security Council.

Bloomingdale became a Reagan spy master sometime during the first year of the governor's power, 1966. It was Bloomingdale who was involved in a campaign to smash Ceasar Chavez and his Farmworkers Union. This campaign involved break-ins, burglaries, beatings, and at least one assassination plot against Chavez. Working with Bloomingdale in Reagan's master plan to stifle the dissent of students and minorities was none other than Edwin Meese III, who would turn up years later on the famous Vicki Morgan "sex tapes." During this entire period Bloomingdale worked closely with organized crime and Teamster officials. Charles Colson, Richard Nixon's hatchet man, and linked to the Teamsters, was carrying on parallel activities at the national level, while Bloomingdale was in charge of pacifying California. Once again Bloomingdale, through Roselli, brought thugs in to smash the Farmworkers Union as Roselli had done in the 1940s and early 50's when Ronald Reagan first consolidated his power base at the Screen Actors Guild.

By the mid-1970s, Ronald Reagan had completed two terms of office in California. Bloomingdale's friends, Johnnie Roselli and Sam Giancana, were murdered before they could testify before Senate Select Committees looking into the murder of President John F. Kennedy in Dallas.

Because of Betsy Bloomingdale's arrest in 1975 when Betsy doctored invoices for expensive clothes that she attempted to pass through U.S. Customs, Bloomingdale was not eligible to become Reagan's Ambassador to France, or so the story goes. At any rate, Reagan named his old spy master to a far more important post: the Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board. This board oversees covert actions, filthy tricks, CIA black operations of every kind; it is perhaps the single most sensitive intelligence apparatus in the government. Bloomingdale also sat on the President's Advisory Commission on Public Diplomacy. It was this group's task to help the President publicly explain, or cover up, that which the intelligence community was doing illegally and unconstitutionally.

In many ways the life of Alfred Bloomingdale reads like an intelligence or crime dossier. There is one more very strange connection, one that even now investigators are plumbing thoroughly for perhaps the first time. Alfred Bloomingdale, who comes from very old Jewish aristocratic stock in New York State, was a member of a world-wide organization called the Knights of Malta. Major figures in both the Reagan Administration and the Bloomingdale-Morgan affair—in short, in the murder and its coverup—are all associated with the Knights of Malta. The membership includes Neil Reagan, the President's brother, and William Clark, the President's Interior Secretary. Johnnie Roselli and Sam Giancana were all associated with if not members of the Knights of Malta. Membership is also enjoyed by William Casey, Reagan's head of CIA, and J. Peter Grace, one of Reagan's organizers for what has euphemistically been called the "re-organization of the private sector" along lines disastrous to labor unions and working people.

Bloomingdale was much more than a prominent Catholic layman; he was nothing less than a Papal Knight. "Alfred was a frequent visitor to the Vatican itself," with "tremendous influence," according to his biographer and consultant, Sheldon Davis' work in progress, *Bloomie.* The Vatican is at the center of a worldwide intelligence and diplomatic network and Bloomingdale was at the very center of that center.

The question naturally arises of how a notoriously compromised figure like Bloomingdale could be given such high and sensitive intelligence posts by Ronald Reagan without compromising national security. Bloomingdale's scandalous sex life, the real pathology of his sadism had been well known to Reagan and members of his circle for many years. It is almost incredibly reckless, then, for Reagan to have appointed Bloomingdale—given his organized crime background and his sexual vulnerability—to posts on the commanding heights of American national security.

In the pursuit of the killer or killers of Vicki Morgan, a trail winds through the underworld of organized crime and into the back-alleys of covert action. The real face of Alfred Bloomingdale has begun to bleed through the media construct of the dirty old department store magnate.

The Morgan-Bloomingdale affair is an affair of the flesh but it is much more an affair of power and its corruption. ■

Interview

Richard Arens, brother of Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Arens, blames Israel for the growing war in Lebanon.

By John Motavalli

Richard Arens, an internationally respected human rights advocate, has long spoken out against abuses of power. He became known to many in the late 1970s through his human-rights work among the Indians of Paraguay, and he was among the first to reveal that escaped Nazi "torture doctor" Joseph Mengele was hiding out in that draconian South American dictatorship.

Arens has also, and most prominently, been a key voice in the continuing debate over Israel's proper role in the world. Even as the invasion of Lebanon was still underway last year, he had lent his name to a petition calling on the United States to force Israel's withdrawal from Lebanon and asking for an immediate suspension of all American military aid to Israel. Despite these demands, U.S. aid to Israel has been substantially stepped up under President Reagan, and Administration plans are underway to grant an unprecedented $1.275 billion in military aid to Israel for 1985, including the funds to develop a new Israeli fighter jet, the Lavie.

All of this is extremely pleasing to Arens' younger brother Moshe, who for some time has had a direct personal and professional interest in the development of Israeli armaments as vice-president for engineering of Israeli Aircraft Industries. Long known for his uncompromisingly hard-line stance, Moshe Arens was appointed Defense Minister earlier this year, and has often been mentioned as a plausible candidate for Prime Minister of Israel.

Born in Lithuania, both Arens brothers fled the Nazis and migrated to the U.S. with their parents in the '30s. When Israel was founded in 1948, Moshe decided to move to the Holy Land—over the objections of his father, a businessman strongly opposed to becoming involved in the new Jewish state. But after he settled in Israel, Moshe "veered sharply to the right," explains brother Richard, a professor at the University of Bridgeport Law School, an independent institution located 55 miles northeast of New York City. This interview was conducted in his book-lined office by John Motavalli, a free-lance investigative reporter living in Connecticut.

(JEROME NALEWAJK)

THE REBEL: Some international political analysts suggest that the cycle of violence in the Middle East is somehow endless and inescapable. Do you see any possible solution to the Arab-Israeli stalemate?

ARENS: The only solution to the problem—apart from creating an Arab-Palestinian homeland—is one of justice. The only solution lies in the removal by America and the Soviet Union of arms and influence in their respective satellite nations of the area. Certainly the situation presently looks grim, with the Americans reportedly pressing the Israelis into a military confrontation with Syria, aiming to knock out the Soviet-manned missile bases in the Bekaa Valley. The consequences of such action on the part of the Reagan Administration would be dire indeed, and only a further escalation of violence can result from such short-sighted planning on their part. Both the Israelis and the Americans seem to believe that the Soviets can simply be pushed out of the Mediterranean, in a replay of the Cuban missile crisis in 1962. But realistically examining the current situation we can see that the Soviets are unlikely to comply. The presence of nuclear weapons in the region makes the situation more explosive.

THE REBEL: Your own convictions on the role of Israel and Zionism are totally at odds with those of your brother Moshe Arens. Why are you and he so far apart in your views?

ARENS: There was a collective trauma experienced by Jews as a result of the Holocaust. As a result, many of us concluded that the only solution lies in blind solidarity with the state of Israel. My opposition to the right-wing nature of the Zionist state has arisen from experiences I went through in the U.S. Army during the Second World War. I visited some of the Nazi extermination camps, and I saw how easy it was to slip into a fascist type of mentality. I saw some of the camps; my brother did not, I think this is the difference between us. It's really pretty horrifying to think of those in power in Israel. Moshe is to the right of Begin, if that is possible. The last time he called me was to tell me that he was going to be appointed Ambassador. I told him that I wanted no contact with him after that. One of the last times we spoke, I raised the issue of Palestinian rights with him, and he displayed total insensitivity on the subject; he wouldn't even discuss it. I have hope for the Israelis as a people, however. I went to Israel in 1973, and I became convinced that the Israelis, once given the facts, are more than capable of an ultimate repudiation of their criminal leadership.

THE REBEL: The International Commission report on the Beirut massacre, prepared by six noted human-rights activists, including Sean MacBride, former head of Amnesty International, places on

the Israeli government direct responsibility for the massacres at the Sabra and Chatilla camps. Why does this report differ from the Kahan report which exonerated Israel?

ARENS: The Kahan Commission report was calculated to serve the needs of the Israeli government, which had been under attack for what appeared at first hand to be an atrocity in violation both of the law of war and the Nuremberg principles exemplified by crimes against humanity. The government had hesitated in appointing a commission, and it finally went ahead only when forced to do so by public outcry in Israel itself. It was obvious that they had selected individuals they could count on to permit the government to emerge from this report more or less unscathed politically in the eyes of world opinion. This is what they did, and to my way of thinking, the Commission's report was a whitewash. It even contains numerous internal contradictions, as well as open questions whose investigation is not even asked for—in sharp contrast to the work of the International Commission headed by Sean MacBride. He is, of course, a Nobel Peace Prize Winner as well as a past president of Amnesty International and the International Commission of Jurists. Richard Falk (of Princeton University) was also on the panel, perhaps the outstanding human rights specialists in this country, along with very distinguished Middle Eastern, French and British specialists. The report provides a view in depth of Israel's military preparations and political motivations. It unfolds a scenario that points to Israeli aggression in crossing the border ostensibly to protect Israel's northern border from shelling. Anyone who has studied the facts knows that there was virtually no shelling of the Israeli border area at the time of the incursion. The Israelis promised to go no further than 20 miles into Lebanon, and of course they proceeded all the way into Beirut. It culminated in the capture of West Beirut and the total envelopment of the Sabra and Chatilla refugee camps, which were then opened up by the Israelis. This particular point is documented beyond any reasonable doubt in the international report—the camp was opened up to the Phalangists for raping and massacre. The official justification given by the Israeli government was that they had invited the Phalangist troops—a force that had received the blessings of Adolf Hitler in the 1930's and who are now doing very nicely as allies of a so-called democratic state—to purge the camps of 2,000 Palestinians believed to have sought refuge in it. Even if you accept the Israeli assertion at face value and assume the truth of it for purposes of argument, the notion of sending armed men to dispose of 2,000 Palestinians—even if they were Palestinians suspected of international crimes—violates every rule of the law of war, every international rule governing the law of occupation, every aspect of the Nuremberg principles as they pertain to crimes against humanity. The most the Israelis would have been entitled to do, had they even been capable of spotting individuals believed to have committed crimes under international law on the basis of probable cause, would have been to secure their surrender and present them before open tribunals in the light of day. Nothing of the sort was done.

THE REBEL: Menachem Begin has lashed out at those who criticized Israel for the many civilian deaths in the refugee camps by saying, "goyim kill goyim and the Jews are blamed." Can Israel be blamed for massacres apparently carried out by the Phalangists under the direction of Bashir Gemayel, a Christian Arab group?

ARENS: The Israeli commanders were informed around the clock as to what was going on and refused to give any order whatsoever to interfere with the massacre. The evidence concerning the discovery of Israeli army dogtags, among some of the paraphernalia left by these hordes of killers unleashed on civilian men, women and children also calls for investigation. All of this points to a measure of Israeli guilt that encompasses the entire government. Even if you were to reject the factual findings of the Sean MacBride commission, you would have to say that proceeding under the Yamashita principle established by the United States Supreme Court, any high command that tolerates atrocities against individual civilians under its jurisdiction, even though not formally or officially notified of those atrocities, is as guilty as the individuals actually engaged in them. Gen. Yamashita, although claiming a total lack of knowledge concerning the massacre of American prisoners under his jurisdiction in the Philippines during World War II, was ordered hanged and the sentence was carried out. This despite the fact that there is reason to believe General Yamashita actually did not know about the killings of the prisoners because of the breakdown in communications on the Filipino archipelago in 1944.

THE REBEL: It has been pointed out that, however inadequate the Kahan report, the fact that it was carried out at all shows the essentially democratic nature of the Israeli state. After all, the Lebanese inquiry into the massacre got nowhere, and no one was punished by the government in Beirut. Are Israelis being subjected to a double standard?

ARENS: As a lawyer, I feel very strongly that the Kahan report is a page of shame in the history of Israeli jurisprudence. The question of Israeli responsibility was never adequately analyzed in the kind of terms that would be expected of a first-year student in international law. Numerous vital facts available to people like MacBride and Falk were never brought into the light of day. Beyond that, of course, there were no real penalties meted out. There was talk only of indirect responsibility for which resignation on the part of former Defense Minister Ariel Sharon and a handful of others was considered penalty enough. Nevertheless, there were rather interesting Freudian giveaways of the underlying guilt that must have gnawed at the members of the Commission. They referred to former Prime Minister Begin as "lacking in sensitivity." Well, my God, lack of sensitivity is an unfortunate personal trait, but it does not belong in an official report—unless, of course, such phrases happen to be euphemisms for something much worse, which I strongly suspect it was. If he was merely lacking in sensitivity, that would be one thing. But if he was involved in suppressing knowledge of what was going on, and maintaining a guilty silence, then he was an accomplice in the massacre, subject to the very same standards as the Nazi criminals whom we did not hesitate to try at Nuremberg, to say nothing of Gen. Yamashita, whose guilt fades into insignificance when compared to the guilt of the Israeli government.

THE REBEL: Jacobo Timerman, author of *Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number* (about his treatment at the hands of the Argentine military) and *The Longest War: Israel in Lebanon* (a book critical of the Israeli invasion of Lebanon), has stated that perhaps the majority of Israelis were not overly disturbed by the massacre at Sabra and Chatilla, that they had been coarsened by the war experience. Can you comment on that?

ARENS: Yes, I feel very strongly that he is making a vital point, which has been overlooked in the American media and above all stifled by pro-Israeli publicists and alleged leaders of the American Jewish community. Torture as an institutionalized practice is widespread, it's standard operating procedure in the handling of political prisoners on the West Bank. This has been tolerated for over a decade. It has spread into Jewish-inhabited areas to the point where interrogators no longer know how to begin an interrogation without subjecting an individual to humiliation, degradation and other cruelty expressly forbidden by the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. This of course feeds into what ultimately happened as the pinnacle of Israeli brutality, their explicit direction and participation in the events at Sabra and Chatilla. There was the never-to-be-forgotten incident of six or seven elderly men at the camp approaching Israeli forces under a white flag, with a view toward informing them of what was going on. We have the unambiguous declaration of witnesses that they were all shot down. All but one, who was permitted to return to the camps to tell the tale of what happens to those who seek to escape the ven-

geance which the Israelis had authorized and supported.

THE REBEL: Do you feel that Israeli policy in Lebanon, in concert with its local allies, has been designed to drive the Palestinian population out of the country?

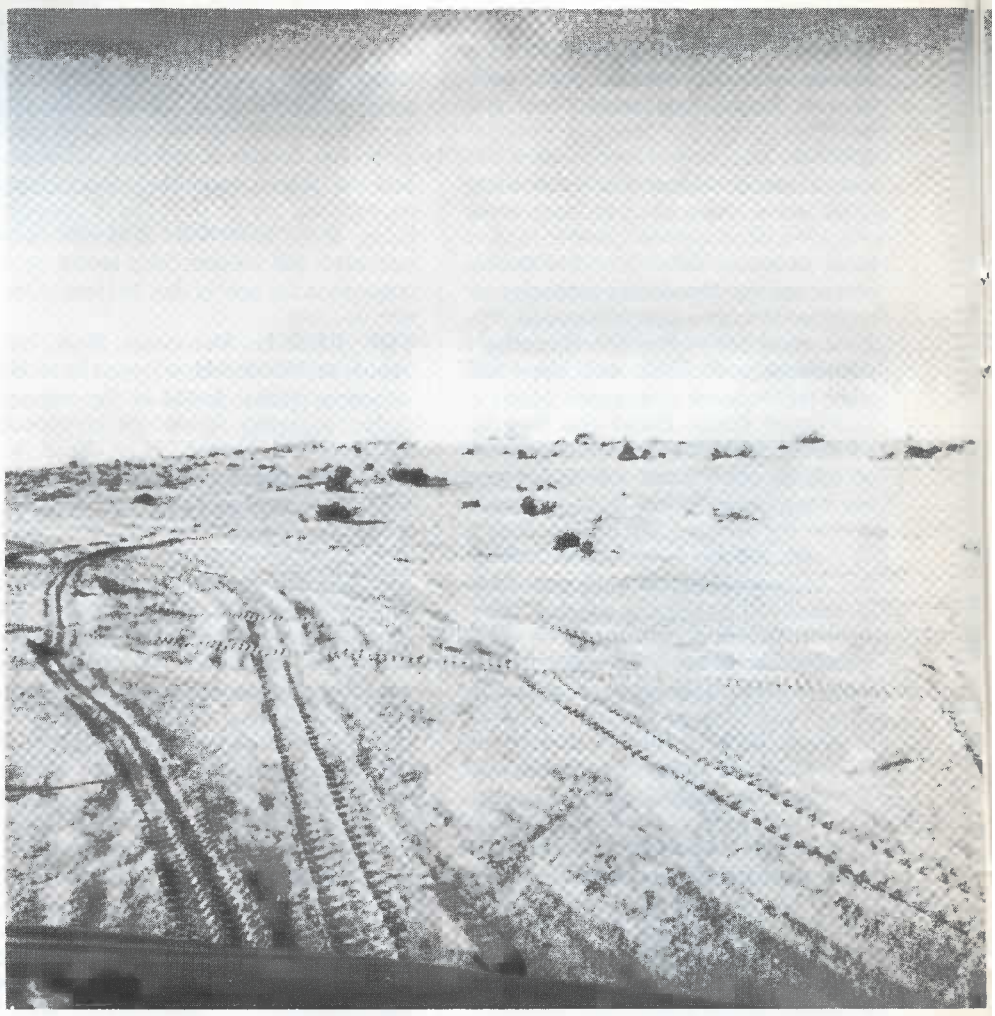
ARENS: Not only are they attempting to drive the Palestinians out of Lebanon, but they are trying to terrorize, however vicariously, the Palestinians living on the West Bank—who, God knows, are subject to harassment and terror in their own law of war. The massive destruction visited upon civilian targets was completely disproportionate to the military aims that were achieved. Weaponry violative of the law of war was massively employed, as exemplified primarily by the cluster bombs which the United States had furnished to the Israelis on the condition that it would be used in emergency situations in defensive fighting only. A mockery has been made of that pledge given by Israel to the United States, and Americans, however unconsciously, have become accomplices to the terror bombing, the use of fragmentation weapons, the napalming of civilians, ranging from schoolchildren to elderly men. And then, of course, there is the question of the very deliberate massacre of the civilian population in the refugee camps. The MacBride report makes it plain that the Sabra and Chatilla massacre was preplanned by the Israeli high command.

THE REBEL: You have also been critical of the United States for its inaction during the massacres in the camps.

ARENS: The U.S. Embassy was informed about what was going on the eve of the commencement of the massacre, and made no move to stop the killings.

THE REBEL: You have gone on record as deploring the "huge" amounts of aid Israel receives from Washington. Can you elaborate?

ARENS: Not only are the amounts huge, but they are going toward building up a state that is already a significant military power. Israel is now listed by the British Institute for Strategic Studies as the fourth most highly-armed country in the world, immediately after China. There can be no doubt that the largesse lavished on Israel in terms of American military technology exceeds anything that we've given to the NATO alliance, and these Lilliputians have been manipulating the superpowers to obtain a confrontation with the Soviet Union and its allies through which they hope to obtain further American support, but which is far more likely to result in the type of conflagration which writes finis to the history of homo sapiens. ■



The Games of War

Sophisticated simulated combat can be a substitute for conventional and thermonuclear war

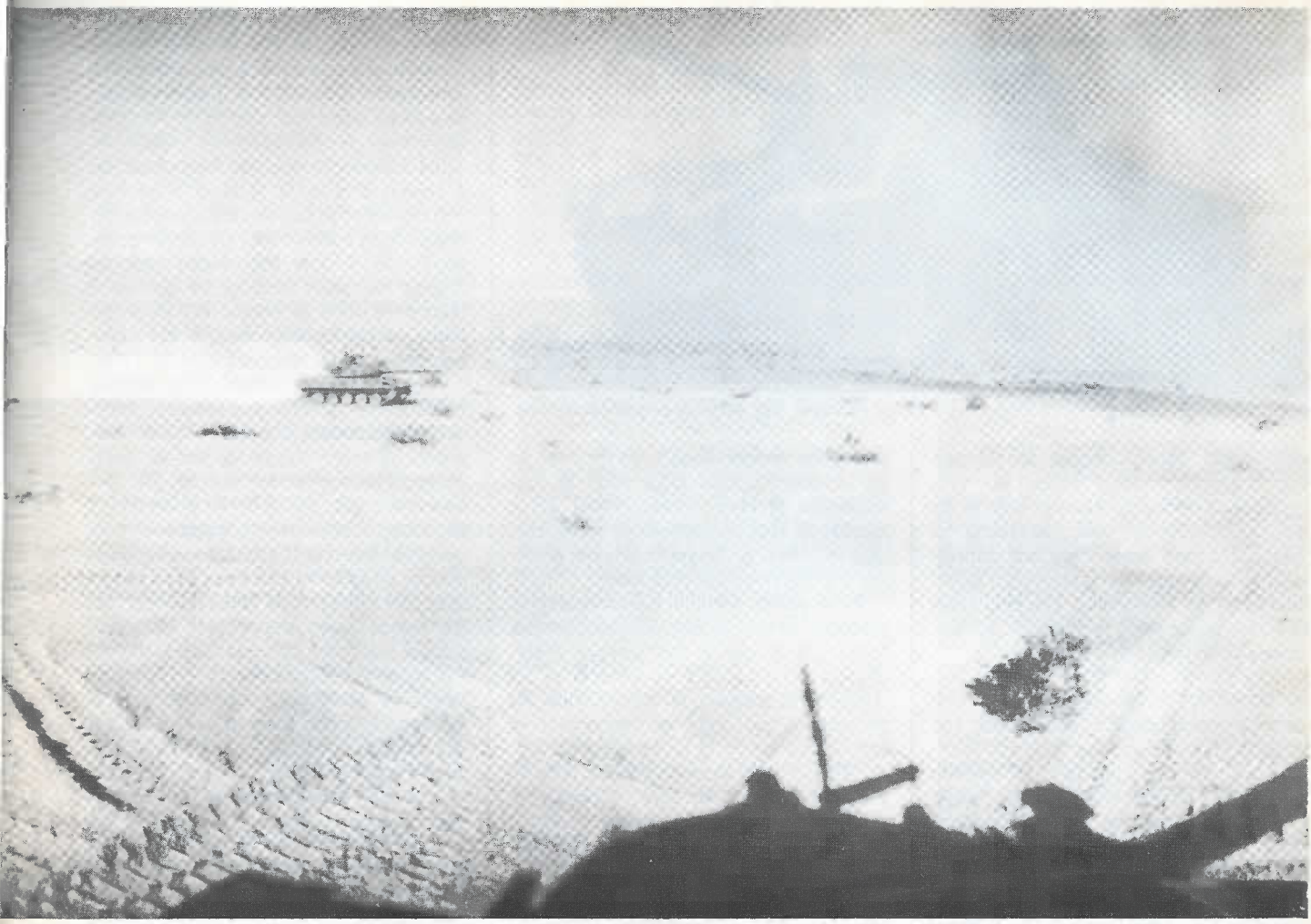
By Peter Lake

Since it is the Soviet Union our military fears the most, it is against the Soviet threat that the U.S. trains hardest to fight. To aid that training, the U.S. Army has organized the world's toughest "Soviet" combat unit—a crack motor-rifle regiment of 1,350 men and machines. G.I.s from all over the country regularly battle against that mechanized commie superforce—in Southern California. And the Soviets do very well, indeed. Of course, it's all in fun. Now.

Realistic war games have found a new life of utility and entertainment in the 1980s. The military spends hundreds of millions playing over 450 simulations, a major network recently broadcast its own crisis game, and millions play home-computer versions of combat games. Soon, such simulations will dominate our thinking about the strategy and tactics of future wars. Besides using them to flatten our enemies or provide alternatives to watching Johnny Carson, a third choice may be opening to us. Simulated combat may be a way to get a leg up on the Soviet Union or it can become an alternative to what the government euphemistically terms a "strategic exchange"—what the rest of us call "doomsday."

"Whosoever comes against us with the sword shall perish by the sword. Such is the law of the Russian land," Alexander Nevsky said at the battle of Novgorod in 1242, according to Sergei Eisenstein's film about the great peasant hero. Even though the film's threat was aimed against the ambitions of 20th-century Germans, the message speaks to Americans as well: To face the Russian army is to look into the eyes of death.

American soldiers get such a look when



(PETER LAKE)

G.I.s from all over the country battle the world's toughest "Soviet" combat unit in Southern California

they fight a battle such as the one at "Krasnovia" a few months ago. At first light, Soviet armored vehicles poured into a desert valley from the north, led by a Russian-built, smoke-billowing BMP that rushed fullbore toward an eight-foot-deep tank trap barrier. As it sped along, the armored personnel carrier poured forth fumes like a toxic waste warehouse going up in a five-alarm blaze. Its smoke generator produced instant, concentrated smog—the exhausts from a thousand buses belching suffocating diesel fumes couldn't match the solid thundercloud that clung to the ground like glue and expanded sideways behind the green BMP.

American laser-aimed weapons become nearly useless in poor visibility because anti-tank gunners must track their targets for several seconds to lock on, fire, and guide their missiles to the enemy. Thus obscured by smoke, Soviet tanks stormed the battlefield unimpeded, virtually immune from sophisticated tank-killing weapons. (According to one Defense Department study, 43 percent of U.S. soldiers can't distinguish a Russian tank from a U.S. tank, anyway.)

Following the BMP, an armored bridgelayer followed through the cloud and unfolded from its back a 70-foot, 20-ton portable span. Like giant jaws, the bridge raised up straight in the air, stretched out from its carrier, then flattened straight across the ditch. While Soviet infantry furiously overcame weak resistance protecting the tank trap, soldiers from other BMPs charged into the abyss with low-tech shovels, pulled down piles of dirt, and hastily filled in a path across the chasm. Both the dirt and steel avenues were finished simultaneously—three minutes after the Soviets began them. All night long the Americans had struggled to build an enormous tank obstacle that would stop the Soviet advance and give them time to deploy their own tanks. Ivan's boys broke through at two places without drawing a heavy breath. The rout was on.

Machines and men and motorcycles poured across the breach, cannons and machineguns blazing all the while. In spite of their early setback, the G.I.'s fought well, killing hundreds of the enemy. Heedless of losses, the descendants of the Great Khan and Ivan the Terrible relentlessly pressed forward their attack. Finally, confused and demoralized by the strength of the enemy and split in two by his relentlessness, the Americans fell back and were pursued to their destruction. Within an hour the battle was over and the Russians had taken no prisoners. Dozens of disabled American tanks littered the Valley of Death. Soviet casualties ran high (3:1 over the outnumbered Americans, roughly the same ratio as Warsaw Pact to NATO forces in Europe), but still were acceptable. The Soviets had won a stunning victory and the dew still glistened on the sparse desert grass.

Fortunately, as radio announcers like to say, "This was only a test." "Krasnovia" lies on the thousand-square-mile National Training Center at Ft. Irwin, California, halfway between Los Angeles and Las Vegas and a few miles south of Death Valley National Monument. The Soviet triumph was merely simulated combat—super war games—skillfully fought and precisely scored with lasers, computers, special effects, ersatz Russians, and technology of the highest order.

Every month, a fresh U.S. armored battalion reaches the National Training Center by turning north at Barstow and heading straight toward Death Valley. In the 1930s, Gen. George S. Patton trained tank forces at Ft. Irwin and loved the area because no one bothered him there. T-shirts in the Barstow J.C. Penney accurately proclaim, "Barstow, the land that

(PETER LAKE)

American tank takes part in a simulated combat exercise, but without actual casualties

time forgot." After a 25-mile ride through barren desert, arriving soldiers are welcomed by 110-degree summer heat or by butt-freezing winter cold, depending on the luck of their draw. They are immediately sent out into what is laughingly called "the field" for two weeks. The field looks like the moon with scorpions. Rattlesnakes avoid the area; it's too hostile.

Laying in wait for the new arrivals are the "OPFOR"—opposing forces, two resident battalions taught to dress, fight, and think like Soviet combined tank and infantry units. To that end, OPFOR soldiers wear Soviet badges and uniforms, follow USSR tactical doctrine, and drive several kinds of genuine Soviet armored vehicles into combat (although all the tanks are American, skillfully disguised to appear Russian). The origin of the Soviet vehicles remains a secret, but informed sources believe they are purchased from Middle East sources whose interests have turned away from the Soviets and toward western military aid.

Strictly speaking, scores are not kept. "Training" not "winning" remains the operative word. In other words, how the U.S. Army plays the game is what counts. The OPFOR—Soviets—perform exceptionally well, however, partly through sheer force of numbers, partly through superior mobility, and mostly because they have the home-field advantage and are well-experienced battling "Americans." Like their Russian prototypes, OPFOR troops fight crudely, but effectively—tire irons versus high-tech.

For Americans thrown into such tough, realistic battle, the effect can be shocking. "I just don't know what happened," one dead-for-the-day American tanker said. "Back home on maneuvers, we've got lots of time to get ready. Here, they were just all over us. I really felt like people were shooting at me."

Maj. Will Densberger, executive officer of the OPFOR armor battalion, explains why the OPFOR troops can prevail: "The United States has an entire Army that's never really trained for combat. During training exercises held in Germany, our tank corps thinks 'maneuver' means following the vehicle ahead down the road. In our simulations, men realize what the consequences of their actions would be in combat. If they're careless or inefficient, they die. What we've got here is the greatest training invention of all time."

As he sees it, the U.S. has an enormous problem because of high turnover among military personnel. In one year, for example, his battalion lost 60 percent of its strength. In addition, at any one time 30 percent of the army is "invisible"—in transit, in training, or in the hospital.

"There's only so much you can do with 700,000 people," he says. "There's no problem of quality, just matching people with the right job. Here, we train them to fight."

To find out exactly how well they fight, the NTC uses two elaborate electronic systems to judge results. MILES (Multiple Integrated Laser System) does for combat what the instant replay does for televised football—tells it all. Every soldier and every fighting vehicle carry infrared laser transmitters that fire simultaneously with their weapons' live-sounding blank charges. In addition, each weapon is also linked to laser detectors that receive coded pulses from the enemy's fire. Hits, near-misses, type of weapon firing, and killing probabilities are all taken into account by the receivers.

When a soldier is "killed" at Ft. Irwin, a buzzer goes off in his helmet until he deactivates his laser transmitter, putting himself out of action. When cannon fire, a Soviet Sagger missile, or an American Dragon missile knocks out a tank or armored vehicle, a loud buzzer sounds over the intercom, an exterior strobe light flashes, and the vehicle's cannon takes a nap for the rest of the day. The laser receptors are worn on soldiers' suspenders and helmets and are mounted all around the middle of vehicles. Cheating is tough—and a strict no-no. Using blank rounds gives both attacker and target the sights, sounds, and feel of actual combat; MILES gives accurate scores that would be expected with live ammunition.

The pyrotechnics that accompany the laser beams would make any Hollywood director happy. When tank commanders give the order to fire, realistic smoke clouds leap out of 105mm gun barrels and almost kill by intimidation. A soldier knows he's dead when the ringing in his ears won't stop. A near-hit briefly sounds the MILES buzzer, a fatal one keeps it going. A soldier dreads the sight of a smoking barrel pointed at him and fears hearing the report from a direct hit. The desire—the need—not to hear that deadly terminal ringing motivates soldiers to fight as if their lives were at stake. MILES keeps score and the results convey heavy meaning, especially for the dead.

A huge computer center, fed by remote mountaintop cameras and sensors, stores battle information in a VAX 11/780 computer, 30 video tapedecks, and 40 audio channels for after-action analysis. The system even spits out 8-by-10 Polaroids of the action at any moment. Eight computer consoles display battle action and highlight dozens of different elements such as terrain, elevation, troops, and vehicles. From the top of 3,500-foot Tiefort Mountain, remote television cameras survey the entire scene and allow the battle to be monitored in air-conditioned comfort. A 4100mm lens can zoom in and spot a soldier peeing, although it can't reveal if he zipped up afterwards.

The NTC operates for $110 million a year, a small enough sum considering the 200 days of OPFOR fighting and abusive conditions of the combat. This year 24 battalions will train there, although in 1985 that number will drop to 14. As a training center, it appears to be well run, efficient, and spirited. More important, however, it portends the possibility of simulated combat on an international, even global, scale . . . a giant video game fought with real soldiers, sailors, and airmen, but without casualties. The NTC's simulations might be the forerunners of a global war game without any of the unpleasant after-effects that would be associated with the real thing.

Because large-scale warfare consists of enormous variables and amounts of data, only recently have computers been able to integrate enough information to include thousands of troops in both theoretical and actual exercises. While tactical field simulations are conducted at Ft. Irwin and other bases, a new generation of theoretical war games has begun in the past year at the National War College in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, using the "JANUS" computer system, recently developed at Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory.

JANUS has been called "the ultimate video game" because high-level military strategists are able to sit in front of computer displays and conjure up international conflicts, often using weapons not available for field simulations (multi-megaton nukes, for example). Historical recreations such as General Erwin Rommel's North African campaign can also be replayed—

or fought differently—with JANUS. Both the War College and the NTC use Digital Equipment's powerful VAX 11/780 computer for their gaming, although JANUS uses data already stored in it while the NTC gathers data directly from field exercises.

In 3000 B.C., Chinese strategists played a stylized war game named Wei-Hai. Less style, more substance goes into the games at Carlisle, but the principle remains the same. All the fighting goes on in computers, with information provided by the Defense Mapping Agency, intelligence-gathering services, historical sources, and theoretical notions of how modern combat works—the Wei-Hai of the 20th century. The sterile atmosphere lacks any realistic sound effects; no "beeps" or "zaps" accompany planes falling from the sky. A local video arcade actually has more noise and movement among the players. It's a cerebral exercise only.

"We don't want them to get too engrossed in the idea they are in a field environment," says Colonel Raymond Macedonia, head of the war-gaming. "Because war games are not the way the battle is going to be fought."

A third type of popular military war game came to public attention last Thanksgiving week, when ABC tried to boost its sagging *Nightline* ratings with "The Crisis Game." As a followup to its hugely popular nuclear holocaust movie, *The Day After,* the talky, boring "Crisis Game" left the impression that no one in a National Security Council session ever raised a voice in anger. The stiff responses of former Defense Secretaries Clark Clifford and James Schlesinger and the measured discussions of staff members like Winston Lord bore little resemblance to what goes on in the real world. The cast members of "The Crisis Game" might have been suitably picked for political experience, but as actors playing the roles of national leaders in a tight spot, they failed completely.

Significant about the broadcast, however, was that ABC made a four-day attempt to entertain television viewers with a realistic war game—television news' counterpart to Orson Welles' *War of the Worlds* radio simulation. The type of "free-form" gaming (people sitting around a table talking) that Ted Koppel initiated for ABC is conducted regularly by the Joint Chiefs of Staff's Studies, Analysis, and Gaming Agency and other high-level policymaking groups. A recent Rand Corporation study calls the value of such games "hard to measure," but goes on to say that "more money and some careful, rigorous work may yield some useful and productive results." Whether or not war games helped ABC as hoped remains unimportant beside the historical significance of the experiment as a harbinger of things to come.

At least ABC had the courage of its convictions when it broadcast both *The Day After* and "The Crisis Game." The significant question must be whether showing a "nuclear exchange" enlivens or deadens the public's opposition to such apocalyptic events. After seeing it on the tube—and living through it—can the real event be that bad? The same question applies to playing—or seeing others play—simulated war games. Can war become too "entertaining"? If the movie *WarGames* showed nuclear catastrophe averted, perhaps we needn't worry about it. The same questions have to be asked about "participatory" war games.

The National Training Center's laser-scored games, the War College's JANUS, and the Rand Corporation's many years of war gaming all speak directly to the needs of the military, but parallel developments can be found in the civilian world as well. The National Survival Game, in which combatants form teams and chase one another through the woods with paint-pellet airguns closely mimics the tank wars at Ft. Irwin. The newest generation of home computer games includes lengthy simulations of such classic battles as pursuits of the battleship "Bismark," Arab-Israeli wars, and the Battle of the Bulge. Atari's "Pursuit of the 'Graf Spee' " is to the home as JANUS's "What-Happens-When-Soviets-Take-Berlin?" is to the Pentagon.

For thousands of years, the problem of how to practice war safely has engrossed warriors and kings. If no wars existed, they often were invented. In the 1st century A.D., Tacitus described the lengths some Germanic tribes went to just to get in a good practice scrimmage. "Many noble youth, if the land of their birth is stagnating in a protracted peace, deliberately seek out other tribes where some war is afoot." (The enthusiasm some of America's leaders felt toward Vietnam was of the same spirit.)

Starting around the 10th century, tournaments provided a form of military review and a chance for knights to get a strong taste of combat through simulation. The taste proved so strong for some that in 1130, Pope Innocent II tried to prohibit the often-fatal entertainments. Since refereeing the huge melees was next to impossible, the combatants themselves were left to enforce the rules and seek redress for violations. Gradually, the dangers of the tournament decreased and it became an acceptable substitute for real war. In many cases, however, disagreements about rules broke out and knights were often killed—Middle Ages' equivalents of South American soccer riots. But by the 14th century, archers and dismounted cavalry had replaced horsed knights and any resemblance between warfare and tournaments was lost. That realism is returning, however.

Because of the need for observing judges to make subjective decisions regarding "hits," "misses," and "kills," and to score up the results, simulated war has been unable to achieve the level of realism necessary to convince massed participants that the results of war games would precisely reflect the results of actual combat. Especially in this century, warfare became too big and too complicated to keep track of. War had to be fought to be believed. Nothing less would do; it was the only way to measure the strength of nations—until the microchip's arrival. Computers at last have given strategists and soldiers the chance to fight, "die," yet live to fight another day.

Modern war between superpowers remains a forbidden game by mutual consent of the nuclear powers—"Mutually Assured Destruction." Still, the USSR and the USA organize their armed forces like competitive teams, buy the best equipment, practice day and night, and yet can never schedule a game. At worst, such a "game" might mean the end of the world; at best, it might only mean the end of half the world.

The Harvard Nuclear Study Group's recent publication, *Living With Nuclear Weapons,* hints at the possibilities of expanding communication between superpowers: "There is no reason to assume that absolute solutions—either holocaust or disarmament—are the only answers mankind is capable of developing." The logical extension of that expansion is realistic simulation.

Television coverage of the Vietnam war helped change the conduct of that war, the first fought in America's living rooms. The Reagan Administration's refusal to allow its Grenada invasion to be shown on television reflects its fear of adverse public criticism by showing Americans in combat, thus again confirming the power of TV to affect war-making. The administration obviously believes that the more the public knows of war, the less likely it will be to approve of it. The same repugnance may well be felt when more people are exposed to hyper-realistic war games.

Simulations of World War III began as soon as World War II ended. As those simulations become more realistic and the effects of world conflict become clearer, nuclear war ought to become less likely. Computer-enhanced war games may be designed to aid military victories but may instead become logical alternatives to war, thereby insuring a more peaceful world.

Of course, Alfred Nobel enjoyed the same naive dream when he discovered dynamite. Now that we've found a way to experiment with dynamite and not blow up the world, Nobel's dream might have a chance. ■

Peter Lake is a writer and photographer based in Los Angeles. His articles and photographs on weapons, skindiving, sharks, flying and photography have appeared in* Esquire, Life, National Geographic, People, Newsweek *and other publications.

SASHA THE MOLE

Evidence of a KGB agent working for years as a senior official of the CIA

Sasha, the KGB mole, is the source of all of my recent discoveries about Vicki Morgan, John DeLorean, and other media coverups. He is as concerned about freedom of the press, free expression, and a free society as I am. The latest report I received is that Sasha is alive in Red China, but in critical physical condition. ***—Larry Flynt***

By Ernest Volkman

Not too long ago, during an academic conference on the problems of American intelligence, a stir was created when one of the participants summarized why he thought the CIA's operations against the Soviet Union were for the most part ineffectual.

The agency assumed, he told a shocked audience, that it was "partially penetrated" by its Soviet counterpart, the KGB. The assertion was astonishing, considering the source—Dr. William Harris, an expert on intelligence operations and a consultant to the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence. Given his position (and access to classified documents), what Harris said raises troubling questions. Is in fact the CIA penetrated by a single KGB "mole," a diabolically clever traitor who has been betraying CIA agents for years? Or are there several traitors, all of whom have made sure that the KGB has run up an amazing record: every single high-level CIA source developed inside the Soviet Union during the past 30 years has been uncovered and arrested by the KGB. Why?

The answer to that question is an extraordinarily tangled spy story. It begins in the spring of 1961, when the Mount Royal Hotel in London welcomed the unmistakably Slavic group of six men who checked in one morning. The men were Russians, a delegation of senior Soviet Trade Ministry officials, in England to discuss trade relations between the two countries.

This spy story, like most such spy stories, begins with what seems to be a relatively trivial incident. In this case, a group of Russian officials checked into a small hotel in a quiet section of London. But appearances were deceiving, for among the Russians were two officers of the GRU (the Soviet military arm of the KGB).One of those officers was named Colonel Oleg Vladimirovich Penkovsky, among the Soviet Union's most favored elite. He was not only a high-ranking intelligence officer, he was also one of the country's leading experts on strategic missiles. Operating under the cover of a senior Soviet Trade Ministry official, he had led the delegation to England in that spring as part of his intelligence duties, assigned the job of getting as much information as he could about British industry during the official visit.

And only a very few people realized that Colonel Penkovsky was at the same time a British spy.

British intelligence knew him by the code name ALEX. Deeply disenchanted with the Communist system, he had approached a British intelligence agent in Moscow the year before, offering to give the West information about the Soviet military and intelligence agencies. To the British MI6 (the British overseas intelligence service, equivalent of the CIA), ALEX was a godsend: he could not only provide the most detailed information about Soviet intelligence operations, he could also provide unparalleled intelligence about Soviet missiles. The CIA was much more skeptical, telling their British counterparts that ALEX was simply too good to be true: here was one of the most important Soviet officials, almost casually agreeing to betray his country's most important secrets for what seemed to be a somewhat vague political reason. (Penkovsky did not ask for any money.) CIA officials argued that Penkovsky was probably a "plant," intelligence jargon for a false traitor from the other side, who is used to funnel inaccurate or misleading intelligence.

But the CIA's doubts quickly disappeared during the first meeting with Penkovsky in a suite of rooms British intelligence agents had rented directly above the suite of rooms occupied by the Russian delegation. While Penkovsky was talking, British agents made sure the rest of the delegation was kept busy. The Russians were surprised to find that they had been scheduled for an exhausting round of visits to industrial facilities all over Great Britain. What's more, the British seemed unaccountably lax; they had included on the tour a number of normally off-limits defense plants. That was surprising enough to the Russians, especially the GRU agent among them, and he was even more surprised when he found that his British escorts (actually MI6 agents under orders to act carelessly), seemed remarkably lax.

(UPI)

Col. Oleg Penkovsky was a member of the Soviet elite and a British spy.

Soon, the GRU man, armed with a miniature spy camera, was busily snapping away at everything of interest he could see, all the while smiling at the inept British security.

Meanwhile, Penkovsky was giving the British and Americans the company store. He handed over 40 rolls of microfilm, containing the code names of several hundred GRU agents around the world, including the United States. He talked about the identities of many GRU operatives, and for good measure revealed the innermost secrets of the Soviet Union's strategic missiles, including the priceless intelligence that the Russians had encountered severe technological problems. The Soviet missile program, Penkovsky revealed, was in very serious trouble, and despite Moscow's boast of a powerful missile arsenal, in fact the Russians were very far behind the United States. (This information came in handy more than a year later, when President Kennedy faced down the Russians during the Cuban missile crisis; armed with intelligence that the Russians' missiles were not up to snuff, Kennedy was able to successfully call the Russian bluff, knowing full well that the Soviet Union was in no shape to take on the U.S. in a nuclear war.)

Clearly ALEX was an intelligence gold mine, but there were two serious problems. First, so important an intelligence source had to be protected; only a small group of people with "need to know" were let in on the secret, and whatever further intelligence ALEX would provide had to be

(WIDE WORLD)

Col. Penkovsky revealed the innermost secrets of the Soviet Union to the British and Americans

safeguarded like the treasure it was. Even the slightest whiff of evidence that the Soviets had suffered an intelligence leak more severe than any in their history—never before had western intelligence been presented with so high-level a source from behind the Iron Curtain—would guarantee Penkovsky's death. The second problem stemmed from the first: with ALEX scheduled to return to Moscow, his permanent station, how would the MI6 and CIA set up a foolproof system to get further intelligence material from their source and at the same time keep Penkovsky out of the clutches of the KGB?

Obviously, all foreigners in Moscow were under the pervasive surveillance of KGB agents. The British and Americans, however, hit upon what seemed to be a highly secure plan. Roderick Chisholm, an MI6 agent stationed at the British Embassy in Moscow, was assigned as ALEX's case officer. It so happened that Chisholm's wife, Janet, was the mother of two small children, whom she normally took for a walk each day. Janet Chisholm in effect became ALEX's courier: during her walk, a pleasant Russian man would approach her, exchange an innocuous pleasantry, and stoop to pat her children on the head or offer them candy. And while that pleasant Russian man—actually Colonel Penkovsky—was performing this little act, he would slip his latest batch of microfilms to Janet Chisholm.

This arrangement was supplemented with a carefully worked out series of "dead drops"—hiding places in the hollows of trees or under rocks—where ALEX could leave his material. They would be marked in black chalk (which could be easily erased after the "dead drop" was emptied), and the CIA or MI6 agents would later "service" the drops after making sure there was no KGB surveillance lurking about. ALEX would let the CIA know he had put some material in a dead drop by calling the CIA office at the U.S. Embassy, with a prearranged number of rings, then hanging up. As for the incredible bonanza of material ALEX was providing, the CIA and MI6 carried out elaborate precautions to make sure there was no leak: the operation was highly compartmentalized, with only a small number of people aware that Colonel Oleg Penkovsky was ALEX and that he was the source for the amazingly high grade intelligence the CIA was now receiving on the Soviet Union.

The whole arrangement seemed totally secure, and during the spring of 1962, ALEX told the British and Americans virtually every one of the Soviet Union's deepest secrets. But Penkovsky suddenly warned his contacts that the game was up: he was under intense KGB surveillance. Clearly, the Russians were onto ALEX, and in October, the KGB arrested him, and shot him the following year.

The loss of ALEX deprived the CIA of its greatest source ever on the Soviet Union, but there was a much more important question raised about Penkovsky's arrest and execution: how had the KGB managed to find out? The most extraordinary security measures had been taken, and MI6 and CIA agents involved were quite certain there had been no KGB surveillance when they received Penkovsky's material. Janet Chisholm also was positive: there had not even been the slightest hint of KGB surveillance when she received microfilms from that Russian man—whose name she didn't know. The stringent security requirements of the operation connected with ALEX meant she couldn't be told who he was or why she was receiving those little packages from him.

That being the case, it was fair to deduce that ALEX had not been uncovered through any KGB surveillance. Equally, it seemed clear that the Russians had not been aware of the major leakage of their secrets until quite late in the game, or that Penkovsky was the man. (During the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, the Russians gave no sign that they knew the Americans were onto their big bluff about missiles.)

How then, *did* the Russians find out? Since almost all of the ALEX material was going to the CIA, a horribly unthinkable possibility began to be raised: was it conceivable that the KGB knew about ALEX because somebody in the agency told them? Was it possible that somebody at a very high level of the agency—only a small number of high CIA officials were in on the ALEX secret—was in fact a KGB mole?

As awful as this possibility seemed to be, there appeared to be no other rational explanation for how the KGB caught on to ALEX. Moreover, the scenario on ALEX had followed, disturbingly enough, the events surrounding the loss of another CIA source in the Soviet Union some time before Penkovsky. It did not seem likely that the KGB surveillance was so good as to be able to snare Russians working for the Americans almost from the first moment they began to provide information. Either the KGB was very lucky, or there was something seriously wrong. The CIA's counterintelligence experts pulled out the files and took a long look at the ALEX case and the case that preceded it. They were struck by some disturbing similarities.

His name was Pyotr Popov, like Penkovsky a GRU officer. In 1959, he had thrown a letter offering his services to the CIA inside the car of an American diplomat in Germany. The CIA moved cautiously; there was the strong possibility that Popov was a plant. But the quality of the material he began to provide—especially reports on Soviet intelligence operations in Europe—soon convinced the CIA that he was the genuine article. Popov's significance lay not only in what he knew about Soviet intelligence, but also that he represented the first important human source ever obtained by the CIA behind the Iron Curtain. For that reason, his case was treated with the highest possible security, restricted to only a few officials. While stationed in Moscow, Popov conveyed his material via a series of highly secure dead

drops, and his CIA case officer—Russell Langelle, under cover as a diplomat at the U.S. Embassy—was one of the agency's most experienced and careful operatives. Yet, within only a few months, Popov managed to signal his CIA contact that the KGB had nailed him.

At a rendezvous in a Moscow restaurant, he signaled his CIA contact to accompany him to the men's room. Once there, Popov made frantic hand signals telling the American that he was in the clutches of the KGB; pointing to his chest, he made circular movements with his hands. The American understood instantly: Popov had been captured, then outfitted with a recording device on his body, part of a KGB operation designed to lure the Americans into a trap. Then Popov silently pointed to a pair of feet showing beneath the door of one of the bathroom stalls, and again the American understood: the KGB had Popov under intense surveillance, and the man with his pants unceremoniously draped around his ankles was actually a KGB agent. Without a word being spoken, Popov went to a wash basin and painfully began to strip off a large bandage from his hand. Underneath there was a large gash wound, covered by several long strips of paper. Popov handed over the papers to the American and re-bandaged the wound. Quickly, the American left the restaurant.

Some time later, the Americans read the anguished words of Popov on those bloody strips. Written secretly in a KGB prison—Popov had deliberately gashed his hand badly so that he would be able to secrete the strips under the bandage—the Russian told the CIA that the KGB had got onto him fairly early and that he was being severely tortured to tell all he knew. (Later, the CIA found out that Popov was executed by being slowly fed into a live furnace while his GRU colleagues were forced to watch.)

Seen as an isolated incident, the KGB's seeming ease in uncovering Popov was not an alarming development. The danger of exposure always exists in the case of a Soviet official providing information to the CIA or any other western intelligence service, considering the highly organized and efficient KGB counterintelligence apparatus (the agency has over 500,000 employees.) Popov could have made an inadvertent slip, or his CIA case officer could have been careless, or a CIA agent might have failed to notice KGB surveillance while emptying a dead drop. There were many possible explanations.

But judged in the context of other events, innocent explanations seemed less and less likely. From the very beginning of the Cold War and its subsidiary underground struggle between the KGB and western intelligence agencies, there was a consistent pattern—in instance after instance, major CIA operations had either failed or had been blown almost as soon as they began. In the mid-1950s, the CIA had constructed a secret tunnel under the East Berlin border and managed to tap into the main Soviet military communications lines leading out of that city. The operation, which began after CIA electronics experts devised a way to reconstruct conversations even over "scrambled" telephone wires, produced a mountain of trivia, not much of it of any use. After a few months in operation, an East German patrol supposedly discovered the tunnel by accident, and the CIA was forced to close it down.

But in retrospect, there was something not quite right about the whole incident. Judging by the fact that the Russians suddenly began to take great precautions on what they said over the telephone just as the tunnel began operations, there was a strong suspicion that they had known about the tunnel almost from its inception. (The "discovery" of the tunnel was seen as a sham designed to end the whole game and at the same time score some propaganda points.) But all that raised a disturbing possibility: again, the Berlin tunnel operation was a tightly-held secret, known to only a few high-ranking CIA officials. Had a KGB mole inside the CIA warned the Russians?

The possibility seemed unthinkable, yet at the very same time the Berlin tunnel operation was underway, another major intelligence operation—this one run by MI6—was moving into high gear. And like the Berlin tunnel, the Russians seemed to have been tipped off. The MI6 operation involved a Royal Navy frogman (and MI6 agent) named Lester (Buster) Crabbe. While two Soviet cruisers lay docked at the harbor of Portsmouth after carrying Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev on a state visit to England, MI6 got the idea of having Crabbe swim underwater and take underwater photographs of the modern Soviet war ships. The operation promised rare intelligence on the ships' exact construction details—especially whether the cruisers had any secret radar or anti-submarine gear on their keels—but Crabbe disappeared. His headless body was found several weeks later washed up on shore, but there was no indication of what had happened to him. But there was an indication that the Russians knew right from the start about his mission; they filed a formal diplomatic protest about frogmen swimming in waters near their ships. When the British replied that the frogmen were in fact swimming in another area, the Russians gave the exact location of the area in the harbor where Crabbe had dived to begin his mission, then pointedly asked the British if they wished to "reconsider" their previous statement. It was a Russian tweak of the British tail, but it provided an important clue: obviously the Russians had known from the first moment about Crabbe and his mission. Who had told them?

(WIDE WORLD)

Arrested by the KGB in October of 1982, Col. Penkovsky was placed on trial and shot as a traitor the next year

The answer did not appear to lie in the identities of the few KGB moles already uncovered in the West. The most notorious was Harold R. (Kim) Philby of the British MI6, who at one point after World War II had become the MI6 liaison with the American CIA. Philby was under deep suspicion—final proof was still lacking—and he had been removed from high-level intelligence work. That removed him from suspicion as the current mole, along with his fellow KGB moles, Guy Burgess and Donald MacLean of the British Foreign Office, who had both fled to Moscow in 1951.

Several KGB officers had defected to the CIA in the years after the war, and while they had tantalizing hints of high-level sources for the KGB in western intelligence agencies, they did not have further information that would help counterintelligence pin down the identities. The hunt seemed at a dead end; unless some very high-ranking KGB officials defected, men who had detailed knowledge of why so many of the CIA and MI6 operations had gone wrong and who could reveal just who the KGB moles were, there appeared no hope of ever uncovering them.

But then two amazingly lucky breaks came, almost as if heaven itself had intervened. At first, it appeared to be two relatively innocuous events: a man sent an anonymous and very strange letter to the American Embassy in Switzerland, and almost at the very same time, a Russian suddenly showed up one night on the doorstep of the American Embassy in Helsinki, Finland.

And before long, these two men would turn the CIA—and the rest of western intelligence—upside down. For the first time, the CIA began to hear about SASHA.

Intelligence agents will tell you that

Michael Goleniewski, a high-ranking officer in the Polish intelligence service, gave clues to the KGB penetration of western intelligence

(UPI)

there is no such thing as the typical spy—or the typical spy case, for that matter. In the case of the man first known as SNIPER, that truth was underscored once again.

SNIPER was the name signed to an amazing letter that was mailed to the U.S. Embassy in Berne, Switzerland, late in 1959. Written in German, the writer claimed to be a high-level Communist intelligence agent (which agency was not specified) who pronounced himself willing to reveal the extent of KGB operations in Western Europe. The letter went on to detail a number of operations run by the KGB and Eastern European intelligence agencies. The information seemed solid enough when checked, but there remained the possibility that the letter represented a KGB disinformation attempt.

The possibility existed despite the writer's willingness to give away some Communist intelligence operations. But this in itself is not final proof: known as "discards" in the intelligence trade, the idea is to establish bona fides with a competing intelligence agency by deliberately sacrificing some low-level agents. In that way, confidence is built up, to the point where the operation can then deliberately plant a major piece of disinformation or actually penetrate the target intelligence agency. The KGB over the years had demonstrated a good grasp of such operations, so it was perfectly possible that SNIPER was just another of them. His letter was subjected to the most minute examination; CIA experts deduced that the paper had been definitely manufactured in Eastern Europe, although neither the writer nor the typewriter he used in preparing the letter were Russian. Who was he? Where was he from?

A series of 13 more letters followed from SNIPER, each one containing a small intelligence gem. One, for example, claimed that there was a KGB mole operating deep inside NATO intelligence. SNIPER described him as a Swedish officer who had once served in the United States. Checking revealed that the description fit Colonel Stig Wennerstrom, a senior intelligence officer in the Swedish Ministry of Defense who had been assigned at one point to the United States and later to NATO. Swedish counterintelligence found conclusive evidence that Wennerstrom had been working for the KGB for 14 years, passing on many NATO and American defense secrets.

There seemed to be no end of SNIPER's revelations: in one of his more interesting disclosures, he put counterintelligence agents on the trail of a quiet British businessman named Gordon Lonsdale—who turned out to be really a veteran KGB officer named Conon Moloody (he stole his false identity from a Canadian who had died in infancy).

However impressive these cases appeared, counterintelligence officers were still suspicious. There was no idea of who SNIPER was, so there was no way of fully evaluating his bona fides. Then too, there was also the possibility that SNIPER was part of an elaborate KGB plot—he might be deliberately discarding relatively low-ranking agents in order to protect higher-ranking and more important KGB agents. Perhaps the whole SNIPER episode was meant to divert counterintelligence's attention away from more important KGB moles.

In December of 1960, SNIPER suddenly shed his anonymity. He turned up in West Berlin unannounced and defected to the CIA, where he revealed himself to be Michael Goleniewski, a high-ranking officer in the Polish intelligence service. Accompanied by his mistress, he was secretly flown out of Europe to "the farm," a CIA safe house in Virginia (actually a 26-room mansion the agency used to debrief defectors). Doubts about Goleniewski began to evaporate when he revealed that he had hidden a cache of 300 photographs of secret intelligence documents inside a hollow tree in Warsaw. The documents, recovered by CIA agents sent into the Polish capital, proved to be copies of top-secret intelligence reports SNIPER had surreptitiously copied as they crossed his desk. They provided the conclusive proof that one of MI6's most senior officers—George Blake, who worked closely with the CIA in runing agent operations from Berlin—had been a KGB spy for nearly 10 years. Apparently, Blake had been converted to the Communist cause while a prisoner in Manchuria during the Korean War, possibly through brain-washing, a real-life echo of the famous Richard Condon novel *The Manchurian Candidate.*

The Blake case caused a deep shock in the CIA and MI6. Further, SNIPER painted a bleak portrait of large-scale KGB operations all over the world, few of which had come to the attention of western intelligence agencies. More ominously, SNIPER suggested that the KGB (and its Eastern European allies) often seemed to know ahead of time the moves of their western opponents. At the same time, Goleniewski was proving to be more than the CIA had bargained for; to the agency's shock, he announced in all seriousness that he was in fact the last surviving member of the Romanov royal family, the last rulers of Czarist Russia. Goleniewski demanded that the CIA sponsor his attempt to reclaim the Czarist throne, an attempt the agency sidestepped.

Despite this silliness, it was clear that SNIPER was providing top-grade material, which gave unmistakable clues that KGB penetration of western intelligence agencies and the scope of its operations were on a scale not even dreamed of by the West, especially the CIA. Shocking, but the CIA was due for even greater shocks when the man known as KAGO surfaced. He was to prove even more difficult than SNIPER.

His name was Anatoli Golitsyn, a KGB officer. Right around the time that SNIPER was unfolding his dramatic revelations, Golitsyn calmly showed up on the doorstep of the CIA chief of station's house in Helsinki and asked for asylum. To buttress his case, he produced a list of all KGB operatives working out of the Soviet Embassy in Helsinki. Quickly, the CIA took him in, partially on Golitsyn's promise that he would identify many Soviet "illegals" (KGB spies operating undercover) working in various parts of the globe.

The agency's quick decision was fortuitous, for Golitsyn—later code-named KAGO by British intelligence—immediately began to provide top-grade intelligence information. He also proved himself a pain in the neck. A paranoid who tended to see KGB agents everywhere, he treated his CIA debriefers like idiots, and refused to talk to any CIA agent who spoke Russian, on the ground that the agency's Soviet division had been completely penetrated by the KGB. That seemed an incredible charge, but KAGO soon provided reason for his belief of high-level KGB penetration of the CIA. The mouths of CIA debriefers dropped open in sheer disbelief as KAGO revealed how deeply the KGB had penetrated western intelligence. In France, KAGO said, the French SDECE (France's CIA) had been completely penetrated by the KGB, along with the entire French government. To test his assertion, CIA officials gave KAGO a stack of top-secret NATO documents. Some were genuine, but others had been deliberately forged by the CIA.

KAGO unerringly picked out the genuine documents, then told shocked CIA agents that he routinely saw top-secret NATO documents while in the KGB, and simply picked out the ones *he had already*

read in Moscow. The KGB moles in France, KAGO said, were code-named SAPPHIRE by Moscow Center (the KGB's central headquarters) and kept the Russians informed of everything that went on at the highest levels of the French government. (The Leon Uris novel, *Topaz,* and the Alfred Hitchcock movie of the same name are based on this incident.)

And there was much worse to come. In Great Britain, KAGO revealed, Kim Philby was only one of a "ring of five" KGB moles who occupied the top levels of British intelligence, with two of them still ensconced in those positions. This revelation gave MI6 the final evidence it needed to move against Philby—who escaped justice by suddenly fleeing to the Soviet Union. And that, in turn, raised even more questions—only a small circle of people knew that KAGO had put the final nail in Philby's coffin and that the British government was about to prosecute him on espionage charges. Who tipped off Philby?

Revelation after revelation tumbled out of KAGO. He revealed an official of the British Admiralty was a KGB spy, and turned his attention to a nagging question: why had so many of the CIA's operations against the Soviet Union gone wrong? Was it CIA incompetence, or were CIA operations being betrayed at a high level by a KGB mole? KAGO then dropped his bombshell: the KGB had a high-level mole someplace in the CIA, code-named SASHA. KAGO did not know who SASHA was, but emphasized that with some luck and the careful sifting of some clues he had picked up in his KGB career, the mole might be tracked down.

At this point, KAGO had passed into the hands of the head of CIA counter-intelligence, James Jesus Angleton, probably the CIA's most mysterious figure. Considered one of the world's more talented intelligence experts, Angleton and his staff of like-minded men had suspected for years that there had been high-level penetrations of the CIA by the KFGB of the KGB. It made sense: as KAGO had shown, virtually every other western intelligence service had been penetrated by KGB moles. The fact that none had been unearthed yet within the CIA did not prove there weren't any, only that they had been more careful in the American agency. To Angleton, there was no question that SASHA existed. The problem was tracking him (or them) down.

It was not a popular theory in the rest of the agency. Angleton's theory was poohpoohed; security restrictions in the CIA were so tight, it was argued (all CIA employees have to undergo a lie detector test once each year), there was no real possibility of a KGB mole managing to worm his way to a high-level job at the agency.

Then too, the CIA had become bored with KAGO. He had begun to prove himself even more difficult than SNIPER. He demanded that the CIA create a new branch specifically empowered to track down KGB moles at the agency, at a cost of $30 million. He also demanded a personal audience with the President, arguing that the task of rooting out KGB moles was so serious, only such a high-level meeting would impress upon the American government the urgency of this crusade. Deflected from this idea, KAGO became embittered, finally insisting that he would speak to no one but Angleton and his assistants—only they, he claimed, seemed to understand the gravity of the situation.

The KGB rot was everywhere, KAGO insisted. Assigned to debrief British intelligence, he shocked them with revelations. He noted that although the British had arrested the high-level KGB spy in the British Admiralty, the man's KGB case officer had hurriedly left the country six days before the spy's arrest. Who tipped him off? Only a high official of British intelligence would have known that information, KAGO noted. He also revealed that the former Canadian ambassador to the Soviet Union was a spy (the ambassador committed suicide when confronted with this charge), and that one of Israeli Premier David Ben-Gurion's chief advisers was a KGB mole. (An Israeli investigation proved KAGO correct.)

And on and on it went. However, KAGO began to introduce a new twist into his revelations: he told Angleton that the information that he was providing was so damaging, the KGB would soon make extraordinary efforts to discredit him. Soon, KAGO warned, Moscow would begin sending phony defectors to the CIA, a plan designed to cause maximum confusion within the agency.

Almost on schedule, he appeared to be right. Early in 1962, a KGB officer named Yuri Nosenko defected to Switzerland. In his CIA debriefings, he began, subtly, to cast doubt on KAGO's accounts of extensive KGB penetration. It took the form of what Nosenko claimed to be the "true" story of how the KGB nailed Pyotr Popov several years before. According to Nosenko, the KGB had managed to dust the shoes of Russell Langelle, the CIA case officer who handled Popov, with a special dust that enabled KGB agents to follow a chemical trail. When Langelle met with Popov, Nosenko said, then the KGB knew that Popov was the traitor.

Angleton spotted the central flaw in this story immediately: it did not account for that last meeting between the Russian and the CIA contact, during which Popov had signalled that he had been nabbed by the KGB. As Angleton surmised, correctly, Nosenko's account was meant to divert the CIA's attention from the fact that Popov had been betrayed in some other way—possibly, by SASHA. Nosenko did not know about the signals from Popov, because the KGB didn't know.

All of which meant that Nosenko was probably the plant that KAGO had warned Angleton about. His suspicions deepened when Nosenko began telling an even more fantastic tale: as a KGB officer in Moscow, he knew that the KGB never had any interest in Lee Harvey Oswald, the assassin of President Kennedy, when the American renounced his American citizenship and went to live in the Soviet Union in the late 1950s. To Angleton, the assertion was patently absurd: the Russians knew that Oswald had once worked at a secret U-2 spy plane base in Japan, so it was inevitable they would ask him about what he had seen at that base. Obviously, Nosenko's story was a fairy tale concocted in Moscow, designed to convince the American government that neither the KGB nor the Soviet government had any connection with Oswald whatsoever.

The Oswald business was pretty intriguing, but something else Nosenko said really made Angleton sit up and take notice: the Russian claimed that the head of the KGB's North American operations had recently travelled to Washington, D.C., and met with an American working as a KGB agent. Code-named ANDREY, Nosenko said, the agent was a low-level operative. Absolute nonsense, Angleton concluded; the head of KGB North American operations was one of the Russian intelligence super-spies who would never be so foolish as to risk exposing himself by meeting with a low-level agent right inside the American capital.

The more Angleton and his staff thought about Nosenko's story, the more it appeared that it had been carefully crafted to divert the CIA's attention from SASHA. In effect, Nosenko was saying that SASHA did not exist, and that any evidence of high-level KGB contacts in Washington were solely due to a senior KGB official meeting a low-level agent. There was no doubt, at least in Angleton's mind, that Nosenko was a plant, part of an intricate KGB scheme to discredit KAGO and divert attention from SASHA. Further evidence came in the form of another source, a Soviet diplomat at the United Nations. Recruited by the FBI, the Soviet diplomat—code-named FEDORA—began to tell stories that served to buttress Nosenko's account. Another KGB plant, Angleton concluded.

It was all very confusing, and to CIA officials who patiently listened to Angleton's intricate explanations of how the whole chess game was working, nothing seemed to make any sense. It was too Byzantine and convoluted to follow, and besides, where was the hard proof that SASHA even existed?

KAGO, given CIA files by Angleton, thought he knew: somewhere in the agency's SR (Soviet Russia) Division, SASHA had been lurking for years. Finally, a chief suspect was found: Igor Orlov, a Russian-born CIA officer whose real name was Alexander Kopazy. This was an important clue, because KAGO remembered that

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James Angleton, former head of CIA counter-intelligence, suspected for years that western intelligence had been penetrated

SASHA's real name began with a "K," and that he had something to do with CIA operations against the Soviet Union. Orlov fit the bill. Not only was he involved in Soviet operations, mostly running agents in Germany, but almost all his operations seemed to have been struck by disaster. Was it simply incompetence? Possibly, but the clues began to mount. Orlov's wife, it turned out, at one point had asked that any cover name given her husband begin with a "K" because she had expensive monogrammed wedding presents under Orlov's real name, which began with that letter. More significantly, it also developed that the FBI had photographed Orlov visiting the Soviet Embassy in Washington. What was he doing there?

Ultimately, nothing was proved. Orlov voluntarily submitted himself to a gruelling six-day-long interrogation, during which he denied being SASHA. Nosenko made out even worse: he was subjected to a shameful two-year period of isolation, including psychological torture designed to make him break. He never did. Suspicion also focused on other members of the CIA's SR Division, and at least a half-dozen officers had their careers ruined on the mere suspicion that they might be SASHA—or at least had helped SASHA in some way.

In plain truth, the CIA was in turmoil, with suspicions so rampant the agency split into anti-Angleton and pro-Angleton factions. The turmoil grew so frenzied, some CIA officers suggested openly that Angleton himself was a KGB mole, assigned by Moscow to the job of disrupting the CIA. The disruption at the CIA, however, was mild compared to what was happening inside British intelligence, where KAGO's charges led mole-hunters to suspect that the head of MI6 (British intelligence's equivalent of the FBI) had been a KGB mole for nearly two decades. It was not totally paranoia: it was discovered that one senior MI6 official had worked for the Nazis during World War II (leading to the possibility of blackmail by the KGB), and that another, while working closely with American intelligence during the war, at the same time was working for the KGB.

This turmoil, which formed the basis for John Le Carre's famous thriller, *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy,* wound up in almost totally paralyzing British intelligence. Combined with the suspicions afflicting the CIA, the question arises whether KAGO himself might have been a KGB plant, assigned the job of creating as much distrust as possible in the KGB's chief adversary. Maybe, but as Angleton never tired of pointing out, the fact remained that every western intelligence service was extensively penetrated by the KGB. The only service where KGB moles have not been found is the American CIA; isn't it logical to assume that infiltrating the CIA has been the highest objective of the KGB for years?

However sound the argument may have appeared, it did not impress CIA Director William Colby, who, increasingly angered about what he called Angleton's "arcane theories," fired the agency's counterintelligence chief in 1974. Colby hoped the action would bring to an end, once and for all, the turmoil created by the hunt for SASHA—whose existence Colby doubted—but it did not. Three years after the sacking of Angleton, the CIA suffered another disaster with one of its own moles in the Soviet Union.

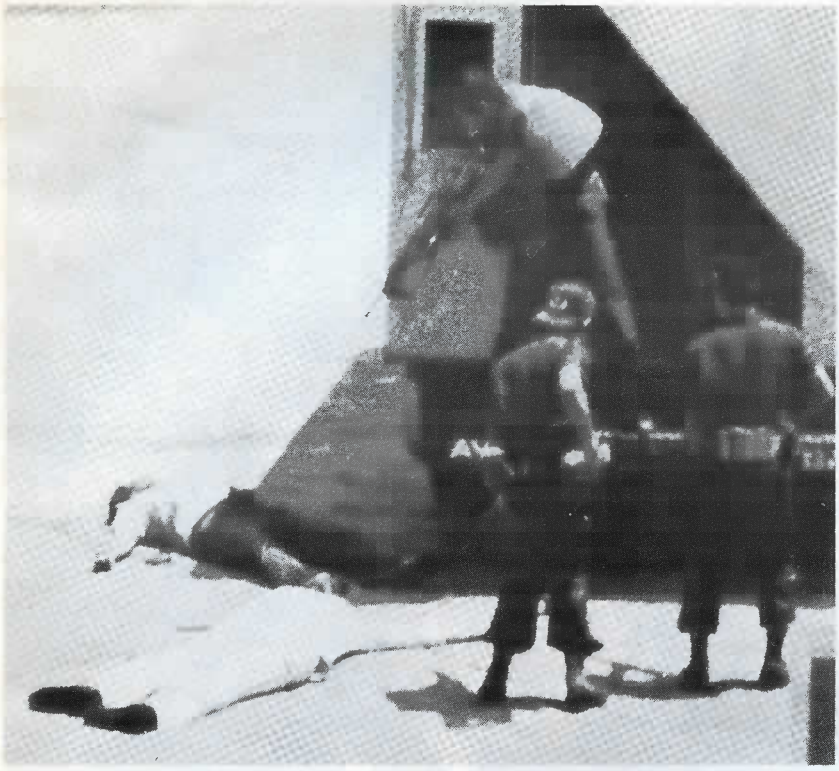
His name was Anatoly N. Filatov, a Soviet Foreign Ministry liaison officer who had wide access to assorted Russian diplomatic and military secrets. First recruited in 1976 while assigned in Algiers, Filatov continued to provide high-grade intelligence when he was reassigned to Moscow. Code-named TRIANON, Filatov was snared by the KGB after only a few weeks of working for the CIA. Again, like all the other cases of CIA moles, there was a depressingly similar scenario: despite what was believed to be air-tight security and the greatest possible precaution, the KGB had managed to trap the mole within a remarkably short time.

Recently, still another Russian working in Moscow for the CIA was snared by the KGB. An engineer, he was a low-level agent, but the fact that the KGB got onto him rather easily once again raises the question: is it possible that SASHA is tipping off the Russians about CIA moles almost as fast as the agency can recruit them?

To Angleton and his supporters, the answer is yes. They argue that so long as the CIA officially refuses to recognize the possibility of SASHA's existence, then CIA operations against the Soviet Union will continue to be stymied.

Meanwhile, there remains the possibility that in Moscow at this very moment a senior KGB officer is readying his defection. Perhaps, just perhaps, in his many years of service, involving many high-level moles, he handled the man called SASHA. And the story he will tell will dwarf any spy story you've heard so far. ■

***Ernest Volkman is a journalist specializing in national defense and intelligence affairs. This article was developed from material previously published by Volkman in* Family Weekly.**



Airport security guard (on van) fires his M-16 rifle at the assassin of former Sen. Benigno Aquino Jr.

(WIDE WORLD)

Reporters view the body of alleged killer

The Killing of Benigno Aquino

The Philippine opposition leader was murdered to preserve international banking interests

By Ira Sohn

On Aug. 21, 1983, just after noon, a flight from Taiwan landed at the Manila airport. A passenger, Benigno Aquino Jr., descended from the plane wearing a bulletproof vest and surrounded by soldiers. A few seconds after Aquino reached the ground and was preparing to enter a military van that would take him to a nearby building for interrogation he was hit by three bullets fired in rapid succession into the back of his head and neck at a distance of less than two feet. He collapsed, bleeding profusely.

Soldiers immediately opened fire on a man in a blue mechanic's uniform who was standing behind Aquino. As he lay immobilized the soldiers approached him closely and fired at least 16 more rounds into his body. Aquino was rushed to a hospital and pronounced dead on arrival.

Benigno Aquino Jr. was no ordinary passenger. He was one of the most important political figures in the Philippines, the chief opponent of the country's president, Ferdinand Marcos. In 1972 he was accused of subversion by Marcos' government and kept in prison until 1980, when he was released and allowed to travel to the U.S. for heart surgery. He was returning to the Philippines, against the wishes of Marcos, in order to participate in a campaign to unseat Marcos and put an end to the tyrannical regime that now prevails in the country.

The incident immediately provoked speculation concerning the role Marcos might have had in the assassination. Rep. Don Edwards, chairman of the Civil and Constitutional Rights Subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee, and Rep. Pete Stark, a member of that subcommittee, have raised certain questions. To begin with, the alleged assailant seemed to know precisely where Aquino would disembark—information which would be possessed only by the highest ranking military personnel in charge of the operation since the docking area where the plane came to rest was changed at the last moment. Also, the supposed assassin had no difficulty in slipping through the heavy security contingent that surrounded both the plane and the victim.

Further, Marcos has become notorious for murdering, imprisoning and torturing all those whom he has the slightest suspicion of opposing his dictatorial rule. As soon as the news of the event reached the public, therefore, Marcos denied involvement, deplored the killing and said there would be a thorough investigation of what had happened. Several weeks later he appointed a committee consisting of some of his closest associates, who were shortly thereafter obliged to resign because of widespread doubts concerning the sincerity of their efforts.

In a sense, it does not matter what Marcos' degree of involvement was. Aquino's imprisonment and subsequent murder were not the result of personal differences with Marcos, or of some squabble among political cliques. They were the consequences of a process set in motion by the leading U.S. financial interests more than a decade ago—a process that is killing and oppressing many millions of people, both in the Philippines and elsewhere. Aquino is simply one of the more prominent victims. Even if those responsible for his death are identified and brought to justice there will remain the process, which will continue to cause tremendous suffering all over the globe. For this reason it is of value to examine the situation in the Philippines in some detail and discover why an individual of Aquino's stature would be persecuted, even if it should turn out that Marcos was not personally culpable.

If we look at the crime as if we were

(WIDE WORLD)

Filipino airport security men lift the body of Aquino into a security van after killing the senator's assassin

conducting a police investigation we find a clue in a document known as the Ascher Memorandum. In 1980 and 1981, employees of the World Bank leaked about 6,000 pages of its highly confidential reports. The Ascher Memorandum, which concerned itself with the Philippines, was one of these "sensitive" documents.

The World Bank, it seems, had plans for the Philippines. And for Thailand and Indonesia. And for China. What the Bank had in mind was a certain amount of economic revamping—beginning with the Philippines. Aquino was one of those who stood in the way of what the Bank felt was progress.

Despite the impression that the media give, Aquino was not a radical. He was the scion of a wealthy family, a family that at one time controlled the country's leading bank. He entered politics when he was very young and in the course of some 20 years had been, among other things, an adviser to three Philippine presidents. While the Vietnam war was raging, he was the head of the Philippine equivalent of the CIA and participated in supervising joint military operations being run by the U.S. and Philippine governments—the object of those operations being to destroy the revolutionary movements in Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia. Aquino was, in other words, a certified, official, member of the Philippine political establishment.

Aquino was in fact the leading representative of a coalition of Filipino businessmen, some of them very powerful. These businessmen did not like the Bank's plan, which Marcos was implementing. They were hoping to sabotage it by getting rid of Marcos, and organizing armed groups that set off bombs in Manila was one of their tactics. In eliminating Aquino, Marcos was trying to crush something that was trying to crush him and end the plans.

Who made the plans? William Ascher is a high level political scientist on the faculty of Johns Hopkins University. He also belongs to the Council on Foreign Relations—the organization of business and political figures that make U.S. foreign policy. He is also a top planner at the World Bank. Ascher, in other words, is an expert who helps U.S. corporations and the government itself formulate foreign policy. Once the policy is worked out, Ascher and a number of other important academic and political middlemen see to it that it is implemented through institutions like the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund.

Opposition leader Aquino prays on the plane minutes before he was shot

The memorandum written under his supervision not only sizes up the crisis that Philippine society is going through but lays out a program for dealing with that crisis. When Marcos and his cabinet get the word from Ascher—which takes the form of recommendations from the World Bank and the IMF—they generally try to put the recommendations into effect. In this respect Marcos is no different from most other Third World heads of state. People like Marcos listen carefully to people like Ascher. One of the reasons, aside from being bribed, that they do this is that they know that if they do not go along with what the Bank wants, the U.S. will be displeased and that, to use the antiseptic language of the Bank, incurring the U.S.'s displeasure can have an extremely adverse effect on one's well-being.

What is the World Bank? Supposedly, the World Bank and the IMF round up money from wealthier nations and lend it to poorer ones so that the latter will "develop." Actually, they strangle develop-

ment and manipulate the Third World countries so that U.S. businesses can exploit them more easily. This is because the Bank and the IMF are dominated by U.S. business and backed by the U.S. government—which is why the poorer countries never "develop." The Philippines, for instance, is in more miserable economic and political straits now than it was 11 years ago, when the World Bank and the IMF stepped in to "help" it. And the misery, as the Ascher Memorandum has to admit, is due directly to the intervention of the Bank and the IMF.

What, then, is this all-important World Bank plan? Even though most Americans are not aware of it, it is nothing new. In fact, it has never been much of a secret. Former World Bank President Robert McNamara made it public eight years ago.

Every year the president of the Bank gives its Board of Governors an address that summarizes what it is trying to do. In 1975, McNamara, in the course of explaining the new turn the Bank was taking, said, ". . . special efforts must be made in many countries to turn their manufacturing enterprises away from the relatively small markets associated with import substitution toward the much larger opportunities flowing from export promotion."

This dry statement tells practically the whole story. It was Aquino's death sentence and describes a process that is convulsing humanity. Import substitution and export-oriented processing are the phrases of economists, the sort of terms that induce somnolence at academic conferences. Yet as the world makes the transition from import substitution to export-oriented processing there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth. And as it customarily does, the World Bank, which is presiding over the switch, will have nothing but bland, bureaucratic words of encouragement for the tens of millions of people being mangled by the process.

It is true, though, that economic strategies can be the causes of assassination and social upheaval? International banking is just the lending of money, isn't it, and not politics and killing and revolt?

The economic system that presently embraces most of the world is based on competition. Businesses compete with one another to survive, and those that do not compete well are destroyed or absorbed by the others. As a result of centuries of this sort of competition there have emerged a few business groups in the world that control enormous resources, and that incessantly fight both one another as well as weaker groups that have aspirations of growing larger. The most important groups are mainly headquartered in the U.S., with a number of others in Western Europe and Japan.

The secret to survival in the economic battle is industrial supremacy. That business group or country that is more industrially advanced than its rivals will be economically, politically and militarily supreme. Staying in power, then, consists of preserving industrial supremacy, which means blocking industrialization in rivals and potential rivals. The powerful business groups of the U.S., Western Europe and Japan, that already control major industrial corporations, therefore systematically strangle Third World industrialization attempts whenever they can—which is practically all the time.

Security guards wait for movement in the body of the murderer

Much of the history of the last few hundred years has involved the attempt on the part of the international business groups of the industrially advanced nations to keep the Third World subordinate to themselves by keeping it backward.

Until the time of the Great Depression, the Third World nations were prevented from developing industry of any sort, and instead were forced by the colonial powers that dominated them to concentrate on mining and agriculture. The output of these activities—ores, petroleum, crops, etc.—was taken away, refined and made into manufactured goods in the advanced capitalist regions.

Then, in the 1930s, the powerful international business groups for various reasons found it advantageous to allow the Third World to develop what is called import substitution. It would be a mistake to believe—as certain economists tried to make it seem—that import substitution represented real industrialization and a way out of backwardness and exploitation. Import substitution involved a Third World country's buying machinery and parts from the advanced capitalist nations and using these to assemble consumer goods for sale in their own country. These locally assembled goods would be substituted for goods of the same kind that formerly were imported from Europe and the U.S., which gave rise to the term "import substitution."

Assembly plants began dotting the Third World, especially in the period immediately following the Second World War, but nothing basic changed—either within these countries or in the relations between these countries and the advanced richer nations. In the period immediately following the war there arose many Third World liberation movements, their aim being to bring about economic development and lift their countries out of poverty by ending the stranglehold of colonialism. Apart from the few that thoroughly broke the links between themselves and the powers that had held them in colonial bondage, none did anything more than produce new window dressing for exploitation. The usual scenario was that the Europeans formally withdrew from a colony and put in power those local political leaders who were friendliest toward them and would not expropriate their holdings. The Philippines, for instance, was nominally given its independence by the U.S. in 1946, after having been its colony since the turn of the century, but at no time did it enjoy real independence. Its every important economic move was subjected to the scrutiny of U.S. big business and the U.S. government played an active role in shaping its political and social development. The stationing of tens of thousands of U.S. troops at military bases in the Philippines, which persists to this day, was only a small part of the overall domination of the country.

Assassin and his victim lay together on the tarmac

By around the middle of the 1960s, however, import substitution began playing itself out in one Third World country after another. Western big business had stifled Third World industrialization so well that there was no growth in the professional, managerial and small businesses classes that normally accompany industrial development. The people in those classes were, however, practically the only ones who could afford the things that the import substitution industries produced. With no increase in their numbers, the markets for the consumer goods they bought became saturated as more and more firms turned to import substitution and profits in the import substitution sector began to decline. There was thus an economic crisis in the Third World and the different business interests involved had to think up new strategies. The local business groups had one idea; the international groups had another.

What many of the Third World business groups wanted, of course, was real industrialization, which had always been their dream. The big international business groups, of course, did not want this at all. What they had in mind was export-oriented processing, a modification of import substitution. Which brings us to the Philippines and Aquino.

By the end of the '60s, many important Filipino businessmen who had been involved in import substitution decided to flout the dictates of the U.S. and attempt to escape both bankruptcy and continued subordination to American multinationals. In other words, these businessmen, politically represented by Aquino, decided to industrialize. They controlled the legislature and judiciary—though not, as yet, the presidency—and through them they set in motion a carefully designed economic program that would lead to the development of modern industry. Under the program, the government was scheduled to build facilities that the industrialization would need and would make cheap loans available to entrepreneurs willing to take the plunge. Also, the courts and legislature were rendering decisions and passing laws that would make it harder for U.S. firms to set up operations in the country and drain it of its wealth. The only obstacle was the president, Ferdinand Marcos, who answered directly to the U.S. and blocked the program however he could. His power to interfere was quite restricted, though, because of constitutional limitations on what he could do, and even this would end in late 1972, when he would probably be swept out of office by the scheduled election. The overwhelming bulk of the Philippine people, since they realized it would bring prosperity to the country, were in favor of what the business groups were trying to do, and they would bring to office a president and legislators interested in implementing the program.

This irritated U.S. business a great deal, not just because it would be prevented from extracting the same level of profits it had been enjoying since the turn of the century, when it made the country its colony. But because the program was successful, the U.S. would be faced with a new competitor in Asia.

The U.S. therefore mobilized itself once the intention of the Philippine businessmen became clear. The CIA decided it could not manipulate the populace to support Marcos because they knew who his masters were and what he represented. Most of the local politicians, moreover, were in favor of the industrial program and would be only too happy to end U.S. domination, which had been strangling the country for almost three quarters of a century. The U.S. concluded, then, that the only solution to its problem was to transform Marcos from a president into a dictator, so as to avoid his being removed by election, and have him scrap the industrialization plans that were about to be put into effect.

In September of 1972 Marcos, coached by the U.S. and encouraged by the World Bank, made his move. After abolishing all the normal political processes he had made himself dictator and began murdering, imprisoning, torturing and driving into exile everyone who was serious about opposing the export-oriented strategy, industrializing the Philippines or hindering U.S. business.

With the establishment of the dictatorship all civil liberties were suspended, martial law was declared, the armed forces were more than quadrupled (from 60,000 to 250,000), and the military started a reign of terror, particularly in Manila and the large cities, where opposition to Marcos, the U.S. and the World Bank was highly concentrated. As *Time*, Sept. 5, 1983, put it, "Under martial law, the Philippine military has been transformed from a small, apolitical force into a bloated guarantor of Marcos' power. The country's institutions, from city halls to the courts to the press, have been emasculated. The economy has been crippled by 'crony capitalism' a system that saw the government pour hundreds of millions of dollars into a handful of companies owned by the President's friends." One gets an idea of what freedom of the press amounts to by noting, as a commentator observes, that "Manila's four daily newspapers are controlled by the President's brother-in-law, his ex-military aide, his wife's official biographer and a fraternity brother who also owns four of the country's five television networks."

For most of the people in the country, the Marcos regime is a nightmare of tyranny and exploitation. For the World Bank, however, the establishment of the dictatorship was a necessary step toward "modernization" (meaning export-orientation) and for Ronald Reagan and Jeane Kirkpatrick it was a blessing that should be heavily supported with money and arms. In 1981, for instance, Marcos won a fraudulent election. George Bush, officially representing Reagan and the U.S., toasted Marcos with, "We love you, sir. . . . We love your adherence to democratic principles and democratic processes."

Once political opposition to their plans was crushed, the U.S. financial groups could get down to business, as it were, and do some rearranging of the Philippine

economy. Eventually, Marcos replaced all his cabinet officers, many of whom represented the local business class, with technocrats who had been trained in elite U.S. institutions (Harvard, M.I.T., Cornell, the Wharton School, the U.S. Naval Academy, etc.) and had worked in or closely with the World Bank. To a man, all of these individuals supported the U.S. presence in their economy, denounced the competence of the local business groups and uncritically accepted everything the World Bank insisted was necessary for development. By the mid-'70s the whole of the Philippines' economic policy was in the hands of the Bank and Marcos had been reduced to a rubber stamp so far as the most important economic projects were concerned.

As soon as Marcos had abolished the legislature he dismantled all its plans for industrialization and nullified the laws and court decisions that would have hindered the U.S. Simultaneously, he set in motion the export-orientation program.

In order for export-orientation to work, the Philippine wage, which was already one of the lowest in Asia, had to be made lower still and so strikes and unions were outlawed, militant labor leaders were murdered and the workers were brutalized and intimidated. This was not quite enough, though.

The local import substitution businesses controlled much of the country's capital and infrastructure and employed much of the urban labor force. The multinationals needed these. Therefore the local import substitution businesses had to be destroyed. Marcos understood right from the outset that the local businessmen would resist his efforts to destroy them and this is why, immediately after making himself dictator, he imprisoned Aquino and other important representatives of this particular group. They did not automatically wilt under his assault, however. Their resistance to Marcos' attempt to drive them to extinction has taken many forms—from organizing political parties to setting off bombs in the middle of Manila—and Marcos has responded by trying to suppress them. The persecution of Aquino was simply part of the suppression.

Overall, the Bank's strategy was fairly successful. The results of it have been gratifying to the multinationals and horrifying for the Filipino workers and businessmen. The profits realized by the multinationals steadily increased while the wages and standard of living of the workers steadily fell. By 1978, for instance, the average worker's real income was a third less than what it had been in 1970. Moreover, as the bankruptcy rate of Filipino-owned businesses soared, the takeover of the economy by foreign interests went forward at a gallop, so that by 1980 fully two-thirds of the country's capital belonged to 324 foreign firms—mostly American with a sprinkling of Japanese. The banking system, and the economy in general, are now

(WIDE WORLD)

Benigno Aquino packs his belongings before returning to Manila after a three-year self-imposed exile

firmly in the hands of Chase Manhattan, Morgan Guaranty Trust, Manufacturers Hanover Trust and Citibank; the country owes $22 billion dollars to U.S., European and Japanese creditors; and currency devaluations—which helped to ruin the local capitalists and drive down the real wage—occur with metronomic regularity. Thanks to World Bank and IMF pressure, in only four months the peso has lost 80 percent of its value relative to the dollar and this is producing sharp increases in the already high rates of starvation, infant mortality and sheer physical misery. Its political manifestation is the rioting that rocks the big cities almost daily.

As might have been suspected, the World Bank and U.S. business had a plan for the countryside which matched that for the cities. The principles of export orientation were imposed on the agricultural sector with a vengeance. Tens of thousands of peasants were either kicked off their land at gunpoint or driven into bankruptcy as the plantations owned by local landlords and foreign agribusiness gobbled up both land and peasants. The agricultural sector veered away from producing rice and vegetables for the home market and moved toward the production of sugar, pineapple, bananas, rubber and coffee for the markets of the U.S., Japan and Europe. Because of this shift, the Philippines agricultural output rose steadily as the diet of the average peasant worsened. More food was produced but less of it found its way into the mouths of those who produced it.

A place that was especially hard hit by this program was Mindanao, in the southern part of the country. Marcos had been waging a genocidal war against the region's original inhabitants, the Moros, since 1969, and this paid off for Dole, Del Monte, United Fruit, Sumitomo, Goodrich, Goodyear and Firestone, all of which have vast operations there. The first four companies, for instance, harvest the whole of the Philippine banana crop. In the late seventies, the average profit per year realized by the three American firms' banana operations came to $9,700 per hectare; the farmer from whom these firms leased their land, and who performed the actual labor, received between $35 and $70 per hectare each year. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Reagan Administration is so fond of the Marcos regime, and keeps it amply supplied with the latest instruments of repression.

Even though Marcos had outlawed unions and strikes, the workers, at great risk to themselves, began organizing and fighting for better wages and working conditions in the late 1970's. The Moros formed a liberation front and fought Marcos' army to a standoff. The tribespeople of northern Luzon resorted to arms to drive away Marcos' developers, who tried to remove them from their ancestral homelands so that their territory could be used by the multinationals. The people of Tondo, a district of Manila said to be the world's largest slum, organized and prevented Marcos from evicting them from their homes in order to convert their land into an export-oriented processing zone. Thousands of peasants have joined the New People's Army, which operates in every province of the country and is aiming to establish liberated zones. Workers, peasants, professionals, students and businesspeople have formed the National Democratic Front, which effectively challenges Marcos and the U.S. on the political level and is determined to do away with the regime.

As soon as they saw that the people of the Philippines would no longer docilely accept the slavery that Marcos and the Bank had temporarily imposed, the multinationals told the World Bank to make more studies. The Bank decided that Thailand, Indonesia and China were excellent candidates for export-oriented processing

and appropriate preparations for setting up export-oriented operations there are now being made. The reader may find it surprising to learn that the biggest capitalist firms in the world are thinking of setting up factories in China, which calls itself communist, but there is nothing whatever astonishing in this. Hundreds of export oriented processing zones are already in existence there and it is only a matter of time before the Bamboo Curtain collapses and the country is transformed into a Coca Colony. In its mind's eye, Chase Manhattan already sees tens of millions of workers filing through the gates of the factories it controls jointly with the Chinese bureaucracy. The walls of the factory will be adorned with Mao's thoughts while the bulk of the profits will flow quietly and efficiently to the Rockefellers.

Even before export orientation is general throughout Asia, the Bank and the IMF will be encouraging it in the Middle East and Africa, and will also see to it that it penetrates every corner of Latin America, the Caribbean and the Pacific. A more advanced version is already being tried in some Third World countries. This version allows the Third World country to perform a certain amount of actual manufacturing, and not just assembly. The manufacturing involves only the low technology, labor-intensive steps of lengthy industrial processes, and thus preserves the industrial gap between the Third World and the advanced capitalist regions while taking advantage of the Third World's low wage. The product that passes through these steps in the Third World will ultimately be sold in the advanced regions, and so it is simply export orientation all over again.

The proliferation of export-oriented operations in the Third World will result in workers in the richer nations being laid off as their employers hire on Third World workers to do the same work for lower wages. The wages in the Third World will be kept low by dictatorial, Marcos-like regimes propped up by the U.S. As workers in the advanced regions are increasingly laid off, the ranks of the unemployed there will swell, which will give employers the weapon of fear to hold over workers in all industries and thereby to lower the wage generally.

This strategy, however, must eventually boomerang. Precisely because it compels the different sections of the world's work force to compete with one another it must also compel these sections to ally with one another in order to fight a common enemy. As the level of unemployment rises and the standard of living of the world's workers falls, more and more nations will be roused to the same action that the people of the Philippines are now taking and Aquino's real assassin—a social system—will be brought to justice. ■

Ira Sohn is a writer and researcher based in Los Angeles.

Throwaway Kids

Abused and evicted by their parents, a new generation of American children has been forced onto the streets.

By Michael Goldstein

Los Angeles is filled with throwaway children. Some of them are obvious, the hustlers on Santa Monica Boulevard, the teenage whores on Sunset. Some of these lost children you will only see if you look for them, like the gang-bangers who make up 420 different gangs throughout Los Angeles County, mostly in the ghetto. And some are nearly invisible, like the teenagers locked away in Youth Authority and Juvenile Halls, the runaways sleeping in cars or going from family to family, the foster children and the kids forcibly removed from their parents' custody because of abuse.

All of these thousands of different children, from different backgrounds, share one thing in common. They are throwaways, unwanted by their families and unfit for our society. The number of these children growing up unwanted and abused is immense, and it is growing. And they are not only victims, but inflictors of pain as well. They have been abused, so they have learned to abuse others without a second thought. They must survive, so they will commit crimes to do that.

The Rebel interviewed many social workers, police officials, military officials, statisticians, and other authorities for this article. But this is the kids' story, and we'll let the kids talk.

Rex

Rex isn't a kid anymore; he's 23. What he has endured, and the life he has led, make him as much a throwaway child as anyone out there. Rex has long brown hair and a beard, a square jaw, muscular forearms, and a piercing, intense stare. He was interviewed at the Gay and Lesbian Center.

"I don't know hardly nothing about my real mother, except that she got pregnant with my older sister, and she married my dad to have somebody to take care of her. Then when my dad was taking care of her, she got pregnant with me and my younger sister. She gave me up for adoption because my father was an alcoholic and she left him."

Rex was born in Arkansas, but put into an orphanage in Oklahoma until he was 18 months old.

"My real name was Rex Asa Baker Jr., then when I was adopted I was changed to Rex Allan Hawkins. They kept the RA 'cause everybody called me RA as a kid. Why did they adopt me? I don't know. Because they wanted kids and they couldn't have any. Then when they did finally have a kid it seemed like they didn't want one. Seemed like it wasn't the same. The way I got the story, my adoptive mother wanted my little sister, but not me and my older sister, but they wouldn't separate us.

"They treated me like I was one of their own. But I was a real asshole when I was growing up. I was different in a lot of ways. I would break my sister's toys, my step sisters. And I was punished all the time. But I would lie about it and say 'No, I didn't do it, you don't have no reason to blame me,' but they all knew that I did do it. As I was getting older my dad would hit me. When I was a little kid he'd hit me with extension cords. Then he went from there to belts, then he went to horsewhips. Water hoses. He was trying to put things in my head that you're not supposed to do that and he figured, well, if you beat it into his head he'll learn something from it."

Rex's adoptive father had many jobs, and is now a police officer. While Rex was growing up, he was a welder and a part-time preacher. When Rex was 10, his adoptive mother and father split up.

"My dad and my mom was divorcing,

Rex was in an orphanage until he was 18 months old

and my mother ran off with another guy and found her a job. My dad was feeling lonely and he found a woman named Brenda who had four kids. My mom's husband, Charles, had one little girl, and then he and my mom had another little baby. So my little sister went to my grandmother's house, and me and my older sister went back to the Baptist Children's Home.

"My mother and my father said I was unmanageable, but my dad made a deal

with me. He took me to the place where I used to wrassle at, and we sat there and talked. He told me if nobody takes me in two years then he would be more than glad to take me back. Whatever that did to a ten-year-old kid I don't know.

"I used to run off from the Home a lot. The first time you run off, nothing happens to you. The second time you run off, you'd get three licks with a board, if you got caught in the same day. You had to get hip to the system, and stay gone for at least 24 hours before you can get away without getting licks. It was a challenge.

"There was this other kid, and I wanted to experiment. I wanted to know what different types of sex was. And he wanted me to be the bottom part. I experienced that, and it was like two kids trying to talk. But then after we did our thing, he got a couple more of his buddies and they came in and they really got me. This was in the bathroom at the Baptist Children's Home. They forced me. They pulled my hair and took me on the ground. It's just like the penitentiary, man. Straight up. They're gonna get what they want.

"And then these kids told on me! They felt guilty for having sex with me, so they told on me and I got into a lot more trouble when I tried to tell the truth. So then I said 'Fuck this shit.' I started taking people, and when I caught one of them by themselves I'd take them and beat their head against the locker, or the floor, and I'd say 'You motherfucker, you, I didn't mind, I just don't like the idea of you fucking lying about it.' I busted them up. I said 'I'm taking control.' And I did take control. The guys running that place, they just thought I was a mean son of a bitch."

Rex was in the home for two years.

"When I was 12, my father decided he wanted me back. So he took me back. I made it so he had to take me back 'cause a lot of people would come in the Home and say 'Yes, I'd like to have that little boy.' I'd walk over and kick 'em in the shins. I'd go out and flatten their tires. I made it so they'd say 'I've changed my mind about this one.' I was a little punk, I was going to see if my dad kept his part of the bargain. I believed him, because he had never lied to me."

Rex was somewhat disturbed when he went back with his father, and wanted to have sex with his sisters and brothers. They told on him, and nothing happened. But when the family moved to a farm, Rex couldn't resist breaking into a neighboring sheriff's house.

"I didn't take nothing. I was just looking. I got accused for a lot of things that I didn't really do, but I *would* drive around in the sheriff's car and go to parties and say 'This is a hold-up. This is Rex Hawkins, come out with your hands up.' Then me and the other country boys would get our beer out of the back of the sheriff's car.

"They was all saying that I was an unmanageable kid, we gotta lock him up. And so they did. I was in Juvenile from '74 to '78, from when I was 14 to when I was 18, in Prior, Oklahoma. They just kind of put me there 'cause I was unmanageable. I hadn't really committed any crimes. And for the drugs. PCP. Weed. Booze.

"They knew I was a crazy motherfucker. I'd say 'Fuck you' to the staff, I'd say 'Eat my shit and die.' They'd put me in the detention center to scrub the wall for three hours a day. But when they put me in the hole, everything was handed to you. It wasn't punishment for me nomore.

"I had a girlfriend there, from the other side. I'd see her at the canteen. Boys and girls went to school together. That's when you go in the bushes. It's called institutional bush therapy."

There were good times at the center for Rex, fooling around with the girls, working on the farm, making watermelon wine with his friends. There were also bad times.

"I got raped in there by James Wilson, and a couple other guys. They gang-raped me. And I went to the infirmary and they pulled a clotheshanger out of my ass. They fucked me and whatever they did after that, I was passed out. They did it because I was a bad ass and I had women. They downed me. I went upstairs and the guys just pushed me in my fucking locker and I kicked the door open and I got hit in the chest with a pipe and all kinds of shit. Then they sent my father a letter saying 'Your son is now a homosexual, he had sexual contact with some of the men in this place.' Knowing what really happened, they had to cover their fucking ass. I just didn't trust nobody after that.

"I got everybody who did it except James Wilson, and I liked James, in spite of what he did to me. His mother died and he was stuck in there 'cause he didn't have no choice, and he wasn't just a little punk. After that we became good friends, because he came to me and said 'I'm sorry. I want to be your friend.' After I got out, I called up Whitaker and asked for James Wilson. The lady said 'No, no, James Wilson hung himself.' It was 'cause he felt like nobody in the world loved him."

Rex was released from Whitaker at 18, and went back with his adoptive father. He got a job as a welder and was fired in three weeks, for showing up hung-over or high.

"My dad said 'We can't have you around anymore.' And he got me a back-pack, a pair of tennis shoes, and he gave me ten dollars and put me on I-240 and said 'This way is California, this way is Arkansas.' "

Rex eventually came to Los Angeles and worked as a male prostitute on Santa Monica Boulevard. The drug he used to get through the long night of hustling was PCP, and it made him increasingly psychotic.

"I beat up on a real clown, the kind with a mask, make-up, and costume, on Hollywood Boulevard. Because I didn't like him, his make-up was fucked up, so I went 'Blam-blam!' And a cop told me it was un-American to hit a clown so I walked over and hit the cop. They pulled a gun on me and I laughed. They knew I was really fucked up. So they had all these charges on me, and the only way I could get out of court was to go to a drug treatment place. That day I'd smoked 13 Super Kools by myself (Note: A PCP-laden cigarette) and I stole a Monte Carlo to pay for my drug habit. I knew I wasn't always going to be a prostitute, so I decided to learn a trade and become a car thief."

Rex spent six months in Norwalk State Psychiatric Hospital, and is now working at the Gay and Lesbian Center in Los Angeles as an outreach worker. The Youth Department of the Center works with many prostitutes, hustlers, and runaways.

Geneva Fernandez, Deputy Director of the Youth Department of the Center, also is a caseworker and an advocate for these throwaways.

"They take part in 'survival prostitution.' That's basically what it is. You're talking about a clientele I work with where the average age is 16 up to 23, and the average education is sixth grade. It's very difficult to employ them. We see 60 new faces a month, not counting the caseload carryover. I have 220 kids on my caseload right now, and I'm only one caseworker."

Marcie Berger, Director of Options House, a shelter for runaways, thinks there may be 2,000 runaways and homeless kids on the street in Los Angeles per month, but nobody really knows. She thinks that there may be 500,000 kids thrown out by their families nationwide, but again, nobody really knows how many there are. What is known is that there are only three shelters for kids in Los Angeles, with a total of 18 beds. So the rest are out of luck, and must crash seven to a motel room, with friends, or sleep in cars. Some of the hustlers don't need a place to sleep some nights—they trick 24 hours straight.

"A lot of kids shoot dope to ease the pain of being out there. A lot of them work 24 hours so they shoot up crystal meth to keep them awake so they can literally walk through the night. You have a problem of drug addiction. On the other hand, you have kids who think alcohol is the answer, who'll get drunk before they do a trick. Then, once they get addicted to either, there's a lot of theft involved. Robbing cars, having to supply their habit. When you talk about theft, there's violence going on out there, constantly. Rape is happening. So prostitution is not the only variable with these kids," says Geneva Fernandez.

Experts agree that Los Angeles, along with New York, is a powerful magnet for throwaways and runaways.

"So they come to the sparkling lights of Hollywood, and they find out that you can't be a star and the only way to survive is to sell your ass. And not only that,

you're also talking about finding love with a 'john.' Someone will even pay them to share some type of love. It's a compassionate boost for these kids," says Fernandez, explaining the draw of prostitution for these boys and girls. Certainly it's economically necessary for them to prostitute themselves, as usually they are poorly educated and lack skills, but there is an excitement there also, and for many of these kids, the caresses of a client are the closest things to love they've ever experienced.

For most of the hustlers and whores, however, after the "thrill" has subsided, a trick is a trick, a john is a john. This is how Rex describes it.

"What's a night of hustling like on Santa Monica Boulevard? It depends. It depends on the weather, it depends on how you feel about yourself that day, do I have enough drugs to last me through the night? The more drugs you do, the better-looking you feel, the better you feel about yourself. You may not be better-looking, but you're more friendlier, and you're more everything. You wait for a trick to pull over, and you're waving at him and you're rubbing on you dick, whatever you have to get that fucker to stop. Then you might say 'Well, what's happening, guy?' and you start rapping to him. You might say then 'You look kind of cold.' If he's a real trick you might say 'Looks like a nice night,' and here it is pouring down rain! He might say 'Would you like to get in my car and go ride around for a while?' and you say 'Sure.' and you get in, and that's when you have it made in the shade.

"He'll say 'What do you charge?' and you say 'Oh . . . what do you want to do? In particular?' and he'll say 'Oh, I just want to fuck somebody.' That'll be an easy 50 dollars. But I wouldn't get fucked up the ass. I'd just do blowjobs for 25 dollars. The most money I ever made was a hundred dollars. I went with one lawyer and he gave me a hundred to keep him covered because I had him by the balls. I said 'Well, how would you like me to go into court tomorrow with you and talk about tonight?' So he gave me a hundred. A lot of them are young guys, you'd be surprised . . . ."

While Hollywood is the magnet that draws out-of-town throwaways and runaways, Los Angeles has spawned a lost generation all its own. Many are in gangs, but many others get into trouble on their own.

We spoke to three teenagers at San Basilio School in East Los Angeles who seem to confirm that. The school, in a church, gives special educational help to about 50 youths who have been on probation or in other trouble, with the law and with their education.

Bobby and Rosalio are 15, and Jacob 17. "We'd ditch school together. Just kick back at the corners. Then other friends would come, we'd just get together and go over to somebody's house. We're always together. We weren't in a gang, though. We were just stoners. We used to smoke a lot, but we've cut down. We have to get our band together," said Bobby, about him and Jacob. In L.A.'s strange music scene, Bobby and Jacob and their friends are into heavy metal rock 'n' roll, bands like Iron Maiden, Bitch, etc.

Bobby's dislike for the gangs is at least partly based on their musical taste. "We don't get involved with gangs. We try to stick to our friends. In the gangs, they listen to oldies and stuff. And when you really get into the gang, the older guys tell 'em you got to go shoot somebody. We got friends that right now are busted for attempted murder."

Bobby: "In the gangs they listen to oldies"

Not being in a gang hasn't stopped the three of them from getting into trouble. Rosalio said "I never liked school. They put me in the Youth Authority for stealing a bike. First they put me on probation, then they put me in the Hall for not going to school. My father said it was good that I was in Juvenile Hall. He said I could learn a lesson from that."

Jacob thinks he's not getting a fair shake.

"What did I do? Yeah, I'd steal little things, like cassette players. Let's say I'll steal that and they'll bust me and I'll do something else and they'll bust me and they'll hold that against me."

Bobby says that he didn't really need the money. "Mom always gives me money when I want. But just doing it is fun. It's the thrill of keeping the radio, too, or selling it. I just won't get busted."

Little Lost Children

In the same lock-up are two young men, Jeff and Mark. Mark was born in Lincoln Heights, but his Portuguese father and Puerto Rican mother moved to New York, where he grew up. He came back to California when his mother divorced his father.

"My father was heavily involved with narcotics, heroin. That's why my mother divorced him, in '69. I was about 13 or 14 when we came back to California. It scared me when my father was high. A couple of time he actually beat up my mother, beat up me and my brother. I just had to accept it. There was no way to change him. He'd nod out a lot, go through a lot of changes, cry a lot.

"We lived in Oceanside. Mom was working, and the six of us had to take care of ourselves. I'd ditch school, most of the time. We'd hang out, dress in nice clothes, go to other schools. Mostly I hung with the other Puerto Ricans. We'd get drunk and the Marines in town were drunk too, and they'd look at us like we were punks. It's mostly the 1st and the 15th of the month, when they got paid. We'd fight 'em, roll 'em, take their money. They're taught to be so tough, but a lot of them aren't.

"We were just a bunch of little lost kids, all with the same problems everyone puts us down for, family-wise, educational-wise, job-wise. At one time I wanted to be a Marine. But I had too many felonies. Possession of firearms, assault and battery, stuff that's just acceptable in the streets."

A check was made with an Army recruiting sergeant as to whether someone like Mark, basically a clean-cut, intelligent young man, would be acceptable in the Army. He did have those felonies, but the common wisdom is that one way to make a man out of a troubled kid is to get them in the service.

Army and other military recruiting regulations turn out to be very strict, requiring applicants to pass a mental test, physical test, qualify for available jobs, and meet the moral qualifications. Mark, for instance, would be completely disqualified with more than one felony. Rex and the other street hustlers, even if they'd never been arrested, would also be ineligible; as the sergeant put it "If you admit you are a homosexual you are automatically disqualified for all services, not just the Army."

But true to reputation, the military can and will take some borderline recruits, if they fit what's called the "whole man concept." The recruiter explained the "whole man" this way.

"A person who was 15 years old might have stolen something. That would be a misdemeanor to us. Now say you're 20 years old and you've finished high school,

Jacob thinks he's not getting a fair shake

Rosalio: "We'd ditch school together, but we weren't in a gang"

had a couple of years of successful work experience in the community, maybe had a year of college. It would stand to reason that that one incident would not make you a bad person. That's the kind of 'whole man' thing we look at, what have they done since then, what sort of progress have they made, etc. And being incarcerated is not a stigma that would necessarily prevent an individual from being in the service. It's always why they were there that we look at."

The Army now prefers high school graduates, and in fact has stricter requirements for women than men—it won't take women who have not graduated high school. With the doors of the service closed to them because of their records and lack of skills, where can the throwaways go?

"The reason a great many of our kids go out on parole and get back into trouble with the law is not because they want to go back out and do crimes, but because they have absolutely no social support out there whatsoever. There's no encouragement out there. There's no one to talk to out there, no one to alleviate loneliness, no one to front them a quick five dollars when they really need it. They've got a parole agent with a hundred people assigned to their caseload. And I could spend two years of therapy on a kid and he still doesn't have a mother that gives a damn. There's just no support for them," says a social worker at the Youth Authority Hall in Norwalk.

Many, if not most, of the kids in Juvenile Homes and Youth Authority and foster homes and on the street have a real problem dealing with their anger, or even realizing who they're angry at.

Jeff is a blonde-haired 18-year-old, 6-foot-1 and 266 pounds. He's burly, not fat, and looks like a football player with huge, meaty fists.

"My parents divorced when I was four or five. I went up for adoption, because my mom couldn't take care of me. I was moved out of the home and put in foster homes. I was seven or eight when they said I was incorrigible. I'd leave the house and be gone for hours. I'd be cussing my mom out, doing stupid shit. Breaking things. I was really mixed up, with all the different changes that were going on in the family.

"I had a real anger problem towards my parents that I'd take out on other people, but I've gone through an aggression group here and it's helped me. I was hateful towards authority figures, rejected them because they're not my parents. I used to fight a lot. I didn't want to do anything the other kids did. I didn't have too many friends. I was a loner. I wanted people around, but I'd push 'em away. I'd reject them like I've been rejected."

Jeff's adoption failed because of his "incorrigibility" and he went from foster home to group home to foster home, finally winding up in Juvenile Hall for smashing a car door. After he got out, he lived with his mother and stepfather, who were having problems.

"I thought it was my fault, so I took her truck and ran away with it. I got busted by the cops, but there were no charges pressed. They took me back home, and a few weeks later I took it again and got into an accident. Then they put me in San Bernardino Juvenile Hall. I was 16. I stole it because I was real upset. I wanted to get away because I thought it was my fault. But they got divorced anyway."

"I was in San Bernardino for seven months, and then I got sent to another group home in Orange County. I had a job, I was working, then I ran away to the US Festival and got stoned. I OD'd on some pills, I don't know what they were. They took me to the hospital, made me throw up. Then they sent me to another place, another home, and I cut my wrists because I didn't want to stay there and that was the only way I could get out. So they sent me to the lock-up facilities at Juvenile Hall. I was there for a few months.

"I kicked a kid in the face because he was talking about my mother and shit. Then they locked me down. A couple of days later I was singing in my room and they told me to shut up and I said 'Fuck 'em.' So the counselor said 'You're down for the rest of the night.' That made me mad so I started kicking on my door. I told him not to open the door because I was mad. He opened it anyways. I came out into the hall and started cussing him and I pushed him. They wrestled me to the ground and then they put me in a high-risk unit. I go three years and four months for assault on a peace officer.

"I don't want to go to state prison. I want this to be my last time in jail. I think if I do fuck up again I'll go to state prison."

The majority of the young inmates in the Youth Authority Center in Norwalk are taking "medication" along with their anger therapy, usually tranquilizers, Thorazine. Drugs are a common denominator among most of the kids interviewed for this story. Surprisingly, few teenagers die of overdoses and drug-related deaths. While total drug deaths have risen sharply in the last four years, OD's for those under 18 are steady at about 10 to 15 per year, according to L.A. County Drug Abuse Services.

So what will happen to the throwaway children of Los Angeles? People talk about a "lost generation" in the gangs; thousands of hard-core teenagers will only get out with death or prison. The runaways and throwaways are still flocking to Hollywood, huddling together at Danny's Dogs on Santa Monica, selling themselves on the boulevards.

And a whole new generation of throwaways is being created. Half of American marriages end in divorce, and often the children involved are passed from hand to hand like hand-me-down clothes or old, worthless, used cars. Finally, according to George Wong, a social worker at Los Angeles Child Abuse Services, hundreds and hundreds of children are removed each month from their abusive parents and placed in foster homes.

"We see the ones who've gone through the courts, and we remove them to foster homes and shelter care homes. We remove for any kind of neglect, abuse, or any times the kid's health and safety is threatened. We get so many drunk parents, and the kids are not cared for, the parents go out and do their own thing and a bunch of little babies are left home by themselves and somebody calls us. Things like that, including abuse and molestation. We have between 700 and 800 removed from their homes a month by the police," says Wong, describing his job, adding that social workers often have 100 kids on their caseload to "look after."

These figures, too, do not reflect the "incorrigibles" thrown out by their families, the children passed on to aunts, cousins, grandmothers, (especially common in the black and Latin community) and the cases of abuse that are never reported. And they don't include the kids whose parents just don't care anymore, whose schools regard them as lost causes, the kids who slip through the cracks in the system by the thousands. The system is indifferent, and services are strained to the breaking point. There are budget cuts and staff reductions, and even with the best intentions it's often too late to help.

Still, even with odds against them, the kids may be all right. I asked Mark at the Youth Authority if there would be a place for him when he got out, a place in a society. He said he could get a job. "With each problem there's a solution. Every problem's an opportunity." He paused, and said, "There's a place for everyone on earth, but some people get distracted." ■

Michael Goldstein is a Los Angeles freelance writer whose articles have appeared nationwide.

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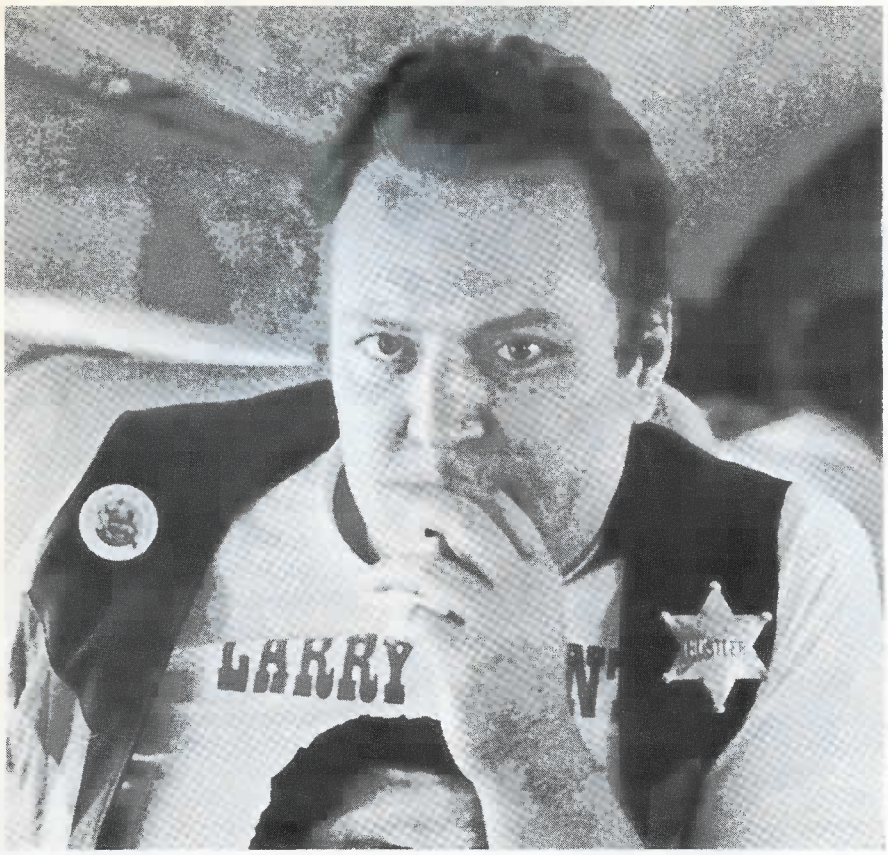


(PHOTO BY DON RAY)

Flynt on chartered jet to Washington

The Flynt Papers: November 6-27, 1983

A three-week odyssey following our publisher back and forth across the country, and in and out of jail

By Don Ray

It was a true no-win situation. I was asked if I'd profile Larry Flynt—for one of Larry Flynt's magazines. Fat chance, I thought. Either I write the ultimate "fluff piece" advocating the porn king and his outrageous magazine and run the risk of never writing for another conventional publication, or I go in with an objective attitude and run the risk of never seeing the final story in print or the payment check.

I agreed to take on the job on the condition I would get reasonable access to the man. It's that access that's the basis of what follows. This is a chronicle of those zany three weeks that took us across the U.S. twice, involved nine different arrests, numerous meetings with the news media, government officials, opinion leaders, radicals and secret informants, and a re-creation of the final motorcade of President John F. Kennedy.

And after all the push-and-shove, hurry-up-and-wait and absolute pandemonium, Larry Flynt would end up announcing from the "big house" that he's no longer interested in living in the White House. As this story goes to press, former candidate Flynt is now "inmate" Flynt at the Springfield Federal Penetentiary in Illinois.

You must have some background information about Larry Flynt before you embark on this escapade, lest you'll not understand some of the man's idiosyncrasies and responses.

Larry Claxton Flynt was born 41 years ago—the son of a Kentucky sharecropper. He ran away from home at age 14 and joined the Army, then the Navy and then left military service when he was 19 and got a night-shift job at a General Motors assembly plant. Two years later he went bankrupt, moved to Columbus, Ohio and eventually opened up a chain of "Hustler Club" bars. It was a four-page black and white newsletter he circulated to his Hustler customers that would evolve into *Hustler*, the most successful sex magazine ever. Before long *Hustler* was boasting a circulation of 2.5 million and was considered the most hated publication by religious groups, conservative politicians and, of course, groups opposing any form of pornography.

In February 1977, Flynt was convicted of misdemeanor charges of pandering obscenity and a felony charge of "engaging in organized crime." A Cincinnati prosecutor convinced a jury Flynt's publishing operation fell within the boundaries of a little-used Ohio statute that includes any illegal act in which five or more people participate. Flynt was sentenced to seven to 25 years in prison and fined $11,000, but the case was later appealed.

In March 1978 Larry Flynt's life, empire and world were turned upside down on a street in Lawrenceville, Georgia. Walking back to court with his attorney to testify at yet another obscenity trial, an unseen rifleman fired two bullets into Flynt's stomach. His attorney was also wounded. Flynt betrayed the odds against survival and pulled through, but not before losing control of his leg muscles and finding himself in unbearable pain from the waist down. He said it was like half his body being immersed in boiling hot water.

For the next five years Flynt's wife Althea took control of much of his empire and gave him as much support as a wife can give. When doctors refused Flynt enough painkillers, Althea was able to buy what her husband needed. When his pain was even unbearable to Althea, she joined him in his drugged stupor behind the 500-pound steel bedroom door in their posh Bel Air mansion.

Then, in late 1982, Flynt gambled on a new operation that would cauterize the sensory nerves to his legs but leave the motor nerves intact. The surgery was a success and he was left without pain. Six months later he fought to clear himself of the need for drugs—cold turkey. He says the withdrawals were worse than the pain he had felt and he decided to kill himself. Again, it was Althea who stepped in and helped him through the rough spots. Free from drugs, alcohol and pain, Larry Flynt reemerged to take the rein of his empire. He's convinced it was the FBI or the CIA who was behind the attempt on his life and he's even gone so far as to point the finger at the late Rep. Larry MacDonald, the conservative legislator who was outspoken in opposition to *Hustler*.

So, late in 1983, "the pervert," as he calls himself, is back, and he's back with a flamboyance and energy like never before.

"I am their worst nightmare come true. Here I am, a wealthy, crippled pornographer who's willing to spend his last dime to wake this country up and show people what's happening."

Flynt says the gunshot wounds have stripped him of his manhood and left him with only half a life—the brain half. "So I'm going to use that half to get back at the people who did this to me."

Flynt first returned to the limelight by reportedly offering attorney Robert K. Steinberg $1 million for copies of video-

(PHOTO BY DON RAY)

Larry Flynt arrives in New York City

tapes Steinberg claimed to own that allegedly show model Vicki Morgan engaged in sex acts with her lover, the late Alfred Bloomingdale, and various Reagan Administration officials. The attorney made the claim shortly after Morgan was bludgeoned to death last summer. Flynt now says he has the tapes and plans to use them to show the American people something "really disgusting."

Flynt has also said the tapes could bring down the Reagan White House, which could be beneficial to Flynt since his recent announcement that he's a candidate for President of the United States.

With the alleged Vicki Morgan sex tapes on the back burner, Flynt set "the conventional media" back considerably by telling the world he had undercover videotapes taken by the FBI showing millionaire auto executive John Z. DeLorean consummating a cocaine deal with undercover agents. Flynt gave the tapes to the CBS television network and its Los Angeles station KNXT, who broadcast the government tapes to the entire nation.

The tapes forced an indefinite delay in the trial of DeLorean because of possible pretrial publicity. But Flynt went even further. On October 28 he played for reporters a poor-quality audio tape that allegedly depicts DeLorean being threatened by an FBI informant when DeLorean allegedly attempts to back out of the cocaine deal that was allegedly in the works. This tape, if authentic, would certainly ruin any chance the government might have of convicting DeLorean.

When Flynt failed to appear before a federal grand jury to answer questions about the source of the DeLorean videotape, he was arrested on November 1 by U.S. marshals and ordered to appear on November 3. He was granted immunity in return for his testimony. And although he denied he revealed his source, the following day FBI agents were questioning an employee of a law firm that represented DeLorean for a short time. The employee later admitted copying the tapes and selling them to Flynt for $5,000. The attorneys had been given a copy of the government tapes so that they could prepare a defense for DeLorean.

It was on Sunday, November 6 that I received a call that would fling me into the middle of the Flynt rapids. *The Rebel* called and asked if I could attend a party at the Flynt mansion in three hours and be ready by 7 a.m. to fly with Flynt to Washington, D.C. the following morning.

After quickly making arrangements to be gone for an indefinite period of time, I drove to Bel Air to get my first close-up look at the world of Larry Flynt.

The first thing anyone experiences when they get anywhere near Larry Flynt is his security. Large iron gates protect the people on the inside from whatever threat might be on the outside. I picked up the phone on a post near the gate and told the voice that answered who I was and why I was there. In the time it took to verify me, an armed uniformed guard opened the gate and asked me to follow him.

The guard turned me over to another security man just inside the two wooden doors with glass windows. He politely identified himself as Kirk and asked me to have a seat in the foyer, someone would be right with me.

I was relieved to see there were two others waiting there—both young men—wearing clothes much more casual than the light brown suit I had on. After eyeing each other for a few minutes, the younger of the two asked not who, but what I was.

"A journalist," I responded. "You?" He told me he was with a camera crew for Cable News Network working with correspondent Larry Woods. They were also compiling a profile on Larry Flynt. They'd been on the story for a couple of days, and their looks and expressions were the first hint that I was in for a real experience. They told me they hoped I was patient, because I would need to be if I were to survive.

While I expected to be introduced to Larry, I was instead presented to a collection of staff members, secretaries, security people and *Hustler* staffers. Then a special effort was made to have me shake hands with Dr. Timothy Leary, the radical educator of the 1960's who advocated mind expansion through the use of LSD. Since we had both written stories for the first issue of *The Rebel*, we were comrades of a sort. I was introduced to Indian activist Russell Means, Larry's vice-presidential running-mate, and his own group of associates and security people.

The caterers had the first of at least five courses on the tables when Larry made his dinner-time entrance. He wore a "Larry Flynt for President" T-shirt and was being

wheeled in in his gold-plated wheelchair with purple velvet seat and back.

Larry chatted openly, but politely, with the group as a whole. His slow southern drawl had a pleasant tone to it. He occasionally seasoned his sentences with expletives—just for the shock value, I think. The guests, some of them in their 70s, didn't seem to object to his demeanor. Occasionally he'd turn around to our table and ask politely if we'd keep the noise down.

Meanwhile, Larry wanted everyone to listen to his tape-recorded presidential candidacy announcement. He had his personal aide, Alan Graham, place a portable tape recorder on each of the tables and start them at exactly the same moment. The slight difference in tape speeds created the effect of Larry Flynt broadcasting from deeper and deeper into an echoing canyon. The people at the main table applauded and cheered softly when the announcement was over.

It was near midnight when the last course of the gourmet meal was served and eaten. Everyone except two men who had been arguing with each other all night migrated downstairs to the plush game room.

For those who were interested, Larry had one of his men play a videotape of poor black and white quality that showed a man looking very much like Ronald Reagan engaged in bizarre sex acts with a young, attractive blonde woman. Larry explained to the viewers that it's indeed Reagan and they're in the basement of the late Alfred Bloomingdale's mansion.

"This is one of Vicki Morgan's friends," Larry told the group. He indicated he had more tapes showing a lot more. While the tape played, a group of guests joined Larry at a large Las Vegas-style poker table. The banker wrote down "50" by each player's name. The stakes were too high for me, I thought. Later I learned the "50" meant $50,000.

My own frustration was that no one had introduced me to the man I was supposed to be studying. At nearly 2 a.m. I realized that the poker game could go on all night and that, introduced or not, I had to get some sleep.

The security chief suggested I return by 7 a.m. by cab. "And don't be late," he warned. Two armed security men got radio permission to walk me to one of the iron gates and let me out.

As I drove off, I interrogated my own experience, trying to prove to myself that I'd indeed learned something about Larry Flynt I hadn't known before. All I could think about was the comment Dr. Timothy Leary made to the television news crew. "One day historians will look back at Larry Flynt the same way they now see heroes like Thomas Paine, Mark Twain and Henry David Thoreau."

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away." —Henry David Thoreau

The mansion was already buzzing with workers and visitors at 8 a.m. A Salvadoran housekeeper was picking up after last night's guests. Security men were keeping up the steady flow of arriving guests, taking their luggage and inviting them into the living room. In the kitchen, another employee was preparing breakfast for two of the overnight guests. One by one, familiar faces from last night descended the circular staircase and joined in the preparation for a trip to Washington.

I hurried through my meal so as to not miss any of the news conference Larry had promised that Monday morning. I looked outside and found that there was already a crowd of reporters, photographers and camera crews in the patio area near the pool. Once outside, I chatted with fellow journalists. They were already grumbling that it was past 10 a.m. Flynt should have been out there 10 minutes before.

When Flynt finally arrived, the grumbling ended and the lights, cameras and action took over. He seemed furious. He called the media whores and prostitutes and said this would be his last news conference. When questioned, he insisted to reporters that he had not told the federal grand jury anything about the source of the John DeLorean videotapes he had given to CBS. Instead, he said it was *60 Minutes* producer Don Hewitt who had leaked the information.

The conference lasted nearly 45 minutes. During that time Flynt seemed to be going in every direction on nearly every subject he turned to. He held up copies of *Hustler*, called out to his people to bring him a tape recorder and a particular audio tape. He made reference to millions of dollars in kickbacks taken by government officials and then tried to find a particular taped conversation that might shed more light on it. He had the wrong tape. The next one wasn't right either. Soon the camera operators were turning to shoot each other for the obligatory "cutaway" shots that allow tape editors to show how much activity there was at the news conference. With only one microphone still on

From left, Flynt, Russell Means and Stokely Carmichael

the table in front of him, Flynt started playing the tape of his presidential candidacy announcement. *"If elected, my primary goal will be to eliminate sexual ignorance and venereal disease. Every ounce of strength I can muster, both physically and psychologically will be used courageously and endlessly to remove the massive repressive hand of government, the ruling class, from the crotch of the American people."*

The confusion didn't seem to end with the news conference. Additional cabs and limos did not arrive on schedule, there was confusion over which bags and people were to go in which limo and several people were dispatched to find that missing audio tape Larry wanted to play at the news conference.

Finally, a group consisting of an evangelist, an atheist, several Sioux Indians, a former government agent, a half-dozen security men, a CNN camera crew, a nurse, a freelance journalist and, of course, Larry Flynt, was on its way to the airport.

During the flight Flynt had time to pass out copies of two ads he had sent to daily papers. One featured a photograph of Larry wearing a Revolutionary Era costume and was titled "Larry Flynt on Life, Liberty and Justice for All." Beneath his picture and the title were smaller pictures of the nine Supreme Court justices. The pictures were upside down.

"Good morning, I am your worst nightmare-come-true: a fabulously wealthy pornographer with the courage and willingness to spend his last dime to expose how you are perverting the Constitution of this great land. (Smile.) Now let's get down to business."

What followed was a most impressively researched thesis providing an etymology of "pornography" and a complete history of the subject. It led all the way to the Supreme Court and its earlier decisions. The end was directed at that court.

"The right to impart and to receive information and ideas regardless of the social worth is fundamental to a free society.

"So move over, motherfuckers! This is not the Last Supper. This is the morning after, and I am the main man. I hope you don't think I have shown contempt for the Court. I have done my damnedest to conceal it."

The other reprint was titled "Larry Flynt on State/Church Separation." It featured a cartoon portraying the U.S. Supreme Court stomping to pieces a brick wall representing church/state separation. "And the walls came tumbling down," it was inscribed. Again, it was a remarkably well-researched point of view. If nothing else was clear to me, it was obvious we were on a collision course with the U.S. Supreme Court.

There was another document being passed around. It was a photocopy of the final draft of a telegram that, at that moment, was on its way to every member of Congress and every major news media outlet. It was a nine-page, single-spaced missive that accused the "CIA Thugs" of overthrowing the Bishop government in Grenada, the Reagan administrators of having personal financial interest in foreign nations, and government officials actually developing viruses such as Legionnaires' Disease, herpes and even AIDS. It closed by inviting any member of Congress to come to his hotel suite in Washington and view the Vicki Morgan sex tapes.

Washington, D.C. was certainly going to be interesting.

The plane trip also gave me time to observe a lot of other things about the man and his following. Rooks Boynton, the trip's resident evangelist, for example, was passing out high energy tablets to everyone in sight. His product was obviously in the health food category—a chalky protein tablet one might take instead of a full meal or a snack. Rooks also touched everyone's forehead with a wet finger in what appeared to be a blessing of safety.

When the jet landed at Washington's National Airport it was late evening and several limousines were awaiting us. Alan Graham and Bill Rider, the head of security, pointed everyone in the direction of the proper limousine before two strong bodyguards carried Larry down the steps to his wheelchair.

The limos were just about to depart when atheist leader Madalyn Murray O'Hair, who had joined the entourage, threw open the door of her limousine and scurried over to the car I was in. She sat down in the empty seat to my right.

"Everything okay?" I asked.

"No! Everything's not okay! They put that damn evangelist next to me!"

The next morning, Tuesday, November 8, publisher Larry Flynt had a rendezvous with the highest court of the nation. He dressed carefully, wearing a white dinner jacket and black pants. A black vest was buttoned up, revealing only a tiny part of the black T-shirt he wore beneath. Only the very top part of the letters on the shirt's message were showing. Unreadable.

Surrounded by bodyguards, Larry was wheeled down the hall from the Presidential Suite and into the elevator. The doors enclosed Larry, three security men, myself, Rooks Boynton and two or three other close associates. As the elevator descended from the 15th floor, the evangelist stood over Larry with his eyes closed and his left hand in the air and said a silent prayer—praying for Larry's safety on the trip to the court, I thought to myself.

When the elevator came to rest and the doors opened, Larry and his security people all seemed momentarily startled. Instead of the lobby, the opened doors revealed a mechanical room of sorts with a four-foot-high machine staring in from the threshold of the door, as if it were about to roll onto the elevator. It was apparently something used in the kitchen, because it had various attachments that looked like waffle irons. The handles of those attachments were pointing into the elevator at just about Larry's eye level. The shock was brief enough to only startle, but long enough to cause adrenaline to flow in everyone except for Rooks, who still had his eyes closed in prayer. Someone said with a nervous laugh, "Whoops, we ended up in the basement. Rooks, would you pray us up one floor?"

Evangelist Rooks rode in the stretch limousine with Larry and his security men. There were two American flags adorning the car—presidential style. Five other limousines traveled in the procession—presidential style—to the Supreme Court of the United States of America. While Alan Graham supervised the caravan and kept every limousine close to the next one, Rooks Boynton read from The New Testament.

"I am sending you out as sheep among wolves. Be as wary as serpents and harmless as doves. But beware! For you will be arrested and tried, and whipped in the synagogues. —Matthew 10:16-18

The news media were waiting for Flynt's arrival. Only the lead limo was allowed to drive down into the basement of the huge Supreme Court Building. While most members of the party waited outside, Larry and his attorneys entered the highest court.

As a member of the news media, I quickly got a temporary press credential and was escorted to a seat in the wing of the court. Flynt's case was already being argued. Scores of visitors, mostly students of high school government or social studies classes, sat for their brief chance to see the court in action.

They couldn't have known that Flynt had requested the chance to defend himself in court—a right he knew was rarely denied to competent defendants. They probably didn't know that the Supreme Court had denied Flynt the chance to speak on his own behalf and how Flynt saw this as yet another case where the court was making rulings that seemed to be based more on personal feelings than on legal points. And they certainly had no way of knowing that Larry Flynt was about to reach the boiling point.

As Flynt's attorney, David Kahn, recalls, "He sends a note to the clerk to go to the person that's appointed to argue the case. The note says that Mr. Flynt is one of the parties in this case. He's in the gallery. He'd like permission to speak for a few moments. Larry waits until the case is completely argued. Completely submitted. The court's adjourned and the note isn't even read. The request is never even made. So he reacts. He gets mad at that point."

From the media wing, I could see the

(PHOTO BY DON RAY)

(PHOTO BY JOHN RAY)

Evangelist Rooks Boynton gives Flynt gospel guidance on Dallas trip

justices and the microphone stand from where the parties argue their cases. I could also see some of the people in the gallery. Like everyone else, I stood up when the commotion began at the back of the room.

"Fuck this court! You deprive me of the counsel of my choice! Goddamn motherfuckers! You're nothing but nine assholes and a cunt!"

He was quickly wheeled into the foyer as he tore open the vest beneath his dinner jacket. The large white letters on his black T-shirt were now easy to read: "FUCK THIS COURT."

It would be impossible to watch both Larry and the nine justices at the same time. Those who were looking at the justices say they were stunned. Chief Justice Warren Burger was the only one who spoke aloud at the time. "Will you inform the marshal to take that man into custody!"

The other members of the media were buzzing. "What exactly did he say?" "What will they do with him?" "Has anyone ever said anything like that to them before?"

Maybe this is what Dr. Timothy Leary meant when he compared Flynt to Thomas Paine.

"Panics, in some cases, have their uses; they produce as much good as hurt. Their duration is always short; the mind soon grows through them and acquires a firmer habit than before. But their peculiar advantage is, that they are the touchstone of sincerity and hypocrisy, and bring things and men to light, which might otherwise have lain forever undiscovered." —Thomas Paine

The people crowding around the back entrance to the building had tripled by now. Larry Flynt was somewhere inside the building, and everyone was convinced he would eventually leave from this one particular exit. Instead, a police ambulance emerged from the other exit, followed by Flynt's limo. Quickly we scrambled for the other limos and jumped in. And I got to say something I've always wanted to say. "Follow that car! And step on it, Buddy!"

The madcap procession finally screeched to a halt in front of Capitol Hill Hospital. Bodyguards quickly helped Larry from his limo and placed him on the wheelchair. A heart attack? Was he shot? Attacked?

Some 20 minutes later Larry was wheeled from the hospital and back to his limousine. The few reporters who had been able to keep up with or locate the caravan shouted questions to him. His answer? "They didn't have a bathroom I could use back there. It's their fault I messed my pants!"

Another convoy, this time to the police headquarters and then to the Federal District Court. The federal officers there waved Flynt's limousine into the rear vehicle entrance and blew the whistle on the rest of us.

There was heavy security on the inside where Flynt was to appear before Magistrate Jean Dwyer. The hearing had to be moved to a larger courtroom because of all the reporters, artists and other spectators lined up to see the first person to ever shout obscenities at the U.S. Supreme Court.

Dwyer released Flynt on his own recognizance providing he agreed to stay away from the Supreme Court. The federal prosecutor made a vain attempt at having Larry's T-shirt held as evidence. The magistrate thought it would be more sensible to simply have one of the U.S. marshals take a photograph of the shirt.

After we raced back to the Madison Hotel, the security people for Flynt promised me there would be nothing happening that night. "You can have the night off," he assured me.

The next morning we flew to New York City for a business meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria. The meeting of magazine distributors was interrupted when executives of one of the television network news programs paid an invited visit to see the sex tape of the man resembling the President. They watched with interest and asked for more. Larry said "That's all you're going to get. Get out your checkbooks. This is

checkbook journalism." They asked to hear the audio. Larry stood firm. They agreed that the man in the scene indeed looked like Reagan, but they had to be sure.

"Wasn't I right on with the DeLorean tapes?" Larry reminded them. They agreed that he was credible in that case but they needed more proof with the sex tapes.

"I want to make it very clear," said a network producer. "We have *never* paid for a story and we *never* will." Larry only laughed. Again, it seemed like there was a method to his madness. But I couldn't be sure it wasn't luck, either.

We spent the evening at a hotel overlooking Central Park. The TV executives came back to talk some more. No deal was made.

On the plane back to Washington that night, I asked Alan Graham just how he expected to help such a man win public approval when so many of the things he does has the effect of alienating the would-be voters.

"I think he chooses to go to the extremes to get attention, but if you look closer there are several layers. If you look beneath the layers you'll find a deeply devout, deeply religious man. George Patton was the most foul-mouthed man on the face of this planet and yet he read the Bible every morning and was deeply, deeply committed to the principle of the Bible and I think Flynt eventually will come to that."

"Take calculated risks. That is quite different from being rash." "... In war nothing is impossible, provided you use audacity." —Gen. George S. Patton

From Washington, D.C. the next day, the Flynt party flew to Las Vegas to watch the Hagler-Duran fight. They returned to Los Angeles for a day and then left again for Colorado Springs for a brief rest.

The following Monday Larry Flynt appeared before Judge Robert Takasugi who wanted Flynt to reveal his source of the alleged DeLorean audio tape. Larry refused and was found in contempt of court. He was told he'd have to pay $10,000 each day until he agreed to reveal the source. That day his driver was arrested by federal officers for stopping the limousine against their orders. In the next few days Larry delivered the money each day, sometimes in small bills. On Thursday, November 17, Larry appeared for his daily meeting in court wearing only a camouflaged army helmet, a white bullet-proof vest and an American flag—worn as a diaper. He also wore a Purple Heart medal.

While Judge Takasugi didn't seem to object to the attire, he did object to the form of payment—10,000 $1 bills delivered by a handful of beautiful young women. The judge ordered Flynt to count out the money personally. Late that evening FBI agents found Flynt napping on the floor in one of the offices and, following a brief struggle, arrested him on charges of des-

(PHOTO BY DON RAY)

Alan Graham coordinates Kennedy motorcade parody

In mock misery, Larry Flynt is rushed to Parkland Hospital

(PHOTO BY DON RAY)

ecrating the American flag and wearing the Purple Heart he had not earned. He was released, again, on his own recognizance.

The next day he was late appearing with his money. The judge issued a bench warrant for Flynt's arrest, but he arrived shortly thereafter.

Tuesday, November 22, was the 20th anniversary of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. On that day, Larry Flynt was determined to drive the same route as Kennedy's ill-fated motorcade. Flynt did just that.

Our burgeoning entourage boarded a Boeing 727 jetliner owned by Regent Air, a relatively new scheduled service for millionaires and top executives. Flynt leased the entire luxury plane and its crew for the trip. Much of the same crowd went along—the security men, the evangelist, several members of the American Indian Movement, and myself. Alan Graham and a hired video camera crew had flown to Dallas earlier to set up the motorcade and arrange for the needed limousines. When we arrived, there were not enough vehicles for all the people in the party. Someone said the drivers of the hired limos drove off the job before the jet even arrived because they objected to orders that they wear "Larry Flynt for President" T-shirts over their black suits. After a wait on the ground for nearly 30 minutes, enough limos and taxis were rounded up to allow the motorcade to begin.

I elected to ride in the front seat of one of the taxis so I could take better pictures along the way. When I told the driver we would be driving the route the Kennedy motorcade had taken, he laughed and told me how he had picked up a fare exactly 20 years earlier near the Texas School Book Depository and taken him across town. He remembered the man carried nothing with him and paid the fare with exact change—no tip. Soon the FBI was interrogating the driver, Charles Kimberlin, to find out what he could remember about his fare, Lee Harvey Oswald.

We weren't the only ones who came to Dallas for the occasion. Probably every dedicated assassination-theory buff was there, near the grassy knoll on Elm Street. We drove up and slowed down by the park there. A crowd of reporters and curious onlookers surrounded the limo Flynt was in. People walked away from the car buzzing about Flynt's offer of $1 million for a solution to the Kennedy assassination mystery. We drove by again, repeating the same scene. By the time we were back at the hotel, there were already anxious historians there to share their theories and proof with Larry Flynt. He had told the media that he'd return to Elm Street at 4 p.m. He was able to chat with a few of the "bounty hunters" before it was time to, once again, drive the assassination route. This time, though, the fun was to begin.

One car went ahead to "set things up" while Flynt's limo and the one the rest of us were riding in circled several blocks, awaiting word that "everything was ready." From the conversations between Alan Graham and his helpers, there was to be a loud "bang" expected as the Flynt car came to where Kennedy was shot.

When the word came over the two-way radio, the two-car motorcade began—first our car and then the Flynt limo. We slowed to almost a fast walk as we passed the Book Depository and then the grassy knoll.

"What happened to the dynamite?" Larry said over the radio. "What went wrong?" No one knew; the two assigned to set off the firecrackers missed their cue. The decision was made to make another run. "You tell them they can walk home if they don't set off that dynamite," Larry warned.

On the next drive-by, bang or no bang, Larry would do his part in the re-creation. Indeed, no bang came, but the crowd of journalists and others who thronged around the limousine got to see Larry Flynt, his face covered with catsup, moaning as if he'd been shot.

"I've been shot!" he said in a mimicked moan. "Take me to the hospital for an autopsy!" With that the two limos sped onto the expressway and rushed to Parkland Memorial Hospital, where John Kennedy was taken 20 years earlier. We pulled in and stopped near the entrance to the emergency room. His aides quickly placed Larry in his wheelchair and rolled the moaning victim inside. For a few short moments the staff of the hospital reacted as if it were an actual emergency. Then they realized with whom they were dealing and what the occasion was. Strangely, no one seemed offended, upset or alarmed. Instead, a small crowd of hospital employees and onlookers crowded around Larry and asked him friendly questions as a skillful nurse healed his wounds with a wet towel. Many of them waved to him as he was wheeled back to his limousine.

I had witnessed another unique antic of a man who seemed to defy the moral structure of the nation. I thought about Dr. Leary's assessment of Flynt. Thoreau? Paine? Mark Twain?

"We have no real morals, just artificial ones, morals created and preserved by the forced depression of natural and healthy instincts." —Mark Twain

That evening there was a news conference planned at the hotel. Only a couple of reporters showed up. Another news conference was planned later. But first, Larry wanted to take his guests to dinner. There was about a dozen of us at Jean-Claude Restaurant. The bill, before tips, came to $969. When we returned, obviously stuffed with probably the best food in Texas, we immediately headed for one of the hotel meeting rooms where the combination news conference and reception was to take place.

There were no more than a dozen people at one time in the meeting room. But there was enough food for hundreds. Gourmet foods, shrimp, prime rib sliced to order, other shellfish, cheeses and much, much more. On the other side of the room was the full bar. The few reporters who showed were able to eat like never before and also got a chance to hear Larry's presidential candidacy tape.

"After all is said and done, who would you prefer as your next President? A Hollywood ham, an addlebrained astronaut or a smut peddler who cares?"

Again, the sex tape was played for the reporters, and they were given copies of photographs allegedly showing the late Rep. Larry MacDonald having sex with two women.

There was no sleeping on the late-night flight to Washington. "One of those Texas storms" as the pilot called it threw us and the plane from one side of the Lone Star sky to the other. It was nearly 4 a.m. when we arrived at the Madison Hotel. For most of us, it had been a 24-hour day. Everyone was worn out—except Larry Flynt.

Later that morning, Larry appeared again before Magistrate Dwyer for his official arraignment. He requested permission to represent himself in the case against him—a charge of impeding the administration of justice—stemming from his outburst before the Supreme Court. This time, he was told he could, indeed, represent himself. The next hearing date was set for Jan. 19, 1984. "Pleasant holidays," said Magistrate Dwyer with a warm smile. "See you next year."

The Flynt party flew on to Ohio and Kentucky for Thanksgiving festivities. I elected to return and contemplate all that I'd heard and seen. I was ready now to actually sit down and interview the man who was so outrageous, yet so successful. So vulgar, yet so colorful. So devious, yet apparently so honest.

I put my request in for the interview on the day the group returned to Los Angeles. At 7 p.m., Larry called and said I should come right over for the interview. As usual, there was already a house full of guests—Dr. Leary, Frank Zappa, Marjoe Gortner and more. There were also others there to talk with him personally—many of the people I'd first seen in Dallas. By 11 p.m. it was clear I'd have to take the advice nearly everyone near Larry Flynt had given. "You've got to get up pretty early in the morning to talk to Larry."

At 8 a.m. there was already a team of physical therapists there to evaluate Larry's chances of being taught to walk again. His hired video crew was there to record the pre-examination interview and the actual physical evaluation. There interview went nearly a half-hour longer than the five minutes they planned. His story of the shooting, out-of-body experiences in the emergency room, drugs for the pain, the decision to kill himself and the remarkable

(PHOTO BY DON RAY)

Marjoe Gortner and Dr. Timothy Leary among guests at Flynt mansion

faith and dedication of his wife, Althea, provided as much insight into the man as anything I'd seen or read.

By the time my turn to interview him came up, he was in a hurry to make a luncheon date. He chatted with me in his bathroom while his nurse helped him dress and groom himself.

"Thomas Jefferson once said, 'enlighten the masses and tyranny will vanish.' So that's what I'm trying to do. Now the reason everybody thinks I'm crazy is because you need a 180-degree change.

"I'm fighting the Supreme Court, the Congress, the executive branch and the media—all at the same time. Any one of them in itself is a big enough battle. The media is the worst because they're more corrupt than government. They're not corrupt intentionally. They're corrupt because their bureaucracy makes them inept. And when you're inept, you're easily bought."

It was logical. Maybe his premise was wrong, but it was certainly logical. I've certainly seen the ineptness of the media. I'd even seen Flynt, himself, bartering with the media. I'd seen how the courts reacted to him and how his behavior possibly enhances or reduces his chances of favorable treatment.

But I couldn't be convinced that Larry Flynt could really go all the way in his run for the presidency.

Maybe Timothy Leary was right in his assessment. Historians would look back at Larry Flynt the same way they now see Thomas Paine, Henry David Thoreau and Mark Twain. He's certainly as colorful as was William Randolph Hearst and as brash and determined as Gen. George Patton. And his rise to riches from poverty makes him unpredictable and maybe even more vulnerable than those born and spoon-fed their riches.

The only thing that can be said for certain is that there is much more to the man than the public can surmise from his actions. For the first time, now, his endeavor is solely dependent upon public opinion. Since our brief interview, Larry Flynt has been arrested in Anchorage, Alaska for violating bail restrictions set forth by the magistrate in the case involving the U.S.-flag diaper. Then again he was arrested on a similar charge in Chicago. His immediate defense was that he wasn't really Larry Flynt. He forced the federal prosecutors to prove his identity. Flynt was placed in a federal prison in Illinois. No one, including Flynt himself, seems to know what the outcome of this most recent escapade will be. He's certainly effecting a change in public opinion. If he doesn't win favorable public opinion, there's something he can fall back on—at least according to the late Henry David Thoreau.

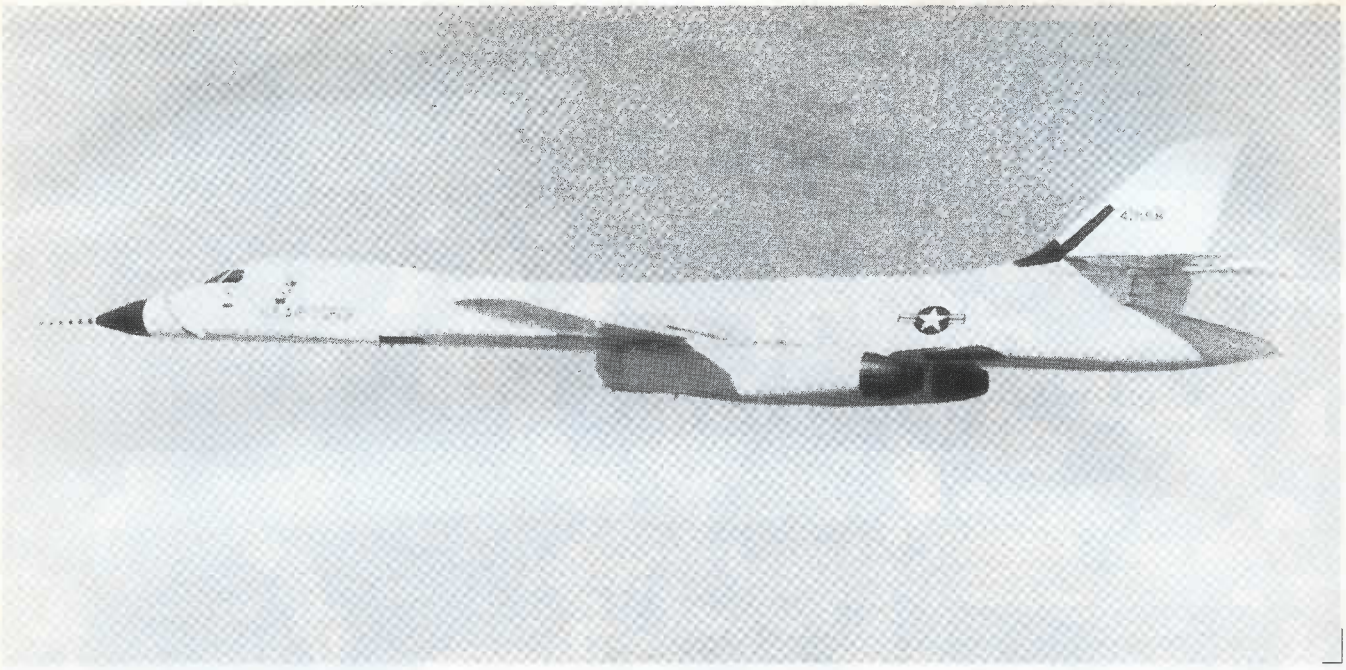
"Public opinion is a weak tyrant compared with our own private opinion. What a man thinks of himself, that is which determines, or rather indicates, his fate." —Henry David Thoreau

The two comments I've heard the most in the month I've been working on this project are:

"What's wrong with him? Is he bored?"

And . . . "You know, I think I'm going to vote for him."

Don Ray is a freelance journalist based in Los Angeles. He has worked for NBC, CBS, PBS, and is currently working on a book about the 1928 collapse of the St. Francis Dam.



(UPI)

Massive cost overruns on the Rockwell B-1 bomber were charged to the space shuttle program

Defense Contractor Theft

Suppliers of military hardware often overcharge their only customer, up to 10,000 percent

By Victor Cook

Staring into the cameras, an angry Sen. William Roth Jr. (R-Delaware) held up a tiny piece of metal before the assembled newsmen and Defense Department officials. The stunned crowd listened as Roth revealed that General Dynamics Corporation, one of the nation's largest defense contractors, had billed the government $9,609 for the item, a hexagon wrench a Senate committee investigator bought in a hardware store for 12 cents.

Roth's revelation at that November 2 hearing is one tiny example of a defense contracting system that has resulted in the loss of hundreds of millions of taxpayers' dollars through massive cost overruns, astronomical spare parts overcharges and outright fraud.

A prime example of such rip-offs is Rockwell International's handling of its contracts for the space shuttle, the B-1 bomber and several satellite programs.

To understand Rockwell's actions it is necessary to look at two types of Defense Department contracts. The first is a "fixed-price" contract, one that requires work to be performed for a set figure. Cost overruns on this type of contract must come out of company profits. The second is a "cost-plus" contract, which puts no set figure on costs and allows the contractor to add a fixed profit to the total.

A detailed account of Rockwell's manipulation of these contracts—at taxpayers' expense—was provided to *The Rebel* by Robert Wityczak, a former Rockwell employee who was fired after he blew the whistle on contract improprieties.

(S. JURCAN)

Former Rockwell employee Robert Wityczak

Wityczak went to work for Rockwell in 1973 at the firm's Space Transportation and Systems Group facility in Downey, California.

In 1977, Wityczak told *The Rebel*, he and other employees were ordered to bill time they spent working on fixed-price contracts for the B-1 bomber, the Teal Ruby and P80-1 spy satellites and the Global Positioning System navigational satellite to the space shuttle cost-plus contract.

Wityczak says he complied for a time, but in late 1977 informed his supervisors he would no longer mischarge on time cards.

During the same period, Wityczak says, he noticed that material ordered from outside suppliers was being billed to projects whose blueprints didn't call for the items. He pinpoints 12 orders for $150,000 worth of gold tape used for electrical circuits. The tape, he says, was billed to the space shuttle but taken by management officials who made personal use of it or sold it for profit. He also revealed that Rockwell officials Daniel Brown and Joseph Cuzzipoli ordered an expensive hydraulic paper-cutting machine for a printing business they owned on the side, and charged it to the space shuttle.

Wityczak gave documents indicating the mischarges and theft to company officials in 1978. They promised to turn them over to the FBI, but Wityczak was never contacted by that agency.

In the months after he turned over the documents, Wityczak says the company began to harass him. He was removed from his job and made to perform menial office chores and physical work. A wheelchair-bound triple amputee as the result of a mine explosion in Vietnam, Wityczak says he was forced to work in inventory and move heavy and awkward items. He was required to tow 300-pound carts, grasping them with the hook that replaces his amputated left hand and rolling his wheelchair with his right hand. He was in-

(S. JURCAN)

Vietnam veteran Wityczak has received warnings to "forget everything"

jured on several occasions, he says, and on several occasions the strain of the work caused the axle of his wheelchair to snap.

Wityczak says he knows the company was trying to break him, but because he has a wife and five children to support, he knew he could not quit. "Besides," he says, "I was determined to show the company they couldn't break me for doing the right thing."

After a series of medical leaves for an ulcer, a hernia and psychological care, Wityczak was fired in May 1982. In July he filed a civil suit in Los Angeles Superior Court charging that Rockwell wrongfully discharged him and accusing the company of intentional and negligent infliction of mental and physical distress. On Feb. 16, 1983 Wityczak awoke at 2:15 a.m. to the sound of barking dogs. He looked out his window to see his boat, parked in his driveway, engulfed in flames. When the fire was out a note was found on his mailbox. It read: "Forget everything you've seen and heard. This is your first and only warning. This time it's your boat. Next time it'll be your ass and your family."

During and even before Wityczak made his revelations, a number of other Rockwell employees were making accusations of contract mischarges. Ray Sena, a manufacturing manager at Rockwell's Downey plant, took his allegations to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's inspector general's office in 1979. Other employees made statements corroborating Sena's charges. The Justice Department looked at the matter but decided not to prosecute Rockwell.

The matter would have ended there, but J. Brian Hyland, deputy inspector general at NASA, urged the Justice Department to reopen the case, saying he believed Rockwell's mischarges amounted to as much as $5 million.

After months of investigation by the Defense Contract Audit Agency, NASA and the FBI, the case went before a federal grand jury in Los Angeles in late 1980. But, after months of investigation, the Justice Department dropped its criminal investigation and negotiated a civil settlement with Rockwell. The settlement required Rockwell to pay the government $500,000 and invest $1 million in a computerized time-keeping system designed to prevent future mischarges. The company got off the hook without ever admitting guilt.

Critics of the Justice Department action say the department was unenthusiastic about the prosecution from the beginning, dragging its feet until much of the evidence had passed the five-year statute of limitations. They also say the Justice Department ignored evidence that several Rockwell executives had knowledge of the mischarges.

Since the civil settlement, a NASA inspector general's investigation has shown that Rockwell's cost-plus contracts had overruns of as much as 400 percent. At the same time, the fixed-price contract for the Global Positioning System had none. Some critics believe that fixed-price overruns were charged to cost-plus contracts at taxpayers' expense.

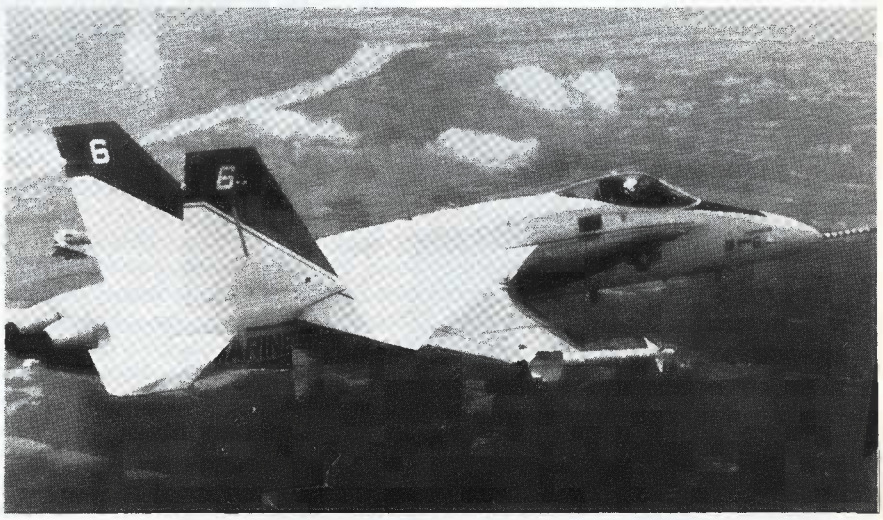
Rockwell's contract for the space shuttle, originally expected to cost $5.15 billion, has now reached almost $10 billion.

But Rockwell is not the only guilty party in the category of cost overruns. In 1981 the General Accounting Office estimated that 137 defense projects with original costs of $184.1 billion had increased to $427.2 billion. A similar Defense Department report showed that costs of 62 major weapons had grown from an expected $257.2 billion to about $539.7 billion by the end of 1982, qualifying cost overruns as the single largest hole in taxpayers' defense pocketbook.

A look at Hughes Aircraft's performance on the $6.2-billion Maverick Missile contract illustrates how such cost overruns come about. According to a December 1982 Air Force report, Hughes is spending 3,088.2 hours fabricating, assembling and testing each Maverick—a job the Air Force estimates should take no more than 178.4 hours. The Air Force cites Hughes' ineffective program for developing supervisors and managers, inefficient use of workers' time that results in 15 percent of workers being idle at any given time, and contract provisions that allow Hughes to make revisions almost at will.

In May 1982 the Air Force expected the cost for an initial run of 490 missiles to be $480,000 each. By September production was cut to 200 missiles at a cost of $1.1 million each. Overall, the Maverick program is expected to balloon to at least $8.2 billion, $2 billion more than the original estimate.

A look at other major weapons contracts shows Hughes is not alone in megabuck cost escalations. The F-16 fighter, built by General Dynamics, has increased from $9.20 million per plane to $20.01 million, an increase of 118 percent; the F-15 and F-18 fighters, built by McDonnell Douglas, have increased from $8.06 million per plane to $28.19 million and $15.88 million each to $28.93 million, respectively. The new F-15 cost represents an increase of 250 percent per plane.



(WIDE WORLD)

The price of the McDonnell Douglas F-18 Hornet escalated from $15.88 to $28.93 million

Rockwell originally estimated that the B-1 bomber program could be completed for $11.9 billion. The Defense Department felt that $20.44 billion was a more accurate figure. Both were wrong. As of Dec. 31, 1982, the figure had risen to at least $28.33 billion—and the Congressional Budget Office estimates the eventual total will top $40 billion.

In 1982 the Department of Defense spent $13 billion for tools and spare parts to maintain its weapons. Because of noncompetitive buying and "redeterminable" contracts, a number of large contractors

have been able to reap huge unjustified profits.

Pratt & Whitney Aircraft emerges as the chief culprit in the spare parts scandal, according to government reports.

In 1982 Pratt & Whitney sold the Pentagon $600 million in spare parts for the fighter plane engines it manufactures. A General Accounting Office audit in April 1982 showed that Pratt & Whitney had billed the Air Force $1,544,920 for parts the company bought from subcontractors for $261,684 (about one-sixth of what Pratt charged the Air Force).

The Air Force could have bought the parts directly from the subcontractor and saved the huge markup, but Pratt & Whitney has imposed restrictions on the government's freedom to put the parts out for bid. Pratt & Whitney has managed to get the Pentagon to buy 80 percent of its spare parts for Pratt & Whitney engines from the company itself, even though Pratt buys the vast majority of them from subcontractors.

In another fast-buck move, Pratt & Whitney allied with one of its major subcontractors, Bendix Corp. The two companies sold tools to repair a Bendix-made fuel system on Pratt's F-100 engine, charging the Air Force $1,437,000 when their cost was only $531,000. "Neither the first-tier contractor (Bendix) nor Pratt's Government Products Division furnished any materials or performed any production labor in the manufacture of these tools," wrote George Spanton, the Defense Contract Audit Agency's auditor at Government Products Division's West Palm Beach, Florida plant. In effect, the Pentagon paid $906,000 delivery charge, and the taxpayer picked up the bill. Included in that price were such charges as $221 for a pair of needlenose pliers and $269 for a socket wrench extension, both of which could be purchased in any hardware store for less than $10.

Using redeterminable contracts, Pratt & Whitney and other firms have quoted prices to the government at the time of order, only to add exorbitant increases at time of delivery. At least 25 items were raised 100 percent or more between order in 1980-81 and delivery in 1982. One item, described simply as a tube, went from $12 at order to $639.29 at delivery—a 5,227 percent markup. The majority of the remaining items were increased 200 to 600 percent.

A number of other defense contractors made exorbitant price increases in the 1980-82 period. They include:

- General Electric—Increases on 10 items ranging from 103 percent to 798 percent.
- Rolls Royce—An increase of 1,380 percent for a ring seating.
- Sunstrand—An increase of 243 percent on a spool sleeve.
- Detroit Diesel—An increase of 665 percent on a ring and bearing cage.

All of these firms, including Pratt and Bendix, have Basic Ordering Agreements with the Pentagon that allow them to increase prices between order and delivery time. In the case of Pratt & Whitney, overcharges amounted to $150 million, according to Spanton.

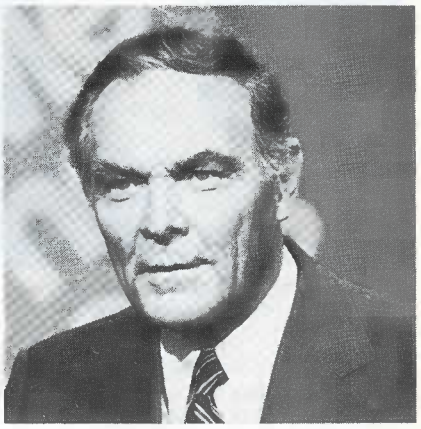
Pentagon critics say the government has the right to challenge Pratt & Whitney's restrictions on competitive buying and set them aside. So far, because of the lack of initiative or will, it has not been done. In June 1982, the House Appropriations Committee staff said that most Pentagon procurement officers are "primarily interested in receiving a product, on time, with as few problems as possible. While important, the cost of a product is not one of the officers' major concerns." The committee went on to say that one dollar in every four could be saved if contracts were open to more competitive bidding. Applying more competition to bidding for parts and equipment alone, the committee revealed, could save $10.5 billion.

Even officials of the Reagan Administration, which has shown extreme reluctance to prosecute defense contractors, admit money could be saved. David Stockman, Reagan's budget director, said in 1981 that defense spending was characterized by "blatant inefficiency, poor deployment of manpower and contracting idiocy." He called the Pentagon "a kind of swamp of $10- to $20- to $30-billion worth of waste that can be ferreted out if you really push hard."

Since the early days of his administration, President Reagan promised to root out fraud and waste in federal spending. But when it comes to the defense sector, the administration has been unenthusiastic. The Reagan Justice Department let Rockwell off the hook on the space shuttle mischarges. Retired Admiral Hyman Rickover has charged the Reagan Administration has dropped or is attempting to drop three major cases involving cost overrun claims:

- The Navy Claims Settlement Board said the Electric Boat Division of General Dynamics Corp. was entitled to only $125 million of $843 million in shipbuilding cost overrun claims the company submitted in the late '70s. The Navy, however, settled the claim by paying Electric Boat $484 million in order to avoid drawn-out litigation. The Justice Department investigated the case but dropped it in 1982, saying there was "insufficient evidence of criminal fraud."
- In late 1982 a federal court dismissed an indictment against the Ingalls Shipbuilding Division of Litton Industries on a charge of defrauding the government of $37 million on cost overrun claims of $1.1 billion. The court ruled that Ingalls had been deprived of a speedy trial and the government paid Ingalls $447 million of its claims.
- The Justice Department has tried to drop an investigation of Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co. on allegedly fraudulent overrun claims of $742 million. The government settled the claim for $189 million. Rickover claims Justice disbanded the unit investigating Newport News and thus has given the case low priority and inadequate resources.

The federal government has a long history of leniency when it comes to investigating and prosecuting. The Carter and Nixon administrations were just as remiss as the Reagan regime.



(WIDE WORLD)

Gen. Alexander Haig

Critics cite a number of reasons for this lack of zeal:

- Many of the major aerospace contractors are so closely allied with the Defense Department one critic has described government prosecution of the firms as "tantamount to shooting itself in the foot." In many cases only a handful of large firms have the production capacity and engineering talent to build today's highly sophisticated weaponry. Convicting one of these firms would necessitate finding a new contractor for the project, a process the government says would be too costly to contemplate.
- When it comes to employment, a revolving door exists between the government and many of the major contractors. Three board members of General Dynamics have held high government posts, as have three members of McDonnell Douglas' board and four members of Grumman Aviation's board. When General Alexander Haig, a former member of the National Security Council, departed the Nixon Administration in the wake of Watergate, he stepped right into the presidency of United Technologies, the parent company of Pratt & Whitney. The door revolved back toward government when Haig hooked up with the Reagan Administration in 1981. Many critics believe these close relationships create an atmosphere of cronyism and shared interests that work against justice.
- Justice Department footdragging in the Rockwell case and the ultimate dismissal of that case, some critics believe, may have had something to do with the

Where The Money Goes

Defense contractors make extravagant and sometimes personal use of the taxpayers' money. Here are just a few examples:

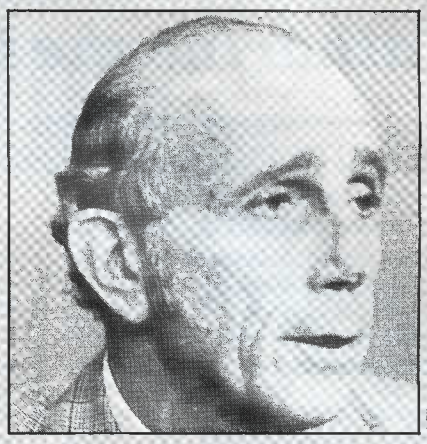
• Executive compensation—In 1976, Harry J. Gray, chairman of United Technologies, parent company of Pratt & Whitney, was the highest paid executive in America, earning well over $1 million in salary and bonuses. Two years later Gray and T. A. Wilson and Malcolm T. Stamper of Boeing and Willard Rockwell Jr. and Robert Anderson were on the list of the 15 top paid executives, all receiving substantially over $1 million. Eighty-five of the top executives of Pratt & Whitney's Government Products Division were paid $105,000 or more in one recent year, a figure critics say is 40 percent higher than the industry standard. Robert Anderson, chairman of Rockwell, allegedly earned more than $1.3 million in 1982.

• Lavish living—The hills of Bel Air, California, noted for the lavish homes of wealthy entertainers and athletes, are also a favorite locale for the homes of defense corporation executives. Thomas V. Jones, chairman of Northrop Corp., owns a home and property in Bel Air with an assessed value of more than $870,000. In addition he owns at least nine other properties in Los Angeles and docks his $275,000 yacht in nearby Marina del Rey. The nearby home of Henry Singleton, chairman of Teledyne Corp. is valued on county tax rolls at $2,268,114. Singleton owns other Los Angeles County property totalling almost $500,000.

A grand jury in West Palm Beach, Florida, is investigating charges that executives of Pratt & Whitney's Government Products Division charged extravagant perqs to their defense contracts. Among the charges are millions for entertainment, travel for executives and their wives to Tel Aviv, Tokyo and Australia, and auto leases of $300 or more per month for Mercedes-Benz's and Porsches for 100 executives. Two Rockwell executives allegedly decorated their condominiums in Florida and billed it to the space shuttle.

• Questionable payments—Between 1971 and 1978 Boeing paid out "sales commissions" of $52 million, $27 million of which went to officials of seven foreign governments. Lockheed admitted in 1977 that it "might have made" $38 million in questionable payments. McDonnell Douglas admitted "possible payments" of $21.6 million to 18 nations between 1969 and 1978. Northrop has admitted giving $450,000 to two Saudi Arabian generals and admitted in February of 1976 to spending $861,000 in Greece, Italy, Portugal, Somalia and Turkey. Lockheed, Boeing and Rockwell all negotiated settlements with the Securities and Exchange Commission in which they agreed to refrain from further payments without admitting earlier guilt.

• Political contributions—In 1968 officers and directors of the top 25 defense and nuclear contractors gave $1.2 million, overwhelmingly to Republicans. In the 1972 election, Nixon's fundraisers focused on defense contractors, asking for minimum contributions of $100,000 each from the larger firms. Officers and executives of these firms complied by giving $3.2 million before a new law requiring funding disclosure went into effect on April 7, 1972. After that, the same sources contributed $2.2 million more. Northrop Corp. was found to have made $150,000 in illegal contributions. In 1974 federal election laws placed strict limits on what individuals and political action committees (PACs) could contribute to a campaign. Election records show that PACs of eight major defense contractors donated $1.26 million between 1974 and 1980. Much of the money that did not go to the presidential campaign went to memebers of the Senate and House Armed Services and Defense Appropriations committees. ■ —V.C.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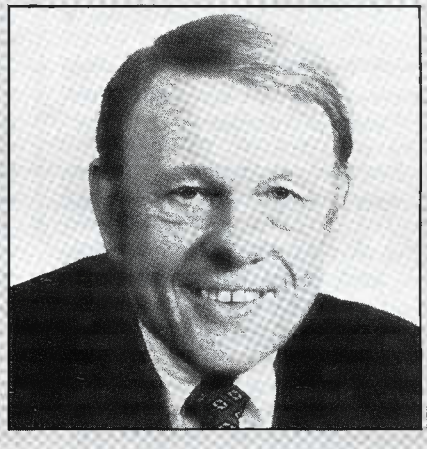

(UPI)

(UPI)

(Top) United Technologies chairman Harry J. Gray (middle) Boeing President Malcolm T. Stamper (below) Robert Anderson, president of Rockwell International

fact that Rockwell's longtime legal counsel, Gibson, Dunn and Crutcher, lists as its former senior partner Attorney General William French Smith. The U.S. Attorney's office in Los Angeles dropped its probe of Rockwell within a month after Gibson, Dunn and Crutcher appealed to the Justice Department for dismissal.

• The major defense contractors have long been among the largest corporate contributors to federal election campaigns. Between 1974 and 1980 political action committees of the major aerospace contractors gave $1.26 million to federal campaigns. In 1971 and '72, officers and directors of defense contracting firms gave $5.4 million to the Nixon campaign.

The massive rip-off of public funds, most critics admit, will only be curtailed when the Justice Department does its job and indicts and vigorously prosecutes the major defense corporations and their executives.

Until then every American taxpayer will continue paying through the nose. ■

Victor Cook is a freelance investigative reporter based in Corona del Mar, Cal.

The Suppression of *Katharine the Great*

Why a controversial book about the *Washington Post*, Watergate and Katharine Graham was shredded.

By Walter and Miriam Schneir

Who killed the Deborah Davis book *Katharine the Great*? Why did one of the nation's most respected publishers, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, suddenly shred thousands of copies of its major nonfiction offering for the season, destroy the printing plates, and then, recently, pay author Davis a handsome $100,000 to settle her breach-of-contract suit just before it was ready to come to trial?

In short, what is the real story behind the suppression of this sensational unauthorized biography of one of the most powerful women in America, Katharine Graham, chairman of the board of both the *Washington Post* and *Newsweek* magazine?

The destruction of the controversial book has intrigued literary circles since it occurred four years ago. According to Harcourt, its unprecedented action was justified because it "lost confidence" in the author on account of the book's many errors. The *Washington Post* insists that it did nothing wrong and was, in fact, the injured party. But Davis charges that it was *Post* muscle that brought about her book's demise. The paper, she says, was embarrassed by her allegations that its late publisher, Philip Graham, and various staffers, including present executive editor Benjamin C. Bradlee, maintained a too-close relationship with top CIA officials.

Pretrial discovery proceedings in the Davis lawsuit forced Harcourt to divulge its private in-house memos and correspondence on the affair. As a result, new details about the dispute are now available.

Katharine the Great was Deborah Davis' first book. She received a $35,000 advance, a considerable amount for a young writer with no track record. In addition her agent, the highly regarded Elaine Markson, had obtained a contract from Harcourt with an unusual feature: a guaranteed minimum printing of 25,000. Davis submitted her completed manuscript in summer 1979 and, after slight revision, the publisher accepted it. It was carefully checked for libel. Harcourt president William Jovanovich, who had read and approved the original Davis proposal, kept close watch on the book in the months before publication.

There is every indication that the firm was high on *Katharine the Great.* One handwritten memo obtained from Harcourt by Davis' attorney enthusiastically announced that the book contained "important new information about Watergate and about the CIA" that was "hot" and extremely newsworthy. And "regardless of all this," the memo went on, we have "an excellent and humane and sympathetic biography of a fascinating and important woman." Other documents revealed that Harcourt had submitted *Katharine the Great* to the prestigious American Book Awards as one of the firm's outstanding and most valuable publications of 1979.

The company's publicity team wound up to pitch a big one. Promotional posters were printed. At the important American Booksellers convention, the Graham biography was featured as the firm's headliner for the upcoming season. TV appearances were arranged for Davis in major cities. Advertising copy promised "dramatic, never-before-told stories of . . . the *Post*'s CIA connections" and "new information on Watergate secrets."

Prior to publication of the book, the *Chicago Tribune* reported that the manuscript was being locked in a safety deposit box. The final pages of the book, which named CIA operative Richard Ober as "Deep Throat," the *Washington Post*'s Watergate informant, were not sent to the printer until the last possible moment to preserve secrecy. Magazines were informed that no galleys would be released and potential buyers of subsidiary rights had to read the book at the office of Harcourt under hush-hush conditions.

The results of this media hype could only have been gratifying. Literary Guild bought the book as its alternate selection for spring 1980. *New York* magazine offered a minimum of $10,000 for first serial rights. *Book Digest* planned to feature *Katharine the Great* on its cover. A British edition was sold. Nine paperback houses expressed interest in buying reprint rights. Most of the first printing of 25,000 copies was quickly ordered by booksellers. The work seemed headed for bestsellerdom. Then, suddenly, in the words of Harcourt's director of subsidiary rights, "the shit hit the fan."

New York magazine unaccountably cancelled its scheduled pre-publication excerpt from the book. Next, the *Village Voice*'s astute libertarian guardian of the press, Alexander Cockburn, reported *New York*'s action sympathetically and quoted several of the magazine's editors who criticized the book for its lack of sources and its many errors. The third shot fired at Davis' work was an article in the *Wall Street Journal* that concluded "the book and its tortured thesis are rubbish."

After being informed of the destruction of the book, both Katharine Graham (left) and

Deborah Davis has countered with the claim that the hidden hand of the *Washington Post* was behind all three of these damaging incidents. Alexander Cockburn, she says, was living with a daughter of Katharine Graham at the time he wrote unfavorably about *Katharine the Great.* The author of the *Wall Street Journal* attack also had a personal connection with Graham's newspaper, since his father had been president of the board of the *Washington Post.* And the executive editor of the *Post,* Benjamin C. Bradlee, had allegedly telephoned *New York* magazine and threatened to sue if they ran the piece.

It's been said that when the powerful want to get their way, they either break your arm or invite you to lunch. The *Washington Post* used both approaches in its dealings with Harcourt. Ben Bradlee—whose state of mind may be discerned from a reporter's description of him "pounding his fist against a newsroom wall" in fury at the Davis book—played the heavy. Katharine Graham was the mollifier.

(PENELOPE BREESE/GAMMA LIAISON)

Ben Bradlee (right) sent soothing thank you notes to Publisher William Jovanovich

Shortly after pub date in November 1979, Bradlee sent a letter to Gene Stone, the editor of *Katharine the Great,* that was characterized by the firm's editor-in-chief as "rude, angry and rather vicious." After berating Stone for doing "absolutely nothing" to check the book's accuracy, Bradlee threatened "to brand you as completely irresponsible" and "to put your company in that special little group of publishers who don't give a shit for the truth."

A reporter from the *Washington Post* called Gene Stone and said he was checking a story his "boss" had given him that the editor of the Katharine Graham biography had been fired. Considerably unnerved, Stone denied the rumor. He notified his employer, William Jovanovich, of the call and added that friends at the *Post* had warned him "that Mr. Bradlee plans on making life difficult for me, to get back at me for working on the book."

Bradlee also presented Harcourt with a list of what he said were 39 factual errors in the book. Most of these Davis has ridiculed as "so minor as to be laughable." She gives as an example Bradlee's quibble that his father had married his fourth cousin, not his third cousin. In a memo that was brief and admittedly rather casual—written within days of her receipt of the Bradlee list—Davis conceded that she was wrong about the cousins as well as about a number of other similarly trivial points. But Bradlee also had denied substantive matters relating to his alleged links with the CIA. As to these, Davis insisted her book was correct.

What happened next has been the subject of continuing controversy and some mystery. Those who could have answered the questions conclusively—William Jovanovich, Ben Bradlee and Katharine Graham—have never done so, as a result of the abrupt settlement of the Davis suit before they were called to testify. It is the contention of Harcourt that Davis' answers to the Bradlee list of "errors" were unsatisfactory. But they never communicated any dissatisfaction to her—an odd reaction in view of the cordial working relationship that had existed between author and publisher for over a year and a half. Furthermore, there is no indication that Harcourt's lawyers were ever particularly concerned about possible libel.

William Jovanovich evidently made a unilateral decision to kill the Davis book in December 1979, and he immediately proceeded to do so without notifying either the author or her agent. The newly available documents provide a behind-the-scenes look at the sordid story of how the suppression of a book was secretly arranged by an eminent American publisher.

A memo to the Harcourt warehouse ordered that "all copies of *Katharine the Great* which we have in stock are to be destroyed" and that "all future *returns* for this title should also be destroyed."

On Jan. 7, 1980, Deborah Davis received her first official notification that her publisher had stopped publishing her book and had reverted all rights to her. In addition, she was informed that the *Book Digest* and Literary Guild agreements with Harcourt had been revoked. Not a word was said to her, however, about the fact that thousands of copies of the first printing of her book had already been destroyed.

Soon afterward, a warehouse employee advised Peter Jovanovich, son of the owner, that, as requested, "all existing inventory" of *Katharine the Great* was "physically segregated, draped with a tarp and marked with the warning that no copies of the book were to be shipped without the express permission of the Chairman." All of these books were subsequently destroyed. A second printing of 1,500 copies that had been ordered during the heady days of optimism before Bradlee et al. entered the picture also was consigned to oblivion.

So great was the publisher's zeal to be certain the deed was properly done that the printer was instructed to "make sure that these books are not only disposed of, but actually destroyed. . . . After the books have been destroyed, give us a notarized statement to that effect." A duly notarized letter confirmed that the final solution had been carried out and that "any and all copies of *Katharine the Great* . . . were processed through our hogger [shredder] system and destroyed thereby, and were converted into waste paper." Exulted a Harcourt interoffice memo: "It is official – Katharine has been RECYCLED!"

Sometime during this period, William Jovanovich had informed Ben Bradlee by telephone of his decision to, in effect, unpublish the offending volume. Then it was Katharine Graham's turn to come forward and pour oil on the troubled waters. She addressed a soothing thank-you note to Jovanovich commenting that she was "relieved to hear from Ben" that Harcourt was discontinuing publication of the biography.

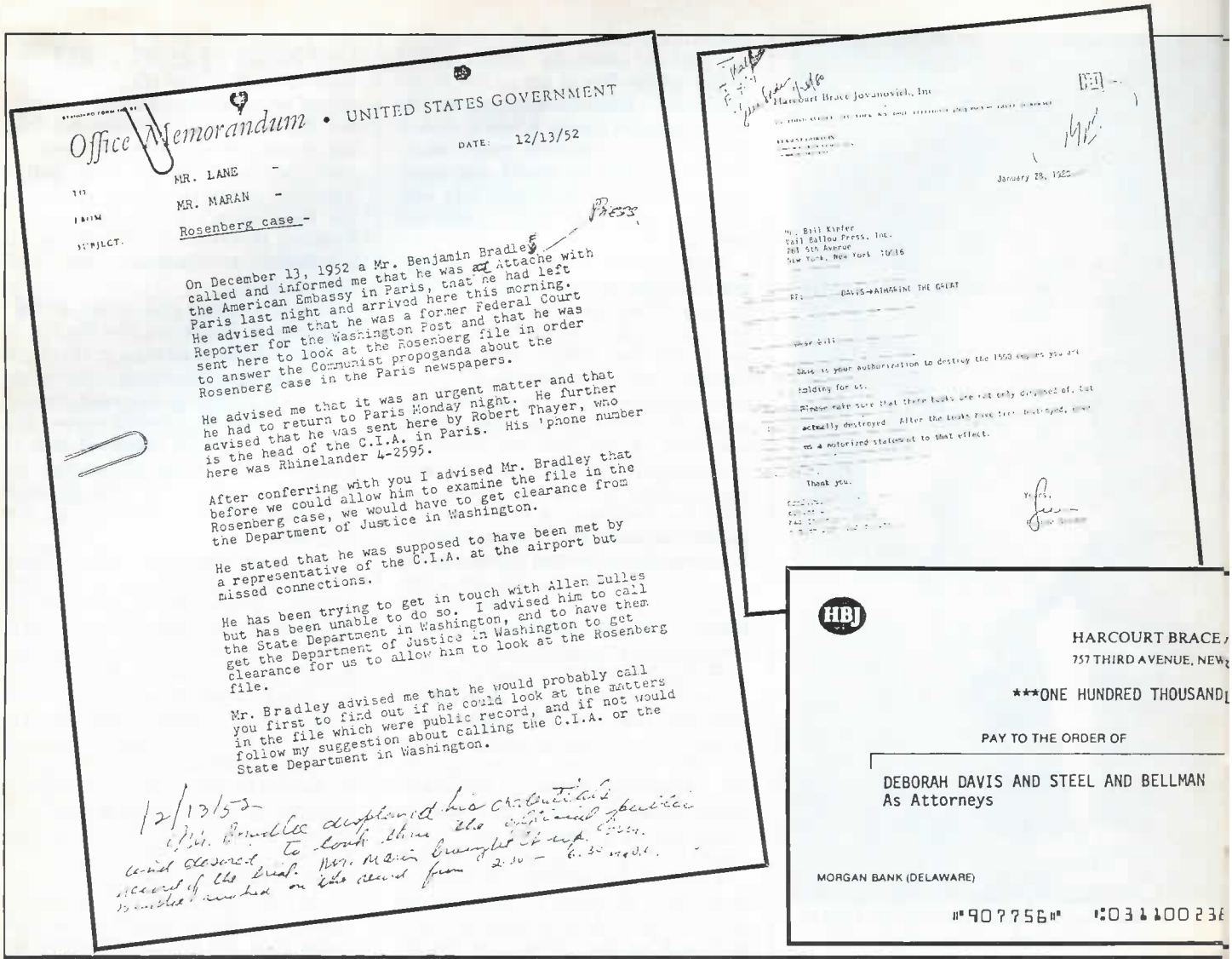
Jovanovich responded with a "Dear Kay" letter that evoked common class ties, loyalties and interests. He reminded her that their sons had been at Harvard and in Vietnam together and that he had once visited her home with his wife. He apologized for having caused her distress. To this, Graham cooed: "Thank you for your terribly nice letter. . . . I was full of admiration for what you did and for the way you did it." Bradlee too sent a friendly letter to the publisher he had so recently threatened with ignominy; he invited Jovanovich to write a think piece for the *Post.* Jovanovich readily accepted the offer.

One potentially troublesome matter yet remained: A British edition of the book was pending. But libel law in England differs from that in the U.S. and, after receiving "intimations from two of the principal characters who appear in the book" that they would sue if the book was published there, the British firm withdrew. In July, the vice president and counsel of Harcourt advised Deborah Davis that "we would have no objection to use of our plates by the British publisher." But at the time he wrote those words, the plates for *Katharine the Great* no longer existed. A Harcourt memo from the previous April reported that the plates had been destroyed along with illustrations and other matter.

A year later, the final Orwellian footnote was added to the story of the un-publishing of *Katharine the Great.* A writer for United Features who requested a copy of the biography from Harcourt was informed by letter: ". . . the book was never released to the public. There are no copies in existence to my knowledge, as the few that were actually printed were returned and pulped."

Katharine, it seems, had been declared a non-book. ■

Walter and Miriam Schneir are the authors of* Invitation to an Inquest *on the Rosenberg-Sobell case.



Office Memorandum • UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

DATE: 12/13/52

TO: MR. LANE

FROM: MR. MARAN

SUBJECT: Rosenberg case

On December 13, 1952 a Mr. Benjamin Bradlee called and informed me that he was an Attache with the American Embassy in Paris, that he had left Paris last night and arrived here this morning. He advised me that he was a former Federal Court Reporter for the Washington Post and that he was sent here to look at the Rosenberg file in order to answer the Communist propoganda about the Rosenberg case in the Paris newspapers.

He advised me that it was an urgent matter and that he had to return to Paris Monday night. He further advised that he was sent here by Robert Thayer, who is the head of the C.I.A. in Paris. His 'phone number here was Rhinelander 4-2595.

After conferring with you I advised Mr. Bradley that before we could allow him to examine the file in the Rosenberg case, we would have to get clearance from the Department of Justice in Washington.

He stated that he was supposed to have been met by a representative of the C.I.A. at the airport but missed connections.

He has been trying to get in touch with Allen Dulles but has been unable to do so. I advised him to call the State Department in Washington, and to have them get the Department of Justice in Washington to get clearance for us to allow him to look at the Rosenberg file.

Mr. Bradley advised me that he would probably call you first to find out if he could look at the matters in the file which were public record, and if not would follow my suggestion about calling the C.I.A. or the State Department in Washington.

12/13/52 — Mr. Bradlee explained his credentials and showed to Lane the original [illegible] record of the trial. Mr. Maran brought it up. [illegible] number on the record from 2:30 — 6:30 P.M.

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.

January 28, 1985

Mr. Bill Kuhfer
Viking Penguin Press, Inc.
299 5th Avenue
New York, New York 10016

RE: DAVIS→KATHARINE THE GREAT

Dear Bill:

Here is your authorization to destroy the 1500 copies you are holding for us.

Please make sure that these books are not only disposed of, but actually destroyed. After the books have been destroyed, give us a notarized statement to that effect.

Thank you.

Yours,

HBJ

HARCOURT BRACE
757 THIRD AVENUE, NEW

***ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND

PAY TO THE ORDER OF

DEBORAH DAVIS AND STEEL AND BELLMAN
As Attorneys

MORGAN BANK (DELAWARE)

"907756" :031100238

Ben Bradlee's *CIA* Past

At the heart of the controversy between Deborah Davis, author of *Katharine the Great*, and Benjamin Bradlee, executive editor of the *Washingon Post*, is her claim that he is one of a number of distinguished American journalists whose entire careers have been marked and influenced by CIA links. Bradlee has vehemently denied this allegation and has denounced the Davis book.

The Rebel, however, has obtained a copy of a sensational government document that casts new light on the dispute. This document proves dramatically that in one important instance, where Bradlee contested Davis regarding his CIA connections, he did not tell the truth.

The new information concerns a period in the early '50s when Bradlee, after several years as a reporter for the *Washington Post*, left that newspaper to work as an "assistant attaché" with the American Embassy in Paris. According to Davis, Bradlee's actual assignment in Paris was with a Regional Center that supplied propaganda to American embassies in many countries. Wrote Davis: "State Department officials . . . say that the Paris Regional Center . . . produced CIA material upon request, and that Ben Bradlee did so."

In a scathing communication to Davis' publisher entitled "Factual Errors in *Katharine the Great* Involving Benjamin C. Bradlee," the *Post* editor stated: "I never worked for a Paris Regional Center, and never produced CIA material."

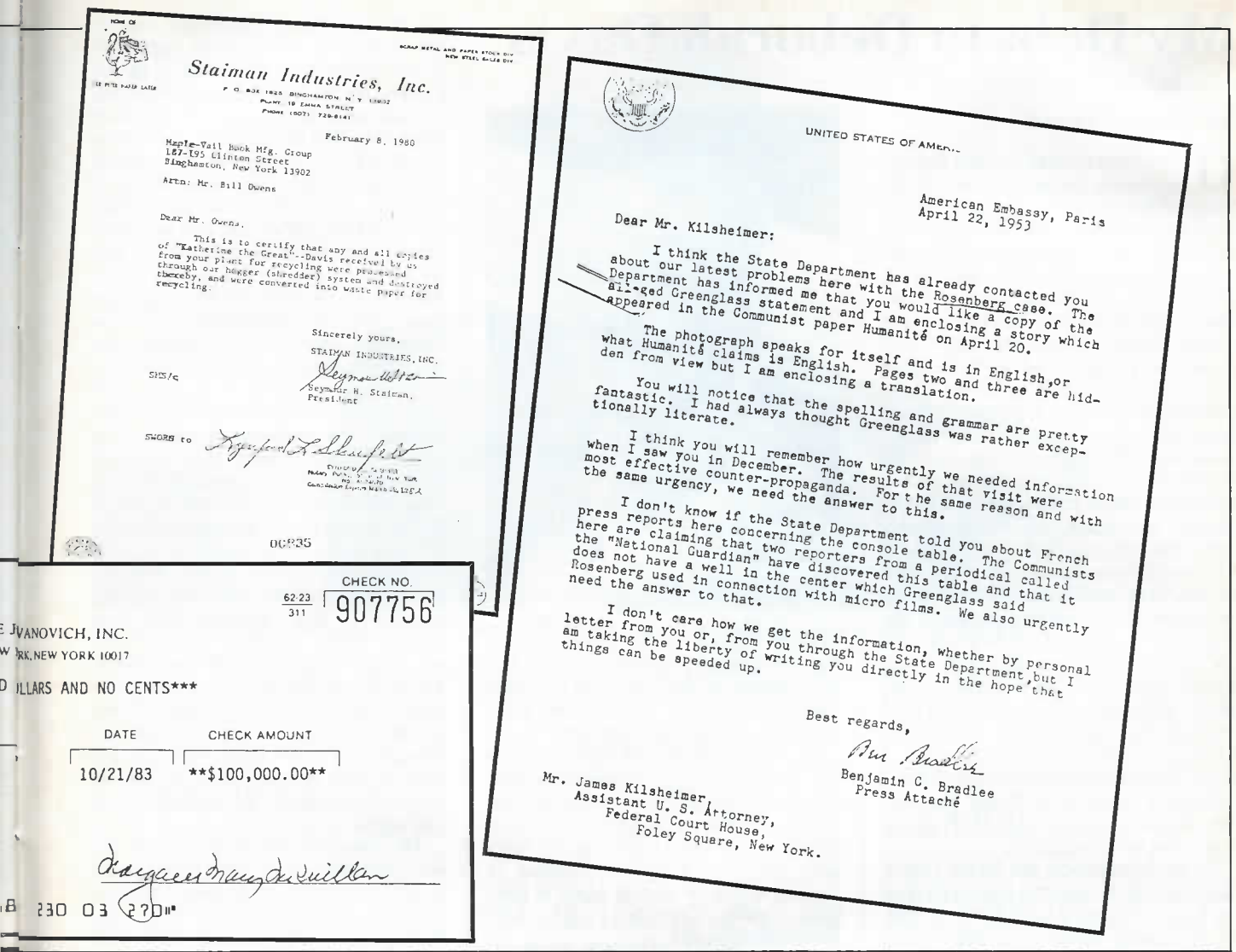
The facts are somewhat different.

A Department of Justice memorandum dated Dec. 13, 1952 from an official named "Maran" informed Assistant U.S. Attorney Myles J. Lane in New York City about a call from "a Mr. Benjamin Bradlee . . . a former federal court reporter for the *Washington Post* . . . sent here to look at the [Ethel and Julius] Rosenberg file in order to answer the Communist propaganda . . . in the Paris newspapers."

The memorandum disclosed that Bradlee "advised that he was sent here by Robert Thayer, who is head of the CIA in Paris . . . . He stated that he was supposed to have been met by a representative of the CIA at the airport but missed connections. He has been trying to get in touch with Allen Dulles but has been unable to do so."

Clearly Bradlee did produce material for the CIA, and he did so knowingly. Moreover, for a man listed by the State Department as a lowly assistant attaché in the Paris embassy, Bradlee's CIA contacts at that early point in his career were surprisingly high level: Robert Thayer, head of the agency's important Paris office, and Allen Dulles, then deputy CIA director and the following month named full director by President Eisenhower.

As for Bradlee's denial that he worked for a center that supplied pro-



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PLANT 19 EMMA STREET
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February 8, 1980

Maple-Vail Book Mfg. Group
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Attn: Mr. Bill Owens

Dear Mr. Owens,

This is to certify that any and all copies of "Katherine the Great"--Davis received by us from your plant for recycling were processed through our hogger (shredder) system and destroyed thereby, and were converted into waste paper for recycling.

Sincerely yours,
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

American Embassy, Paris
April 22, 1953

Dear Mr. Kilsheimer:

I think the State Department has already contacted you about our latest problems here with the Rosenberg case. The Department has informed me that you would like a copy of the alleged Greenglass statement and I am enclosing a story which appeared in the Communist paper Humanité on April 20.

The photograph speaks for itself and is in English, or what Humanité claims is English. Pages two and three are hidden from view but I am enclosing a translation.

You will notice that the spelling and grammar are pretty fantastic. I had always thought Greenglass was rather exceptionally literate.

I think you will remember how urgently we needed information when I saw you in December. The results of that visit were most effective counter-propaganda. For the same reason and with the same urgency, we need the answer to this.

I don't know if the State Department told you about French press reports here concerning the console table. The Communists here are claiming that two reporters from a periodical called the "National Guardian" have discovered this table and that it does not have a well in the center which Greenglass said Rosenberg used in connection with micro films. We also urgently need the answer to that.

I don't care how we get the information, whether by personal letter from you or, from you through the State Department, but I am taking the liberty of writing you directly in the hope that things can be speeded up.

Best regards,

Benjamin C. Bradlee
Press Attaché

Mr. James Kilsheimer,
Assistant U. S. Attorney,
Federal Court House,
Foley Square, New York.

paganda to many other embassies, State Department documents secured by *The Rebel* reveal that here too he was less than frank. The documents do not mention a center, but they do show that the analysis produced by Bradlee for the CIA was rapidly dispatched all over the world, with copies rushed not only to major European cities but also to Tunis, Algiers, Casablanca, Cairo, Istanbul, Capetown, Rangoon, Saigon, Hong Kong, New Delhi, Panama, Havana and Santiago.

But there is more to the story.

On Dec. 10, 1952 the U.S. propaganda effort in Western Europe was dealt a severe blow. The highly influential Parisian daily, *Le Monde*, printed "A Drama of the Atomic Age," a long piece critical of the United States by the paper's Washington correspondent, Henri Pierre. *Le Monde* thus became the first non-communist paper in France—where argument over the impending executions of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg was raging—to speak out on behalf of the condemned American atom spies. It was in response to this setback that the CIA sent Bradlee on his hurried trip to New York to produce a counterpropaganda pamphlet.

The Bradlee mission was enormously successful. Within a few weeks the Secretary of State was informed by the Paris embassy that "after personal letters or approaches to the editors," most of France's largest non-communist newspapers had used the Bradlee pamphlet as the "basis for articles and editorials." But this success was marred by *Le Monde*, which held out against the determined U.S. effort.

It was then that Bradlee had a little help from his friends at home. How this was accomplished we can only surmise. But Bradlee's former newspaper lent a hand. On Jan. 4, 1953 the *Post* ran an editorial titled "*Le Monde* Buys a Hoax" that attacked Henri Pierre and accused him of "falling for the Communist-inspired propaganda campaign."

Not long afterward, Bradlee resumed what was to be a brilliant journalism career, signing on first with *Newsweek* and later returning to the *Washington Post*. Deborah Davis alleges that in the ensuing years, the close relationship Bradlee and some of his colleagues maintained with the CIA impaired their ability to play an independent role when dealing with the intelligence community or with matters related to American foreign policy. The line of demarcation between the press and a powerful agency it was supposed to monitor was hopelessly blurred.

The newly discovered information on Bradlee's early CIA connection suggests that Harcourt Brace Jovanovich would have better served the public interest if it had permitted the Deborah Davis book to remain in print, where its weaknesses could be revealed and criticized, its virtues noted and its ideas subjected to public scrutiny and discussion.

—Walter and Miriam Schneir

My Debt to Deborah Davis

by Timothy Leary

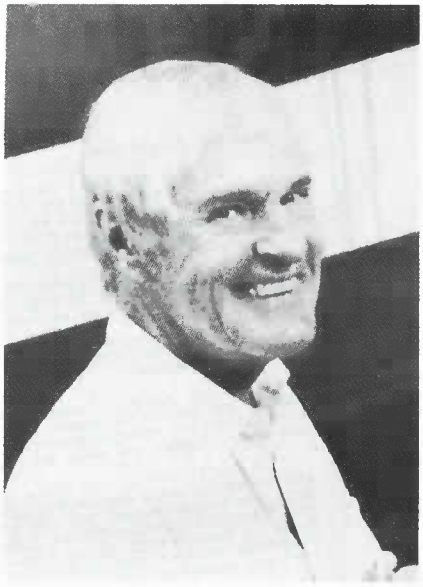
One evening in 1982 my wife Barbara and I were invited to dinner at the house of Jon Bradshaw, journalist-author, contributing editor to *Esquire* magazine. I sat on the couch sipping a pre-dinner tequila and tonic. In front of me, piled on the coffee table, was a large stack of books sent to Bradshaw for review. I picked up a volume entitled *Katharine The Great: Katharine Graham and the Washington Post*, by Deborah Davis, published by the prestigious firm Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. As a reflex response to any book about Washington politics, I quickly turned to the index and looked up the name Cord Meyer Jr. Since I have followed Meyer's mysterious role in CIA subversion, disinformation and covert trickery for some 36 years I tend to judge any book on American politics on the basis of its treatment of this shadowy person. If the book doesn't mention Cord Meyer Jr., you are not getting the true story of American foreign policy. It is not for nothing that Meyer is the only man in history to have received the Distinguished Intelligence Medal three times! In the spooky game of multi-national-conglomerate-Rockefeller-oil-banking imperialism Meyer has won the Heisman Trophy, the MVP award more than any other player.

To my astonishment and delight I found that this book by Deborah Davis contained six pages mentioning Cord Meyer Jr. and, as an exquisite bonus, seven pages about Mary Pinchot Meyer.

Without hesitation I stole this book, *Katharine the Great* from my dear friend Bradshaw, a truly heinous crime, in that Bradshaw is an obsessively possessive bibliophile. This was the second act of larceny in my life and I justify it to you, Jon, on the grounds of international security. I stayed up all night reading this book, which I consider one of the most revealing volumes of the century.

The book starts off as a naive, young journalist's biography of Katharine Graham, the most important publisher in the world. First a description of a "a sweet, sunny spring morning when Katherine Graham had a breakfast for Robert Redford on the veranda of her Georgetown mansion. The meeting was a prelude to his making a film about her newspaper, a detective story in which two *Washington Post* reporters uncover political crimes that implicate the President of the United States. . . .

"Seated with Redford and Katharine on her black and white tiled porch, at several round tables, was a group of young men all nervously eyeing one another: Dustin Hoffman, Redford's co-star; Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward . . . and Donald



Graham ("Donny"), Katharine's son, a Harvard graduate, Vietnam veteran, former member of the District of Columbia police force, and heir to his mother's fortune and to her publishing empire."

As the book unfolds the reader watches this innocent young investigative author discovering (but still hardly believing) that she has stumbled onto the story of how American media and public opinion have, since World War II, been manipulated by the CIA acting for a small group of powerful, easily identified Old Line Establishmentarians.

In addition Deborah Davis' book produces facts, connections, leads pointing to an obvious, blatant Old Boy conspiracy which has maintained control of American politics since World War II producing, as minor side issues, the Fall of Richard Nixon, Deep Throat(s), and the mysterious, violent deaths of several prominent Americans who knew too much. The lead pawn, the front-man for this fascinating takeover of America by media-politicians seems to be a charming, elegant, sophisticated, engaging Jason Robards clone named Ben Bradlee, supported by his unwitting (?) patron Katharine Graham.

And one of the first persons who first understood the implications of this 1984 media-control monolith and who set in motion many of the events which are informing us about it, liberating us from it, was a beautiful, intelligent, sexy, sophisticated artist, an incorrigible romantic named Mary Pinchot Meyer, who may have been coldly cut down for her heroism.

The first reference to Mary Meyer in *Katharine The Great* starts off on an ominous note. Early in 1963 Phil Graham and his wife Katharine were involved in divorce proceedings, with control of the *Washington Post* and its publishing empire at stake. During a journalists' convention in Phoenix, Phil Graham: *"appeared in the banquet room during a speech, grabbed the microphone, and drunkenly announced to the crowd, many of whom knew him, that he was going to tell them exactly who in Washington was sleeping with whom, beginning with President Kennedy. His favorite, screamed Phil, was now Mary Meyer, who had been married to CIA official Cord Meyer and was the sister of Ben Bradlee's wife, Tony. Mary lived in Ben Bradlee's carriage house, where she had her art studio, and Kennedy visited her there. Bradlee, Phil claimed, kept Kennedy's love letters from her, and from others, in a drawer. As Phil raged, one of the newsmen called Kennedy, who immediately called Katharine, wanting to know if, as a friend, there was anything he could do to bring Phil under control. The call came as Katharine was meeting with the* Post *executives in her home, planning to bring Phil back forcibly and commit him to a psychiatric hospital. She declined the president's offer; Kennedy had done enough. Phil's assistant James Truitt was neither so angry at Kennedy nor so proud. He took the phone and asked Kennedy to send Phil's doctor, Leslie Farber, to Phoenix on a military jet. Phil was brought back to the motel, where he was injected with a heavy sedative, and he was then taken to the airport in an ambulance. . . .*

The ambulance was waiting at the airport. Phil was carried out of it and placed in the Gulfstream jet. He was dressed in pajamas that were spotted with blood from a deep cut his nails had made in the face of one of his captors. After he had stopped struggling, when the sedative had taken effect, he had been bound in a straitjacket. On the flight back to Washington he lay quietly. He and Katharine did not talk. . . .

When Phil regained consciousness he begged to be allowed to go to George Washington University Hospital, to which Eugene Meyer had donated nearly $1 million. Katharine obtained a court order committing him to Chestnut Lodge."

The first time I read these lines it all seemed reasonable. Trouble-making drunk creating a public scandal. But then came the second thoughts. What exactly had Phil Graham, founding member of the infamous and illegal Mockingbird Operation, adviser to the President, done to require a presidential jet, strong-arm "captors," instant involuntary commitment to a hospital with government connections? Suppose this had happened in the Soviet Union. A highly placed official with powerful KGB involvements falls into disfavor and is being slowly pushed out of power. He begins to talk publicly about certain scandalous facts concerning his rivals. He is kidnapped, labelled insane for telling the truth, locked up and kept almost incommu-

Katharine Graham was "full of admiration" for the way that the publisher had concluded the affair

nicado. Hey, is this America? What happened to civil rights? If Phil gets drunk and sloppy in public why not let him sleep it off and talk things over in the morning? Who were these "thugs" who overpowered him? Was he able to obtain effective legal counsel during his commitment hearings? Is this the way we get rid of people who talk too much about our leaders? The stakes, we recall, were high: a President's reputation, CIA illegalities, a powerful media empire. And suppose Phil had gone to Jack Anderson or a Larry Flynt-type publisher and told everything he knew about CIA infiltration of the media? There are so many reasons why Phil Graham had to be silenced that one is led to want to know more about this case.

The ending of the Phil Graham story does not reassure us. Phil Graham was unhappy in the nuthouse. His psychiatrist tried unsuccessfully to win Phil's trust! His case was labelled hopeless and his condition "deteriorated" because of his "inability to adjust to institutional life—going through channels, respecting figures of power that he considered inauthentic or primitive, obeying ward rules, fitting in with the other patients, whose society he called the 'sewing circle'. This acting out (sic) did indeed tell Cameron (his doctor) *what he wanted to know about Phil;* [!] his need always to be outside, or at the top of, every hierarchy."

How perfectly 1984-ish, how nakedly Soviet this type of talk! It so happens that I have written two books on psychodiagnosis that are considered minor classics. So I can say with some confidence that, from the perspective of humanistic psychology, Phil Graham's behavior in the hospital was entirely appropriate. When Soviet dissidents behave this way towards their captors we consider their resistance heroic.

The story gets more bizarre. In August 1963, after several months of this torture Phil was allowed a weekend pass. His estranged wife and rival for the *Post* empire drove him to a farm owned by "a gentleman and weekend hunter, equipped with . . . shotguns for hunting deer and rifles for quail-shooting parties . . . and a large, well-stocked kitchen and bar." Just what the doctor ordered for a manic-depressive with alcoholic tendencies! "Katharine and Phil spent some time together, and then Katharine took a nap. Phil went downstairs and sat on the edge of the bathtub and shot himself in the head."

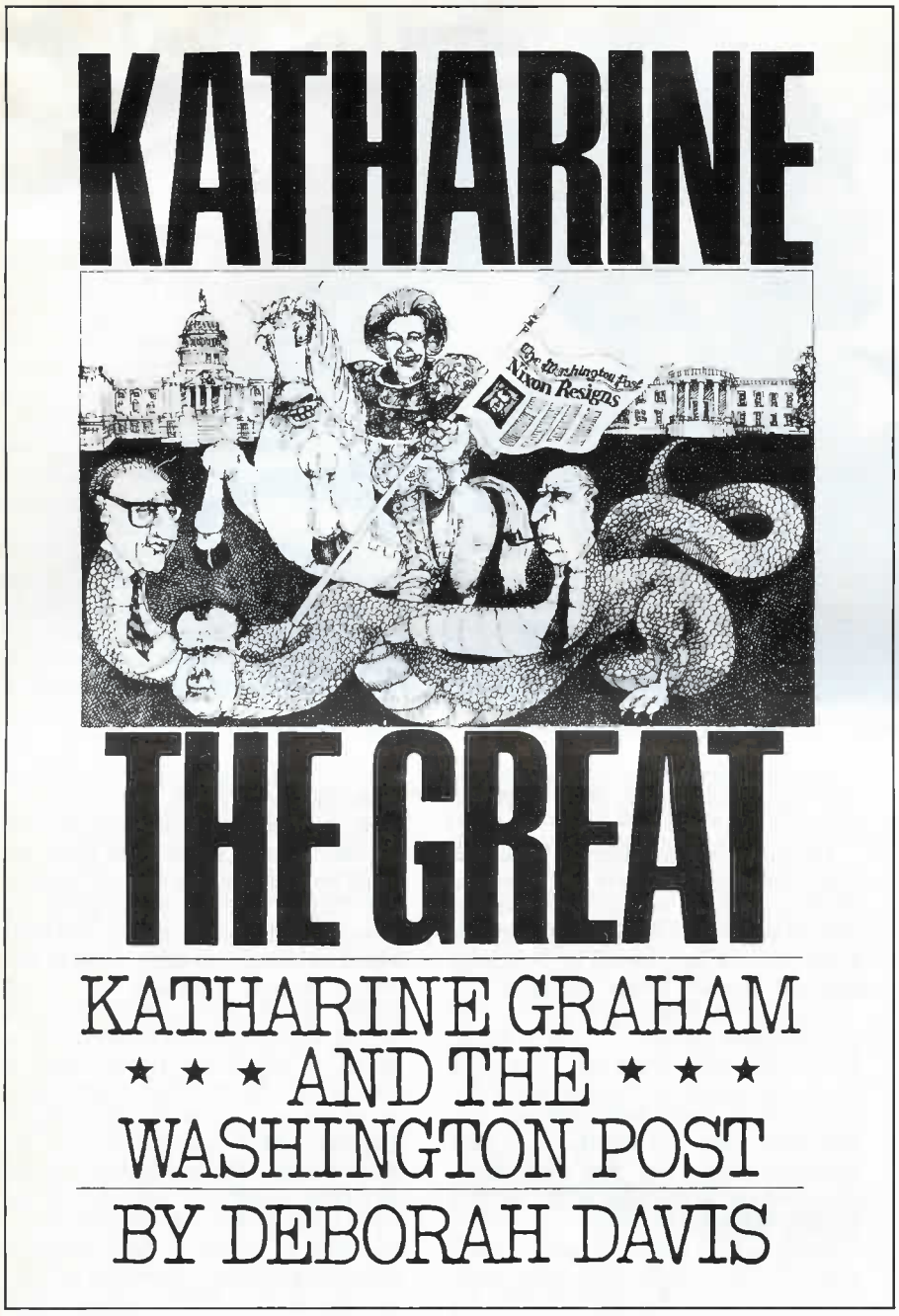
I have no facts about any police investigation of this violent death that might raise questions of foul play. So let's assume that it was suicide. There is, however, enough information available for me to conclude that if powerful people in Washington society had wanted to incapacitate and permanently silence a powerful and politically unreliable person the forcible coercion and manipulation of this proud and brilliant man was guaranteed to work. (It is well known that CIA psychologists regularly assemble detailed personality profiles on people of interest to the agency and that techniques for driving people mad have been developed. G. Gordon Liddy, for example, in his fascinating book *WILL*, describes plans to incapacitate Jack Anderson and Democratic leaders with mind-change drugs.)

And it all started when Phil Graham was reckless enough to mention Mary Pinchot Meyer in public.

Now the second person, to my knowledge, to discuss the Mary Pinchot affair in public was James Truitt, who happened to be her friend and one-time assistant to Phil Graham. Once again Deborah Davis produced some startling facts. It so happened that "James Truitt, an editor and a vice-president of the Post Company, was hospitalized for exhaustion early in 1969, after having worked feverishly for several months on the *Post*'s experimental style section. Katharine called his doctor, an internist, to ask if the problem might be mental. As a result of her inquiry, Truitt was placed under psychiatric observation (!); Katharine said he could return to the *Post* when cleared. The psychiatrist certified his mental health three months later, and Truitt came back to the paper in May. A day after his return he was terminated without explanation." According to Truitt, he was given $20,000 for signing a paper promising never to discuss for publication his experience on the *Post*.

Truitt thereupon retired to San Miguel Allende, Mexico, a rather shattered man, extremely bitter about the "particularly nasty fashion" in which Ben Bradlee had forced him out of the *Post*. It was this anger that led Truitt to publicize the story of Mary Pinchot Meyer's affair with Kennedy, their experimentation with psychedelic drugs, and the seizure of Mary's diary by CIA director James Angleton.

Truitt, in letters to friends, poignantly described his disillusion that in America a man of his position could be falsely "accused" of mental incompetency by political enemies. In my search for the facts about Mary Meyer's murder Truitt thus became the next logical person to interview. And the obvious person to call to locate Truitt was Deborah Davis.



This is the actual cover of the book before it was withdrawn from publication

My first words over the phone to Deborah Davis were congratulations about her book and inquiries about sales. There was a long pause. "Didn't you know what happened. My book was shredded." Davis was the third person to have written about Mary Meyer's murder. When I asked Davis about contacting James Truitt there was another long pause. "Didn't you know? He's dead."

I was a bit reluctant to ask the next question. "How did he die?"

"Suicide."

After six years of exile and imprisonment, being chased by federal agents in four continents, I've had my moments of tension. But the animal fear I felt in my backbone learning about Truitt's death was a new mid-brain experience.

Because the fourth person to write publicly about the Mary Meyer affair was to be me. At that very moment the galleys of my autobiography *Flashbacks* were being vetted by lawyers from my publisher. I was hardly surprised when the urgent call came from the legal department of Houghton-Mifflin. My own personal account of my friendship with Mary was no problem. No names were mentioned. But the lengthy quotes from the Davis book about Bradlee, Truitt, Angleton which I have summarized in this article must be cut out. Indeed, there could be no mention of the existence of the Davis book. Why? Mumbled explanations . . . consultations with lawyers from Harcourt Brace Jovanovich . . . matters still in litigation. . . . Problems about accuracy in the Davis book.

"Problems of accuracy!" I shouted over the phone. "If half the statements in that book are wrong, so what. The remaining facts would be enough to bring down Ben Bradlee's empire and expose illegal CIA corruption of the media."

It took three days of negotiation before I was allowed to write that the book *Katherine The Great* existed and, according to Associated Press stories, had been shredded. What a mess! And how expensive! We had to recall over 100 bound galleys of *Flashbacks* sent out for pre-publication review. And I had to razor out all quotes about and references to the people mentioned in this article.

A lot of big people out there didn't want this story told.

The reviews of *Flashbacks* were pretty good and most readers were intrigued by the Mary Meyer mystery. So I eagerly consulted some friendly publishers about a follow-up book about Mary. Not a nibble. No one wanted to touch an expose of the CIA and the *Washington Post.*

Oh well, I had other things to do—book tours, college lectures, debates with G. Gordon Liddy, busy, happy homelife. So Mary's cover-up stayed on the backburner. In May 1983, coming back from the Cannes film festival, I talked about Mary Meyer on the plane with a sophisticated Washington journalist. She promised to ask around. A few days later she called back. She had contacted an old buddy who was connected to the Kennedy family. When she mentioned the name Mary Pinchot Meyer his face went stern. "Stay away from that one," said the old buddy. "If you want to keep your life simple, just forget that name."

And so the Mary Meyer story remained quiescent until fall of 1983. Two suicides. Two censored books. One veiled warning. And no publisher interest in a story reeking of espionage, glamour and potent political exposé.

There must be 50 people in Washington who are disturbed about the cover-up of the Mary Meyer murder, just waiting for a chance to tell their version of what happened before and after that terrible tragedy on the walking path next to the C & O canal in Washington, D.C.

I have three beliefs: 1. Mary Pinchot Meyer, was one of the most fascinating, complex, brave women of our times. 2. The political importance of her life must be made known to the American public. 3. There has been a massive cover-up of the details about her life and death.

(Part II of a series.)

Timothy Leary is a prominent psychologist who is learning how to become an investigative reporter. He is the author of 24 books, the most recent his autobiography* FLASHBACKS *published by Houghton-Mifflin.

Central American Primer

A guide to the new Vietnam By Marc Cooper

Now that the Reagan Administration has landed troops in Grenada and has overthrown that country's government, it is only logical to ask if Central America will be the next stopping off point for American combat troops. For the last three years increasing attention to Central America has been cast by the administration, which has frequently taken to the airwaves to proclaim that countries like El Salvador, Honduras or Guatemala are suddenly vital to U.S. national interests.

Thousands of U.S. troops have already been dispatched to the area, engaged in what are called "war games." Hundreds of Green Beret advisers have been deployed in at least four Central American nations. American combat fleets patrol Central American coasts. Millions of dollars are spent on military aid to the regimes in the zone. And the administration names special ambassadors and study commissions, all lending to the notion that a showdown of some sort is near in what President Reagan calls "our backyard."

And yet, while enormous U.S. resources are being martialed for what appears to be regionalized war in Central America, the American people know little of the region and even less about the political forces at play there. In what could be a repeat of Indochina, American youth may be just a few months away from being sent to kill and die in a place they have never heard of.

This should come as little surprise as the mass media has, throughout the years, either ignored Central America, or has shaped its coverage to mostly coincide with Washington's official self-serving view of the area.

A recently published report by University of Texas Professor Emile McAnany reveals that in the four years between 1972 and 1975 the three major U.S. television networks, ABC, NBC, and CBS, made *not one single reference to El Salvador* during their nightly newscasts. This blackout period included the election and overthrow of Salvadoran President Jose Napoleon Duarte who is now Washington's favorite Central American politician.

The same study shows that in the four years preceding the 1978 murder of Nicaraguan newspaperman Pedro Chamorro, an incident that greatly boosted the Sandinista revolution, the three TV networks devoted less than a half dozen reports on Nicaragua. And most of those were on hurricanes and other natural disasters.

In the last days of the Carter Administration, however, Central American politics were catapulted to center stage as Washington began to sternly warn of "New Cubas," especially in El Salvador. The mass media followed suit and coverage of the area began to zoom. Perhaps too quickly, for the likes of officialdom. According to McAnany's research, after the Reagan Administration publicly called for downplaying the coverage of El Salvador in March 1981, the number of TV reports on the issue nosedived from 186 in the first three months of 1981 to 60 in the next three months and to only 62 in the six months after that.

Given this unreliable coverage offered by the mass media, combined with the constant warning from Washington that the entire hemisphere's security is at stake in Central America, *The Rebel* offers this Central American Primer as an attempt to cut through the distortions upon which foreign policy is built and public opinion manipulated.

MYTH: The conflict in Central America is an East-West struggle. Revolutions in Nicaragua, El Salvador and Guatemala are the result of Soviet-Cuban subversion.

FACT: The turmoil in Central America is more a North-South conflict, one between rich and poor nations. Rebellions in that region of the world grow more from severe material need and harsh authoritarian rule than from any explicit ideological basis. For 45 years Nicaragua languished under a one-family dictatorship that controlled not only the police and the army, but most of the country's natural resources as well.

In El Salvador, the government has been controlled directly by the military since 1932 and all opposition has been ruthlessly crushed. A small elite group of "Fourteen Families" control the economy in a country where 45 percent of the population is unemployed and a greater percentage is illiterate.

Honduras, which is now being portrayed as a model of democracy by the Reagan Administration, is the second poorest country in the hemisphere. Sixty percent of its youth suffer from malnutrition. Its infant mortality rate is the highest in Latin America. And 74 percent of its homes have no electricity. Its economy has been dominated throughout the century by foreign-owned banana companies.

Guatemala, ruled by the military since 1954, has earned the honor of subjecting its indigenous population to one of the lowest living standards in the world. Like its neighbors, unemployment floats at 50 percent of the workforce, while those who do have jobs regularly earn two or three dollars a day.

MYTH: The United States is involved in Central America only to stop outside military intervention from Communist countries.

FACT: The only foreign power that operates military bases in the region is the United States. The U.S. still uses its military might to hold the Guantanamo base in Cuba. The U.S. also has established its Southern Command Headquarters in Panama where some 10,000 American troops are permanently based. The U.S. also runs

(EARL YOUNG / AFTER IMAGE)

The United States is increasing its supply of arms and combat helicopters to El Salvador's army

a Hemispheric War Academy in Panama where at least two complete generations of Latin American dictators have been trained.

In addition, the U.S. has officially deployed 55 military advisers in El Salvador, though opposition sources say the real figure is closer to 200. American military advisers have also been sent to Costa Rica, which officially has no standing army. Some 300 Green Beret "trainers" are assigned permanently to Honduras but have lately been joined by 6,000 U.S. combat troops engaged in "extended war games." *The New York Times* has also reported that Honduras is the center of all covert CIA operations in Central America. American Ambassador John Negroponte is believed to administer the undercover operations.

There is a century-and-a-half-old record of direct U.S. military intervention in Latin America. The number of interventions is too great to list here but the most important incidents include: Mexico, 1845–1848; Cuba, 1898–1902; Panama, 1901; Nicaragua, 1927–1934; Guatemala, 1954; Cuba, 1961; Dominican Republic, 1965; and Grenada, 1983.

MYTH: The Reagan Administration Central American policy, like that of previous administrations, is aimed at bolstering moderate democratic forces. The United States supports social reform and opposes extremism of the left or right.

FACT: Washington has a clear record of supporting governments based solely on how friendly they are to the United States and how anti-communist they are. The democratic or undemocratic nature of the government has nothing to do with U.S. support.

The U.S.-backed government of El Salvador is essentially a military government controlled by the extreme right. Human rights monitoring groups like Amnesty International and Pax Christi estimate that 40,000 Salvadoran civilians have been killed by political violence in the last four years, most of them at the hands of government security forces or rightist death squads linked to the government. The Speaker of El Salvador's National Assembly is a former military intelligence officer, Roberto D'Aubuisson. Numerous published reports have identified D'Aubuisson as leader of the death squads and suspect him of organizing the 1980 murder of Catholic Archbishop Oscar Romero. Former U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador Robert White called D'Aubuisson a "psychopathic killer" but the Reagan Administration points to him as a symbol of democracy in Central America. Serious opposition leaders cannot operate in El Salvador as they have been consistently jailed or, more frequently, gunned down.

In Guatemala the CIA overthrew that country's last elected democratic government in 1954. President Jacobo Arbenz was put on the Washington hit list by President Eisenhower because his reformist government intended to nationalize plantations owned by the United Fruit Company. Over the past 30 years the U.S. has supported one right wing military dictatorship after another in Guatemala. The last two regimes have resorted to "scorched earth" tactics in an attempt to wipe out a growing insurgency among the Indian population. Amnesty International concludes that at least 8,000 indigenous people have been massacred since 1981, bringing to 75,000 the total number of people killed by government forces since the 1954 U.S.-backed coup.

In Honduras the U.S. points to the 1981 election of President Roberto Suazo Cordova as a sign of democratization. But President Cordova's cabinet is subject to constant review by the armed forces. All security matters in the country as well as all "national security" decisions have been placed in the hands of the army, specifically under the control of General Gustavo Alvarez who is considered to be the real strongman. Since the election of Cordova, disappearances of political activists have zoomed past the one-hundred mark and nearly all opposition to government policy has been silenced.

The U.S. government raises no objections to harsh military dictatorships like that of Chile, Uruguay, or Paraguay where, in some cases, the military has ruled for more than 30 years. It was the Nixon Administration that spent millions of dollars to undermine and then overthrow Chile's last democratic government, that of Salvador Allende, in 1973.

MYTH: The Sandinista government in Nicaragua has betrayed its original goals of democratic revolution and Washington is exerting pressure on it only to force a return by the government to its original project.

FACT: Nicaragua's revolutionary government has permitted an opposition press and a number of opposition parties to flourish. There are no political disappearances or other significant human rights abuses taking place in Nicaragua as there in the U.S.-supported countries of El Salvador, Guatemala, and Honduras.

From nearly its first day in power the Reagan Administration has instituted a policy of openly trying to destabilize and overthrow the Sandinista government. In April 1981 the administration abruptly terminated a $75 million economic aid program for Managua. U.S. pressure at the Inter-American Development Bank (IDB) forced the Nicaraguans to withdraw their request for a $30 million loan for fishing boats last year. In June of 1983 the U.S. alone vetoed a $2.2 million loan from the IDB intended to finish a road in a poor area. Early this year the administration also suspended $15 million in sugar purchases from Nicaragua.

(EARL YOUNG / AFTER IMAGE)

American military advisers and combat troops direct almost constant maneuvers on Nicaragua's borders

Since 1981 the CIA and Pentagon have been spending at least $20 million a year in a not-so-secret war against Nicaragua. Some 10,000 rightwing guerrillas have been trained and encamped in neighboring Honduras and have been launching escalating attacks against Nicaraguan territory. This covert war has taken the lives of at least 1,000 Nicaraguans so far and has cost the economy some $70 million in precious resources.

MYTH: Washington is giving covert and overt aid to Nicaraguan rebels who are genuine dissidents. The main task of these forces is to interdict an arms flow between Nicaragua and insurgent guerrillas in El Salvador.

FACT: The counter-revolutionary

forces, or *contras*, are made up primarily of former members of ex-Dictator Somoza's National Guard. The guardsmen are the most hated sector of the Nicaraguan population as they were the primary instrument of repression during nearly a half century of authoritarian rule.

The administration has never been able to publicly document any arms flow between Nicaragua and the guerrillas in El Salvador. However, in summer 1983 the *New York Times* revealed that it was the U.S. that was covertly airdropping arms from encampments in Honduras to the rightist guerrillas operating inside Nicaragua.

As in the case of Chile, the Dominican Republic, or Guatemala, the U.S. is supporting the Nicaraguan *contras* to try and overthrow the legally constituted government.

MYTH: U.S. troops currently deployed in Honduras are there only for extended war games and have no direct combat role in the region.

FACT: CBS News reported on November 23 that U.S. military forces in Honduras led an October attack on Nicaragua's largest oil refinery in the port of Corinto. The ensuing sabotage cost Nicaragua at least two months of its fuel reserves. The *Washington Post* reported that CIA teams based in Honduras were sabotaging bridges, roads and power plants inside Nicaragua. U.S. military operatives working in Honduras have also been dropped into El Salvador to carry out limited actions against guerrilla targets.

MYTH: The Reagan Administration is seeking a peaceful political settlement to the conflict in Central America. The naming of Richard Stone as Special Envoy to Central America and the establishment of the Kissinger Commission are concrete proof of Washington's desire to negotiate.

FACT: The Nicaraguan government has proposed a package of four comprehensive peace treaties aimed at defusing the war in Central America. In summer 1983, the Reagan Administration refused to consider the proposqal. Another six-point proposal was forwarded in July by Nicaragua; the U.S. responded by dispatching two combat fleets to patrol Nicaraguan waters.

Both the Nicaraguan government and the Salvadoran guerrillas have offered to engage in open agenda talks with the United States. In the case of Nicaragua the administration flatly refuses. In the case of El Salvador, the U.S. says talks with guerrillas can go forward only if the insurgents surrender their arms and agree to participate in elections controlled by the right wing government. Former U.S. envoy to Cuba Wayne Smith says any opposition figure or guerrilla who agreed to the U.S. demand "would probably be found decapitated by the death squads within a week."

(EARL YOUNG / AFTER IMAGE)

U.S pilot instructs Salvadorans in use of A-37 bombers and Huey helicopter gunships

Ambassador Richard Stone can have little credibility as a mediator in Central America. In 1980 he was registered by the State Department itself as a foreign agent. At the time, he was conducting public relations for the Guatemalan military dictatorship. So far Stone has not budged from demanding a surrender of the Salvadoran guerrillas as a pre-condition to talks.

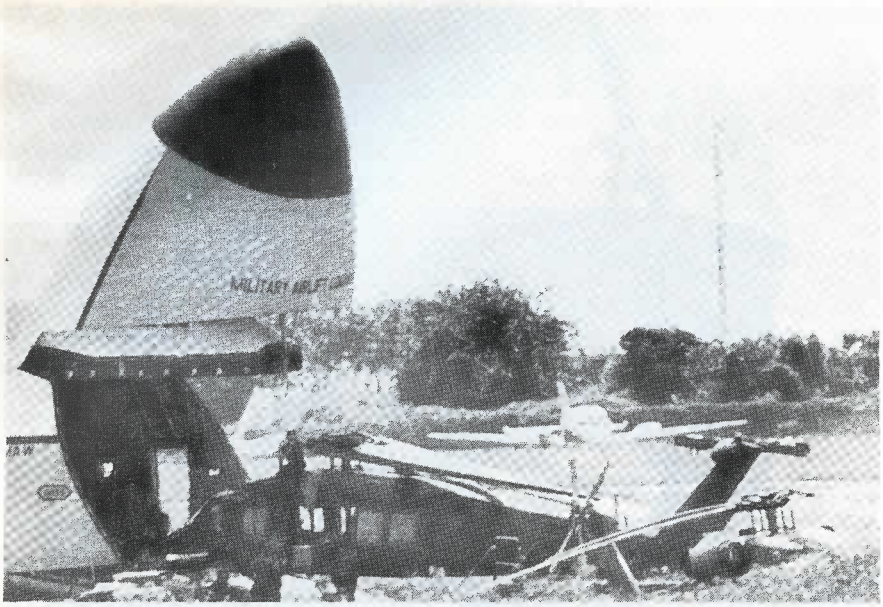
The Bi-partisan Commission on Central America headed by Henry Kissinger can be expected to only endorse the administration's military approach to Central America. The majority of those named to the group were already administration boosters. And the administration has already successfully used the device of a "bipartisan" commission to support two other controversial policies: cuts in social security, and approval of the MX missile.

The head of the commission, Henry Kissinger, has democratic credentials even more questionable than those of Ambassador Stone. Kissinger was the chief architect of the secret bombing of Cambodia, a campaign that took hundreds of thousands of lives and provoked global outrage. Kissinger was also one of the coordinators of the Nixon Administration's overthrow of Chile's democratic government in 1973.

CONCLUSION: American involvement in Central America continues to escalate. In 1979 El Salvador was the recipient of less than $4 million in U.S. aid. Today that figure is nearly 50 times greater. U.S. military aid to Honduras ran at $5 million in 1980; today the figure is at least five times that amount. U.S. combat troops have been deployed for the last six months in Honduras ready to strike in either Nicaragua or El Salvador. U.S. military personnel are working on the ground in El Salvador, Costa Rica, Honduras and Panama. American trained and financed guerrillas operate inside Nicaragua.

The military victory of the United States over the tiny island of Grenada is encouraging some strategists to try their hand next in Central America. At present, all covert attempts to overthrow the Nicaraguan government have failed. And the position of the U.S.-backed Salvadoran army continues to deteriorate as the popular rebellion and insurgency grows. The administration is engaging in a sort of circular logic that leads inevitably to direct military intervention. Washington argues that the continued existence of the Nicaraguan government constitutes a "loss" for U.S. policy. It also argues that a collapse of the Salvadoran government would be a "loss." By backing the wrong side, one apparently destined to lose, the Reagan Administration seems bent on preceding that loss with another massive military intervention of the sort seen in Vietnam. ■

Marc Cooper is senior editor of* The Rebel. *He has reported on Latin America for* NBC, CBC, Mother Jones, The Village Voice, The San Diego Union *and other publications.



(UPI)

Nearly 2,000 U.S. Marines and Army troops invaded Marxist-ruled Grenada early October 25

Pentagon Caribbean Cruise

The administration planned the Grenada invasion two years in advance

By Tony Cavin

After flying all night from their home base in the United States, U.S. Army Rangers landed on the lush tropical island whose name most had never even heard and few could manage to properly pronounce. U.S. Navy ships filled the waters off the coast of the tiny Caribbean island joined by the forces of a number of smaller and less powerful nations who gave the operation at least the trappings of a multinational endeavor. On the island itself, the Rangers quickly went to work putting into practice the special skills that they had learned in dealing with the island's rugged terrain. In Washington, the Secretary of State told reporters that the administration could not afford to allow an Iranian-style hostage situation to develop. Three reasons are given for the invasion: (1) to take power from the "unfriendly" government on the island, (2) to station troops on the island until elections can be held, and (3) to install a government favorable to U.S. concepts of "democracy."

Grenada 1983? No. Vieques, Puerto Rico, 1981. The operation, Ocean Venture '81, described at the time by Grenada's People's Revolutionary Government as no less than a "practice run for a direct invasion of Grenada by U.S. troops." It looks now like they were right.

The scenario created for the Ocean Venture '81 war games was so close to the one used by the Reagan Administration for "Urgent Fury," the Oct. 25, 1983 invasion of Grenada, that it raises serious questions about the justifications provided by the administration to legitimize its actions. While most of the evidence is circumstantial, Ocean Venture '81 also raises questions about the possibility of a U.S. role in the events on Grenada that the administration later said prompted the invasion.

Ocean Venture '81 was the largest show of U.S. naval power since the end of the Second World War. One-thousand aircraft, 250 ships and 120,000 troops took part in the so-called war games. The Caribbean phase of the exercises took place from Aug. 3, 1981 until Aug. 20, 1981. The island of Vieques off the Puerto Rican coast was the target, and for the purpose of the war games was labeled Amber by the U.S. military. Smaller islands in the area were called the Amberdines. Thus, Amber and the Amberdines substituted for Grenada, which along with the islands it possesses, Petit Martinique and Carriacou, constitutes Grenada and the Grenadines.

The island of Vieques is periodically in the news. The U.S. Navy uses it for target practice. This activity is not appreciated by fishermen in the area, who, with the support of independence advocates in Puerto Rico, resent the Navy using part of their homeland for a bombing range. They have periodically mounted campaigns to try to stop the bombing by blocking the naval vessels with fishing boats. But, in addition to providing a convenient target for the Navy, Vieques has one other attribute. Its rugged hills are very similar to the terrain found in Grenada. Hills on both islands are far steeper than those U.S. forces might encounter in most places. The fact that Grenada's terrain was a factor in the invasion was underscored on a recent visit to the island when a tired Ranger told this reporter that the hills were taking a terrible toll because "they're much worse than anything we saw in Vietnam."

The choice of the name Amber for Vieques is significant as well. The Ocean Venture landing took place on the southeastern tip of Vieques; there is, not so coincidentally, an area on the southern tip of Grenada called Amber. The Rangers who landed on Vieques during Ocean Venture were flown nonstop from Norton Air Force Base in California. The Grenadan government charged that the distance was "approximately the same" as that needed to invade Grenada. But if the government of Grenadan Prime Minister Maurice

(UPI)

U.S. Marines on the streets of St. George's

Bishop was able to note the parallels between Ocean Venture and an actual invasion of Grenada, which it did, it could not predict that statements made by U.S. officials would be echoed two years later when the actual invasion was launched.

At the time of Ocean Venture, the Bishop government released a two-page statement from its mission to the Organization of American States in Washington which listed eight points. The statement concluded that the eight points "clearly suggest that the exercise on the island of Vieques off the coast of Puerto Rico is a practice run for a direct invasion of Grenada by U.S. troops." In addition to the items listed above, the Grenadan document noted the following statements from

Rear Adm. Robert P. McKenzie of the Caribbean contingency joint task force. The Admiral said that the exercise emphasized the "importance that the U.S. put on protecting Atlantic sea lanes along which travel 65 percent of U.S. imported oil, 65 percent of the bauxite and other strategic imports." He also described Grenada, Cuba and Nicaragua as "practically one country," referring to the situations as presenting the U.S. with a "political-military problem." McKenzie also said that the objective of Ocean Venture was to "give an example of the U.S. capability to respond in the Caribbean Basin."

In response to the Grenadan charges, then Secretary of State Alexander Haig countered by saying that "The U.S. conducted its own training exercises . . . to develop a quick reaction capability for a hypothetical hostage rescue mission. To date the (State) Department has received no formal complaint from any country." Anyone who has picked up a newspaper or turned on the television since the invasion was launched will find the words "rescue mission" relatively familiar, for that is how the administration has, of course, insisted upon referring to the invasion of one of the smallest countries in the world by the most powerful.

On the morning of Oct. 25, 1983 President Reagan, accompanied by his ideological ally Eugenia Charles, the Prime Minister of Dominica, went before White House reporters to announce the invasion which had begun only hours earlier. He cited three reasons for the dispatch of U.S. troops: to respond to a request for aid from the little-known organization Charles heads, the OECS, an alliance of Eastern Caribbean States, to restore democracy to Grenada, and to protect the lives of the almost 1,000 U.S. citizens on the island.

It was from this last reason that the use of the term "rescue mission" came to become one of the most frequently heard phrases in Washington. U.S. medical students, whose financial ability overcame their academic inability and allowed them to enroll in Saint George's Medical School on Grenada after failing to gain entrance to a U.S. medical school, were the objects of the President's concern. In ordering the invasion by U.S. forces, the Commander in Chief conveniently ignored the fact that officials of the school had insisted that the students were safe and had asked the administration not to invade. While school officials later changed their position, and only after meeting with administration officials, the President had no way of predicting that they would come to see things his way. In fact, statements by the officials raise some doubts as to whether they were swayed by so-called secret documents that the administration showed them in Washington, or by the realization that the old saying "to get along go along" was especially relevant when the U.S. Army became the sole authority on the island where their school happened to be located. School officials proudly point to their ability to get along well with whatever government was in power in Grenada, including the brutal Gairy dictatorship, the New Jewel government of Maurice Bishop and General Hudson Austin's short-lived Revolutionary Military Council.

It was not just officials at the medical school who had to change the facts around to make them fit the President's need for a "rescue mission." The Reagan Administration repeatedly insisted that Grenada's airport (Pearl's) was closed the day before the invasion was launched. In fact the airport was open—four charter flights left the island carrying foreign nationals. The flights that were not operating were those run by LIAT (Leeward Islands Air Transport), the airline that runs regularly scheduled flights in and out of Grenada. Those flights did not operate not because of any action taken by the Grenadan government, but because the planes were grounded by the Barbadan government. This proved to be a key factor in the administration's attempt to claim that a "rescue mission" was necessary. The close links between the government of Barbados Prime Minister Tom Adams and the U.S. were underscored by the fact that Barbados, which like the U.S. is not a member of the OECS alliance, sent its troops to join the invasion force in an attempt to make the move look less like a unilateral U.S. action.

The Canadian government was also quite upset over the fact that its citizens were unable to leave Grenada on a charter flight on October 24, the day before the invasion. Interestingly, this protest was made not to Grenada but to Washington, which Ottawa charged blocked the flight. The U.S. actions, then, especially when combined with those of Washington's close ally, Barbados, were responsible for creating the situation that was then used to justify a "rescue mission." The fact that such a mission had been conceived more than two years earlier, and practiced, was conveniently omitted from the administration's version of events but adds further weight to the argument that if anyone was holding hostages it was the State Department. In addition it should be remembered that the only response the administration made when questioned about General Austin's assurances that the students were safe was to say it could not believe his word. Also casting doubt on the administration's version of events is the fact that

(UPI)

Students look on as U.S. troops wait in the courtyard of the St. George's School of Medicine for an upcoming helicopter to transport wounded comrades to ships waiting offshore

(UPI)

Two U.S. soldiers escort a pair of Grenadan prisoners across the campus of the St. George's School of Medicine

on both the practice run and during the actual invasion the "rescue mission" does not end with the U.S. residents kissing the ground in front of television cameras, but instead results in a long occupation of the island until elections are held to ratify the new regime that Washington installs on the island.

There is plenty of evidence that the "rescue mission" was both unnecessary and planned long before the situation it was applied to actually occurred. What is not clear is what role the U.S. may have played in their developments. Given the facts surrounding the "rescue mission," a number of questions beg to be answered. Key among them is what, if any, role did the U.S. play in aggravating the split within the ruling New Jewel Movement (Bishop's political party) that led to the seizure of power by Austin and the creation of the Revolutionary Military Council as well as to the death of Bishop and the disarming of the Grenadan militia.

While there is no proof yet of direct U.S. involvement it cannot of course be ruled out. Since the arrest of Bishop and his subsequent death, administration officials have attempted to twist the facts around those events, and around the invasion itself, to fit their needs. The move against Bishop was attributed in Washington to "Cuban backed" elements and "hardliners." Bishop, whose government was described only last year as a "virus" by President Reagan, was now being pictured as a "moderate" in administration statements. Also, the administration did not acknowledge the fact that the Cuban government condemned Bishop's execution. The former Grenadan Prime Minister is said to have been a close friend of Cuban President Fidel Castro. Castro described his relations with the Hudson Austin government as "very cold and somewhat strained." Recent administration statements about Grenada tend to gloss over the openly hostile attitude taken by Washington while Bishop was in power. That position may also have aggravated the situation within the New Jewel Movement in two other ways.

Repeated U.S. attempts to block international loans to Grenada no doubt hurt the island's economic performance, giving Bishop's critics more ammunition. Despite Washington's best efforts, however, the Bishop government enjoyed remarkable economic success, especially compared to other nations in the region. This fact is currently being played down by administration officials as they announce plans for remodeling the Grenadan economy along the lines of Puerto Rico or Jamaica, two countries where Reagan-style conservative economic approaches have been disastrous. The diplomatic cold shoulder given Bishop's repeated efforts to better relations with Washington may also have been seized upon by his critics within New Jewel as another example of his failings. Given the tension on the island, where the threat of a U.S. attack was seen as constant, the Reagan Administration's belligerent attitude could only increase friction within the ruling party. That this was unintentional is difficult to believe, especially in light of the fact that while the administration was pressuring Bishop it already had prepared the invasion plans.

The invasion of Grenada met with what the administration claimed was more resistance than it had expected. Yet if two things had not occurred that drastically affected the level of resistance the U.S. could have run into far more trouble. The Grenadan militia was disarmed shortly before Hudson Austin declared that the Revolutionary Military Council had taken power. While this action may have only been a precaution to prevent the militia members from attacking Austin and the army, it meant that many Grenadans who would have played a key part in the defense of the island against the Americans found themselves without the weapons they needed. The killing of Maurice Bishop and as many as 150 of his supporters at Fort Rupert on October 19 was also crucial. Many Grenadans say that had the prime minister been alive they would have been willing to fight to defend the island, but they were not willing to fight to preserve the regime that they blamed for his death. The details surrounding both incidents are murky but again both appear crucial to the success of the U.S. invasion, and given the plans for the invasion that existed prior to the events taking place there are questions as to the possibility of U.S. involvement on some level.

In 1981 the Grenadan government warned that Ocean Venture was a practice run for the real thing. For the most part that warning fell on deaf ears, especially in the United States where most citizens found it difficult if not impossible to believe that the White House actually could see in tiny Grenada enough of a threat to contemplate an invasion. The warnings proved to be well-founded. Grenada is no longer a threat to the Reagan Administration; it is now an occupied country directly under the administration's control. ■

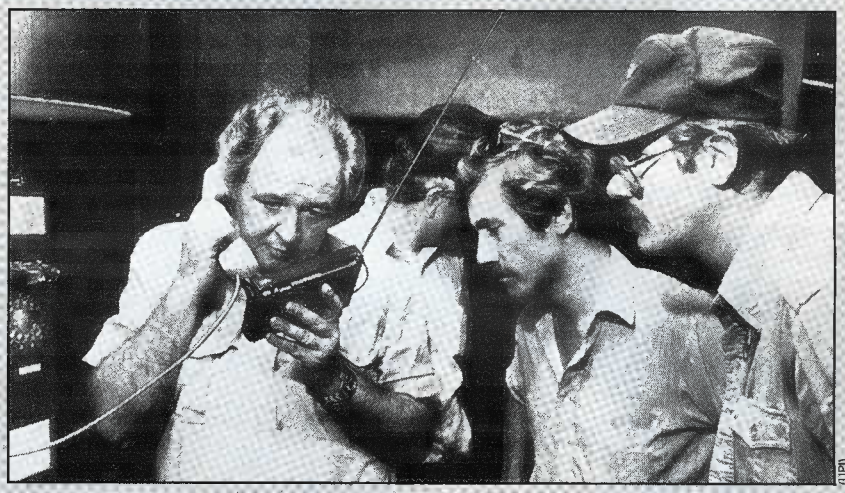
Tony Cavin is a reporter for* Pacifica Radio News *in Washington, D.C. He has just returned from assignment in Grenada.

Grenada: Supply-Side Journalism

Ten days after the Reagan Administration invaded Grenada, a U.S. Air Force C-130 transport circled over Point Salines Airport waiting for clearance to land. Inside almost 100 reporters sat in the canvas seats where usually only soldiers ride. Some slept, others read the newspapers they had bought that morning in Barbados before leaving, while others chatted, more often than not about items completely unrelated to the story they were covering. "This," said a correspondent from a suburban New York City daily, "is not a fun war."

While her comments were directed against those who made her spend seven hours a day traveling back and forth from Barbados, where she could find the international phone lines she needed to call her editor, in many ways her remarks summed up the press's attitude toward the way it was treated by the administration in the first days of the invasion. Reporters, editors and publishers, who complained loudly about violations of the First Amendment, viewed the administration's attempts at managing the story as a bothersome inconvenience and as an insult, but for the most part went along with the manipulation of the news. Protests over the lack of access to the story itself did not, for the most part, get translated into a critical or even questioning approach to the administration's official version of events.

By keeping the press out of Grenada, the administration was able to control just what information would get out to the public. By restricting the volume of that information to the tiniest trickle it could drastically influence coverage, virtually dictating what aspect of the story would lead the evening television news and appear on the front pages of the most respected dailies. In other words, the administration's approach to the problem was similar to its tactics for the economy, the result, supply-side journalism. The best example of how this worked was the supposedly secret documents found on Grenada by U.S. forces in the first days of the invasion. Dicey tidbits were released in an attempt to build a case for the administration's claim that Cuba was plotting a virtual takeover of the island. The press dutifully relayed this information home as the Great Communicator himself was taking to the airwaves to announce that U.S. forces had landed "just in time" to forestall the alleged Cuban plans. When, 11 days after the invasion began, the first set of documents was actually released, the damage had already been done. Public opinion polls reflected the fact that the administration had effectively created support for its actions, despite their dubious legal, moral and ethical justifications.



(UPI)

Frustrated members of the international press corps listen to news of fighting on Grenada, 100 miles away

The press also dutifully relayed to the public the wildly changing U.S. claims concerning the number of Cubans on Grenada. Despite the fact that it would take a magician to turn construction workers into combat troops, double their number and then cut it in half, few journalistic eyebrows were raised. Fewer still thought that the administration's performance on the Cuban issue should lead to skepticism concerning other administration claims. That reliable figures were available the whole time from the Cuban government was reported, but not with the prominence given to what were apparently viewed as more credible U.S. claims.

The first film of the invasion was taken by the Pentagon and was of what were said to be stockpiles of Cuban weapons. These stockpiles later proved to be far smaller than originally claimed as well as far less menacing. There is also evidence that while they were found near the barracks of Cuban construction workers at the Point Salines Airport, they were in fact the weapons the army had taken from the Grenadan militia. When reporters finally were able to inspect the weapons it turned out that some dated from the last century. This was reported but not until after the Pentagon's version of events was able to serve the administration's purpose. The press may argue that it had no choice because it was denied access; the fact of the matter is that the denial of access was accompanied by relatively uncritical repetition of the claims of the world's most powerful government attempting to justify the unleashing of its military might against a tiny island in the face of world condemnation.

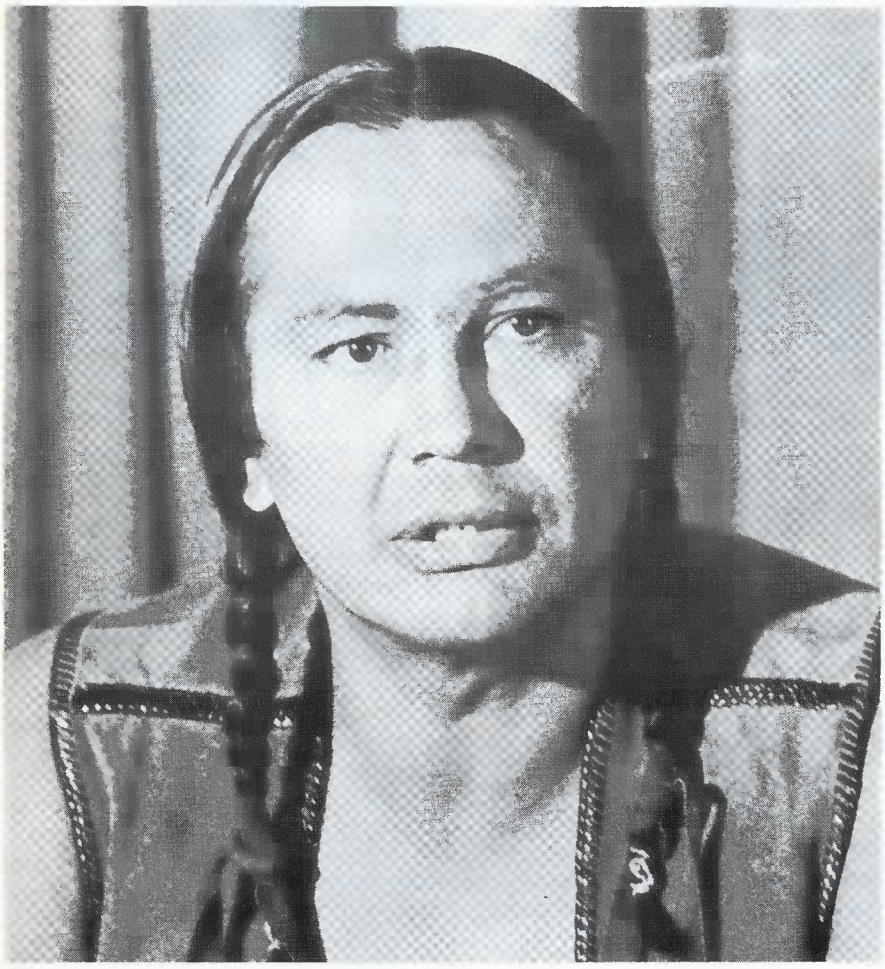
When the invasion began hundreds of reporters quickly flew to Barbados. Their ability to instantly relay information back to New York was not matched by a willingness to critically evaluate the value, or the truthfulness, of the material they were filing. As a result, a number of journalists spoke in awe of one of the television networks which, when the military allowed travel to Grenada, stationed camera crews on the smaller Grenadine islands and managed to obtain footage of U.S. forces landing on the island of Carriacou. This was considered a great tirumph despite the fact that film of U.S. forces landing on an island where the main resistance was put up by cows is not exactly the journalistic scoop of the century.

U.S. officers involved in the operation made clear their distrust of the press. As they see it, it was the press that betrayed the military's trust in Vietnam by sending home the version of the war that turned the American people against it. Believing strongly in the "lack of will" theory which holds that the U.S. defeat in Vietnam was the result of the American people having lost the desire to win, those in charge of the Grenada invasion decided not to repeat the mistake. Given the success of this tactic in getting the military's version of the war to the public, it is likely that Grenada will not be the last time press coverage of a controversial military operation will be controlled by the Pentagon. ■ —T.C.

Essay

The Arrogance of Human Rights

By Russell Means



(Wide World)

"Marxism and capitalism are flip sides of the coin of European cultural tradition"

The notion of human rights has been rhetorically employed by virtually all sides of the European political and philosophical equations in recent years. As is well known, the Carter Administration used this device in attempting to separate itself in the public mind from the brutal legacy of Nixonian Republican policies which had led to overt genocide in Southeast Asia, a linkage that is partially true but which obviously ignores the roles of Kennedy and Johnson "liberal Democrat" administrations in massively establishing U.S. savagery there.

Those opposed to Carter's smokescreen covering "business as usual" by U.S. power attacked his administration on the basis that his "human rights" concerns were directed exclusively at Marxist countries' abuses. The treatment of Soviet Jews and the policies of the Pol Pot regime in Kampuchea are two prominent examples. Meanwhile, Carter's administration was actively supporting governments such as that of the Shah of Iran, Suharto's Indonesian government (which is busily exterminating East Timorese), Stroessner's regime in Paraguay (which is exterminating Ache Indians), the Chilean Junta of Augusto Pinochet, Somoza's private empire in Nicaragua, the Pretoria apartheid regime in Azania (South Africa), Ian Smith's in Zimbabwe (Rhodesia), the Brazilian corporate state which was conducting outright extermination of the Amazon Basin tribes . . . the list could go on and on.

The more perceptive opponents to Carter's so-called human rights policies also pointed to the fact that his administration was conducting similar deprivations of rights operations against people *inside* the United States itself; American Indians, the original occupants of this country, of course, were the classic victims of such abuse. So, said the critics, Carter was rather hypocritically condemning his ideological enemies for policies he himself was quite guilty of duplicating. And again, many of these critics and opponents of Carter were not ideological Marxists.

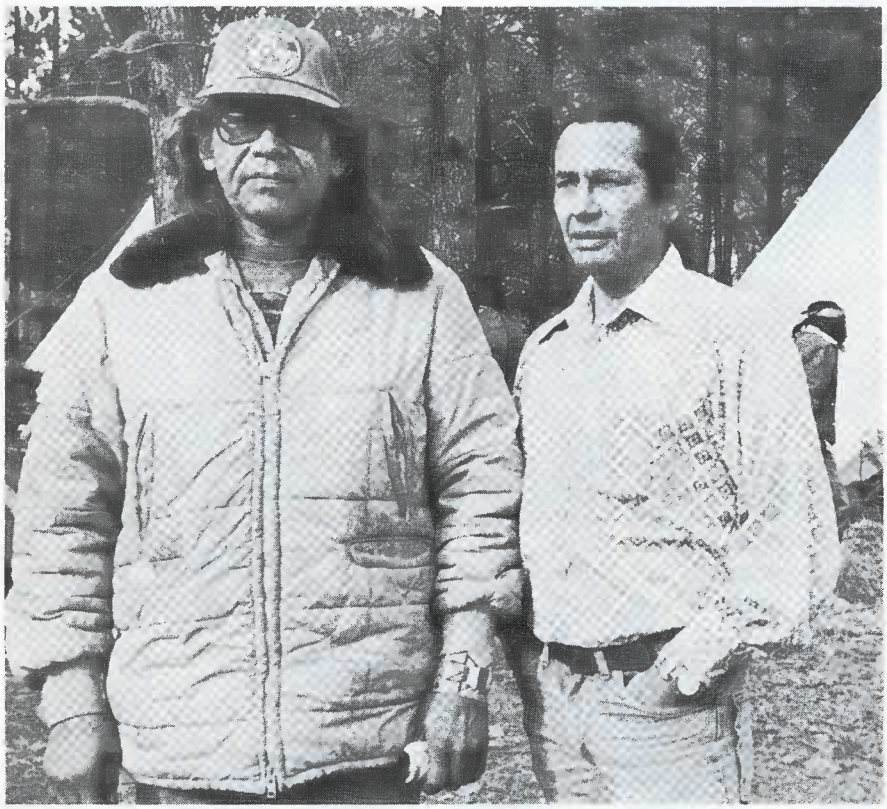
First, I agree that every conceivable right of individual human beings has been and is being violated by the Soviet Union and other Marxist states globally. I guess that's a point for Carter, if you want to look at things that way. Second, I agree that Carter and his people have violated exactly the same rights and they may quite possibly have done so on an even grander scale, which is a point for the other side. All this means is what I've been saying throughout this piece: that it's six of one and half a dozen of the other. Marxism and capitalism are just flip sides of the coin of European cultural tradition: ultimately, they do and mean the same thing.

This all goes directly to the notion of "human rights" itself. This is a crystalline example of the insistence of the European tradition in elevating humans above and beyond the natural order, as beings somehow uniquely privileged within nature. The assumption of these so-called rights consitutes a gross arrogance, a willful disruption of natural balance and harmony by Euro-thinkers. It is human chauvinism, for lack of a better term.

Now, I don't want to be misinterpreted on this point. When I reject this arrogance of human rights, it does not mean that I reject the rights of the people involved to freedom from the sorts of abuse they are currently suffering at the hands of Marxism and capitalism. To the contrary, I affirm their right to such freedom with every fiber of my being. But I do so not in the sense that they are somehow *uniquely* entitled *as human beings* to freedom from wanton exploitation and destruction. No, I insist on their rights as *natural* beings; I insist that they enjoy the same freedom from violation that is the right of a mountain to be free of strip mining, a field from being covered with asphalt, a river from being dammed or diverted. I reject the idea that one people have a right to trample or exterminate another in the same sense that I reject the idea that humans had or have the right to destroy the buffalo, the carrier pigeon, the caribou, or any other species.

I don't know how to make this any clearer: Human rights simply do not and can not exist other than in the context of natural rights, the natural order. And within the natural order, the place of human beings is a minor ingredient. Those who delude themselves to the contrary,

who insist upon violating nature by insisting on an artificial importance for humans within the natural order, accomplish only the opposite. They, inevitably, destroy their habitat, thereby, the basis for human life itself. Only when the natural rights of *all* relations are respected and inviolate can there be human rights, not as something special or superior, but as an integral part of the whole. In any other sense, there are no human rights at all. By this I mean that the natural order shall *withdraw* the privilege currently granted to the human species to exist. A continued arrogance by humans in this regard shall be repaid in full, that much is clear to anyone able to throw off the blinders of Eurothinking long enough to look around themselves.



(UPI)

Robert Humphrey stands with Russell Means at Yellow Thunder Camp, South Dakota, 1981

But I also spoke of something I termed "the ignorance of civil rights." In other words, civil rights are the special interests claimed by the members of a group on the basis of membership alone and at the direct expense of members of other groups.

For all that is obviously wrong with the idea of human rights, it is still a vastly superior concept to civil rights. The latter really comes down to base *greed,* the sharing of a stolen pie with the original thieves. Let's examine this relative to the United States.

During the late 1950's and early 1960's, the black population of the United States undertook what has come to be known as the "Civil Rights Movement." Within this movement, certain demands were formulated: the right to vote was asserted, the right to buy houses in any given neighborhood was sought, the right to be educated was pushed, the rights to be employed at decent paying jobs, to eat in the same restaurants, drink at the same drinking fountains, and to defecate in the same restrooms as whites were demanded. Again, the list could go on and on.

There was (and is) a certain validity to such demands. Black people were *not* equal to whites in these areas. And in most cases, they still aren't. But if you measure gains over the past twenty years against the demands of the Civil Rights Movement during the early '60s, you'll find that blacks have garnered significant victories. Blacks are, relatively speaking much less discriminated against at the polls than they were in 1960. In fact, the so-called Black Voters' Bloc has become an acknowledged force in American electoral politics. There are, per capita, vastly more black college graduates now than there were in 1960 (including a substantial number of Ph.Ds, etc.). In a relative sense, substantial numbers of jobs have opened up which have, in turn, provided the ways and means for a lot of blacks to move into the suburbs or wherever it was that housing discrimination seemed most rampant.

All this doesn't mean, of course, that ghettos have disappeared, that blacks are now holding real power by being elected president or promoted to the boards of major corporations and banks. But, it does mean that certain concrete wins have been had relative to the issues and formulated goals of the early '60s. This is at least true enough to have lent substance to white fears of socio-economic displacement, a virulent backlash including a new prominence for the Ku Klux Klan, and so on. It is at least theoretically possible to state that by following the course of action espoused through the Civil Rights Movement for a long enough period of time, black people would experience *full* wins in every area addressed by that movement. But what would this mean in practical terms?

It seems reasonable to draw up the following scenario: both ghettos and rural poverty would eventually be eliminated for blacks because they were going to college and graduating, being educated to hold important jobs in major corporations, a number of which would be headed by black men and women; this would provide the economic basis for virtually all blacks to live wherever they wished in America. It would also provide the basis for blacks not only to eat in any restaurant they selected, but to own many of them. And then there's the question of electoral politics: the same economic base would provide for the massive support of black candidates to offices up to and including that of President of the United States. As I said, it's at least theoretically possible to conjur up this image of the satiation of all major civil rights demands. Blacks *might* achieve an "equal split of the American pie," but at what cost?

Well, consider the black president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, for example. He or she would, through the success of long and rather bloody civil rights efforts, at last be head of a gigantic financial institution foundationed on the international exploitation of peoples (not to mention environments, for the moment) in places like South Africa, Namibia, Zimbabwe, Zaire, Mozambique, Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Paraguay, Venezuela, Malaysia, Thailand, Navajo, the Black Hills; there's no need to go on with the list. And there's no way that this black woman or man could alter the situation to any significant degree since this is the basis of his or her business; without this international exploitation (called profit by bankers), the Chase Manhattan business empire would immediately collapse, thus instantly ending the position gained for blacks within it through decades of struggle.

Clearly, this is an absurd goal for a movement allegedly intended to better the lot of non-European peoples. And it doesn't matter which corporation you pick to make as an example; General Motors or AMAX or Exxon or U.S. Steel or Anaconda Copper or Bell Aircraft or the Adolph Coors Corporation or Aetna Finance, the same principle holds in each case. This is also true of attaining political power in America; the primary mission of the President of the United States is, after

all, to keep the gears of American business meshing, both at home and abroad.

Every posh suburban residence occupied by a black, every executive salary line, every single "gain" achieved through the logic of civil rights comes out of the blood, sweat and tears of other non-European peoples, if you wish to look at things in terms of human rights. Every gain in civil rights terms for black people in the U.S. can *only* accrue by displacing the cost onto other non-Europeans elsewhere. And beyond the arrogance of assessing the costs merely in terms of human consequences, the entire environment must pay the price of civil rights "equality."

To gain equality with the European, the white man, on his own terms, one must become just *like* him; must think, talk, act and destroy like him. On a truly massive scale, this is the process of identifying with and emulating the oppressor which psychiatrists have pointed out lately in individual cases as being the extremely irrational behavior of a hostage in relation to his or her captor. This is the logic and behavior of accepting that Europe's global hegemony is not only acceptable but correct, that White Supremacy is real, that non-European "success" is to become the mirror image of Europe. This is what I mean when I speak of the *ignorance* of civil rights, because I believe that ultimately very few black people really wish to participate in such a process and "achieve" such results.

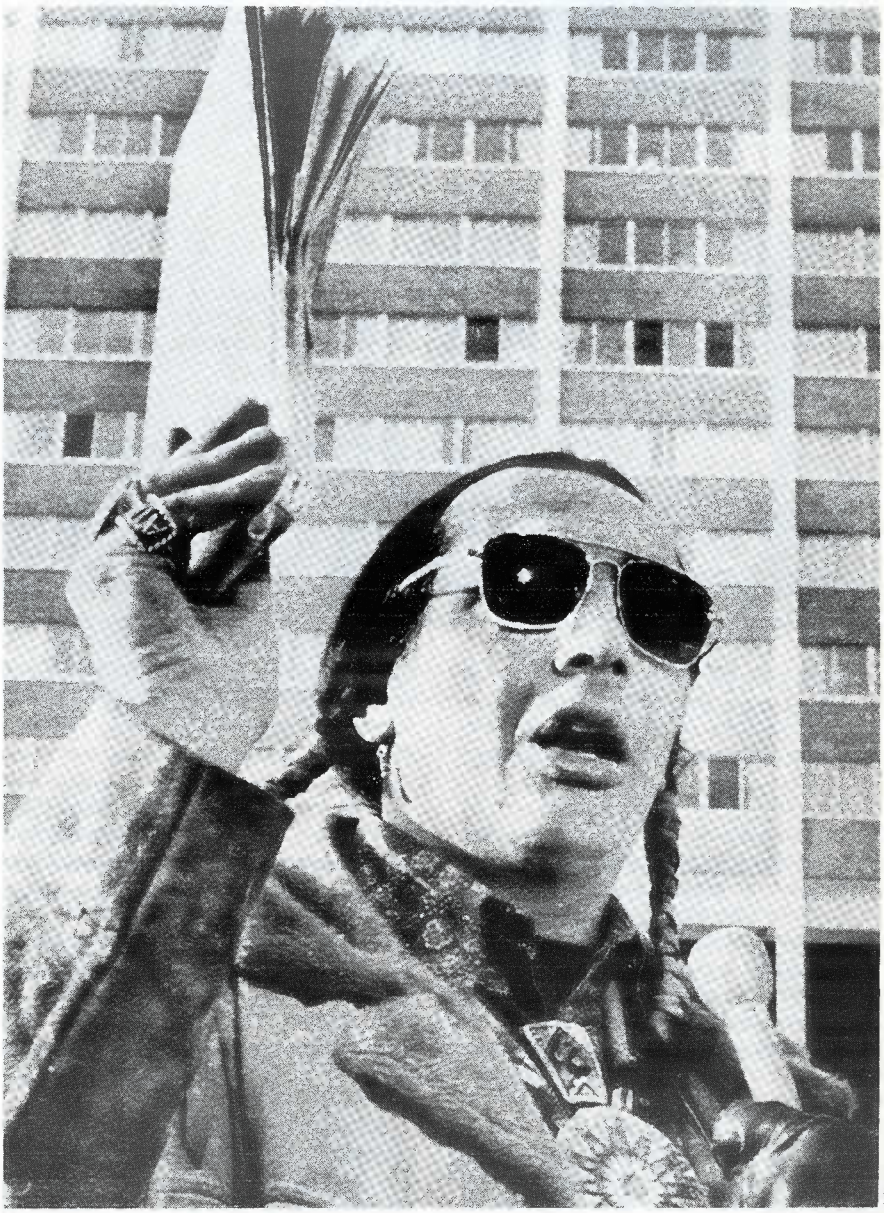
In fact, I'd wager that nobody would own up to truly seeking to live in luxury in America at the direct expense either of their black sisters and brothers in southern Africa or of my Lakota People on Pine Ridge. You can say to me that the movement I refer to is ancient history, that your goals and aspirations have changed dramatically since the days of the Mississippi Freedom Rides. Up to a point, I have to agree with you. This objection is absolutely true and correct, as far as it goes. But let me ask you a question: Is there anyone here who strenuously objects to my constantly referring to *blacks?*

What is a black? Or in the case of human beings, to what does black refer? Genetic structure, pure and simple. Black skin or white skin or yellow, brown or red skin is merely a genetic condition. It determines *only* how a person looks, not how he or she acts, thinks, feels, etc. And yet, in America the offshoots of the Civil Rights Movement have been Black Power, Black Pride and Black Awareness. There seems to be a general acceptance that black is *the* distinctive characteristic of pride and strength. I'd like to examine this assumption for a moment.

It seems to me that the term "black" gained popular currency in this country during a period roughly from 1963–65. At the time it constituted a conscious rejection of a Euro-imposed term, "negro," a thoroughly derogatory and colonial term, and the impositon of another, much more prideful term selected by the people thus labeled, themselves. To this I say right on! This was a process of taking one of European racism's best shots and turning it on its head; a decolonizing act, a revolutionary act if you prefer. This represented, at the time, a major psychological breakthrough among the largest single non-European population in North America.

I know that in and of itself the whole notion of race pride ultimately leads nowhere. It demolishes the ability to make distinctions, allies and positive gains. This is one reason, which I repeat over and over, why I look to culture rather than race as being really important. I've experienced and I sympathize with the moment of race pride, but once it's over, I say let's get on with content, with thinking, feeling and acting.

In the case at hand, I reject the long-term utility of the concept of "blackness" as emphatically as I reject the notions of white, red, yellow or brown as explanatory of anything other than pigmentation and perhaps bone structure. Black is, in the long run, no more or less than the genetic division of the American imperial pie, a negative force in the universe, a term based entirely in the civil rights context of demanding that the American power structure allow non-whites to join it. The people I am interested in meeting, in reaching and in allying with are *Africans.* There is not a black in America who does not have his or her real cultural roots in Africa. One is African in the same sense



(UPI)

Means arrives at Federal District Court in St. Paul, Minnesota for his 1974 Wounded Knee takeover trial

(UPI)

"What I'm talking about are values, worldview and spiritual tradition"

that I am American Indian or that Ronald Reagan is a European. Beyond that, you are specifically Bantu or Watusi or Zulu or Masai in precisely the same sense that I am Lakota or that Ronald Reagan is a German (whether he knows it or not). Like I said, it's time to get beyond that moment of self-recognition and on into real content and substance. Who we are is much, much more than our DNA structure. We are each the product of thousands of generations of cultural continuity, wisdom and tradition. If you are black and not wholeheartedly engaged in linking yourself to the heritage of Africa that is rightfully yours, then the chances are you are linking yourself directly to the heritage of Europe, the heritage of the oppressor. This linkage of black-skinned people to the European tradition is what I consider to be the greatest danger of the ignorance of civil rights, a danger which *must* be overcome and quickly.

Again, I don't want to be misunderstood here. I'm not attempting to reinvent Marcus Garvey's "back to Africa movement." And I'm not an anthropologist attempting to define the African cultural heritage in terms of overt physical expression. What I'm talking about are the essential cultural ingredients which make up values, worldview and spiritual tradition. I believe that African culture, in the latter sense, is perfectly appropriate and completely viable right here and right now. I say this in precisely the same sense that I insist that American Indian culture and tradition in real terms, not some idiot's conception of Hiawatha, is the valid alternative to the European order in the Americas.

Africans are tribal peoples, natural peoples. Despite hundreds of years of European exploitation and genocide, they have never given up that value structure, that world view, their sense of spiritual integration into the natural order. Europeans, on the other hand, *were* tribal peoples but, with a few exceptions, and remember—exceptions only prove the rule, gave that up and demand now that the rest of the planet follow their lead into an artificial universe.

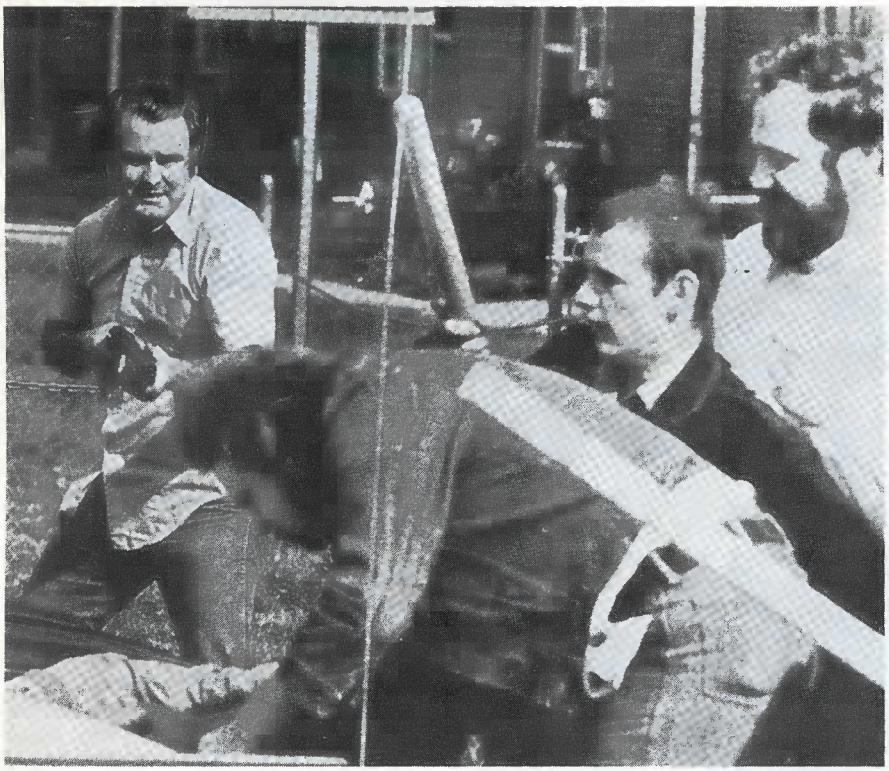
Because of the historical conditions surrounding the African transplantation into this hemisphere, it has been impossible for people of African descent in this country to maintain cultural continuity in the same fashion as have American Indians. This does not, however, prevent the energy of African Americans from going into the reconstitution of their true cultural heritage. To the extent that blacks seek to realize their heritage, they are the natural allies of American Indians and all other natural beings. They are welcome here and considered as partners in the struggle for natural rights.

For those who think it can't be done, or that even the form of struggle is pointless, I suggest you look to Surinam. Right now, there is a village there established generations ago by runaway slaves. The originators of this village were representative of a number of African tribal cultures. What these people did, and what their descendants continue to do, is to act upon their common characteristics of values and world-view shared at certain levels by *all* natural cultures. This strength allowed them to overcome their superficial differences and thereby establish a true community of resistance which has stood the test of time, a self-sufficient community of Africans in this hemisphere. This proves it can be done. And remember my relatives, the red people, welcomed and made room for them. I want each and every one of you to consider, acknowledge and remember that the African slaves' first taste of freedom in this hemisphere was provided by American Indian peoples.

If you are a black, to the extent that you forgo your heritage in favor of identifying with Europe, with the sanctity of purely human rights and, worse, civil rights, you are as unwelcome as the European. I don't worry that you might be unnecessarily insulted or "alienated" by such a statement; only those who would seek to equivocate on unequivocal matters will see fit to be offended by such a position. Those who view themselves as beyond "the pale" of Europe and all that it's come to stand for have never objected to clarification of the issues in such a manner. It is these people who are my allies and with whom I seek to communicate; as relations of the natural order, we have much in common and much to discuss.

The others, as Frantz Fanon so aptly put it, are but "black skins/white masks." They are invited to join the Marxists, the anarchists, Peter McDonald's Vichy Indians and other functionaries of the many faces of Euro-culture in history's gallery of sell-outs, rip-offs, and oppressors. ■

Russell Means is an Oglala Lakota (Sioux), and a leader of the American Indian Movement.



(STRATFORD, DAVIS/GAMMA-LIASON)

(STRATFORD, DAVIS/GAMMA-LIASON)

Demonstrator caught in crossfire

"Like shooting fish in a barrel" (left)

Greensboro Nazis and Klansmen To Be Tried for 1979 Massacre

The perpetrators of the killings were coached, organized, and led by government agents

1984 opens up, appropriately enough, with a trial that has far-reaching implications for intelligence agency abuses inside the U.S. On Jan. 9, 1984, nine of the Klansmen and Nazis involved in the 1979 shooting deaths of five anti-Klan demonstrators will go on trial in the Winston-Salem, North Carolina federal courthouse. They face charges of violating the civil rights of those killed in that bloody attack. While four of the accused face life imprisonment, the importance of the case is that it could shed light on the agents-provocateurs acting in the shadows of Greensboro. The following article was written by one of the victims of the massacre. Paul Bermanzohn, a member of the Communist Workers Party, was seriously wounded by the Nazi-Klan gunfire and is now determined to expose the role of government agents in the shootings.

By Paul Bermanzohn

Not since Jack Ruby shot Lee Harvey Oswald were people so shocked by their television screens. But the small bits of video shown could not capture the full horror of the Greensboro Massacre.

Nov. 3, 1979 started out as a peaceful fall day. As demonstrators began to gather for the anti-Klan march, the sun broke through the clouds. Enthusiastic marchers clustered and sang old civil rights songs in front of the community center at Morningside Homes, a black housing project.

Slowly, unexpectedly, a caravan of cars pushed its way through the crowd, made up mostly of children. People leaned out of the cars shouting, "Kill the kikes! Kill the niggers!" Several demonstrators kicked cars in retaliation. Suddenly, men with sticks attacked the crowd from two sides, forcing us back into narrow Everitt Street. Gunmen got out of the two rear cars and opened fire with an arsenal of weapons. There were no police in sight.

There was 88 seconds of gunfire, a continuous, deafening roar. A witness in the North Carolina trial of the Klan and Nazis said "it was like shooting fish in a barrel." A cameraman from a local TV station said it looked like "running ponies into a box canyon and shooting them down." Michael Nathan, a pediatrician active in medical support work for Zimbabwe, lay dying with half his head shot off. Jim Waller, president of Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union Local 13T, had 15 bullets in his body. Two .357 Magnum slugs ripped apart Cesar Cauce, union organizer at Duke Hospital. I had been shot twice in the head and in my arm near my heart. Bill Sampson, chief shop steward of ACTWU Local 1391, was shot precisely in the heart. Sandy Smith, union organizer at Cannon Mills, was hit between the eyes as she looked to see if the children were safe.

Later we were asked by the media and the government to believe that this was a "random" shooting ... A shooting in which five leaders of the Communist Workers Party (CWP) were picked out and murdered in a crowd of over 100 people.

Exactly one year after the Greensboro Massacre, the longest trial in North Carolina history found the Klansmen-Nazis innocent of murder. The headlines shocked even most case-hardened observers of the U.S. judicial system. How could it happen? Two brief facts will give a taste of the trial. First, the jury foreman, Raymondo Manduley, had been involved in the CIA-sponsored Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba. Manduley admitted to being a member of the Twentieth of May, an anti-Castro rightwing Cuban group. He was the juror who pronounced the not-guilty verdict on network TV. He explained to the stunned reporters the evidence that convinced the jury was the FBI ballistics report that "proved" that the third, fourth and fifth shots fired, allegedly the first "hostile" shots, were fired by the victims. During the trial the FBI admitted that the test was not accurate. After the trial the FBI

changed its story again. It now maintains that the attackers fired first. "Mystery shots" 3, 4, and 5 were in fact fired by the invaders.

The government had good reason to cover up the killings. Planning and deliberation went into the attack in the months before November 3, 1979. Meetings of the Klan and Nazis were held across the state and then finally in Greensboro. However, the Klan and Nazi conspirators were by no means alone. At least two government agents participated in those meetings, both encouraging and organizing, with one eventually leading the attack.

Their activities interlocked with those of the Greensboro Police Department, which consistently and consciously refused to protect the demonstrators, and the FBI, which chose to investigate the communist union organizers but not the Klan the week before the murders.

What has emerged is an outline of a complex and coordinated set-up of labor organizers for attack by a government-directed right-wing death squad.

Bernard Butkovich, a handsome young body-builder working undercover for the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, (BATF) joined North Carolina's Nazi Party in July 1979. He was fresh from a stint working undercover in the Hell's Angels. Butkovich is an organizer and he forged a coalition of North Carolina's KKK and Nazis—the United Racist Front. He was so enthusiastic about this work that he urged killing rival Klan leader Joe Grady, who opposed the coalition.

Butkovich offered commando training and training in explosives to his Nazi troops. He urged them to bring guns to the anti-Klan demonstration to be staged by the Communist Workers Party in 1979. He had to leave that planning meeting early so he even checked at Winston Nazi leader Roland Wayne Wood's house to be sure his Nazis would bring guns.

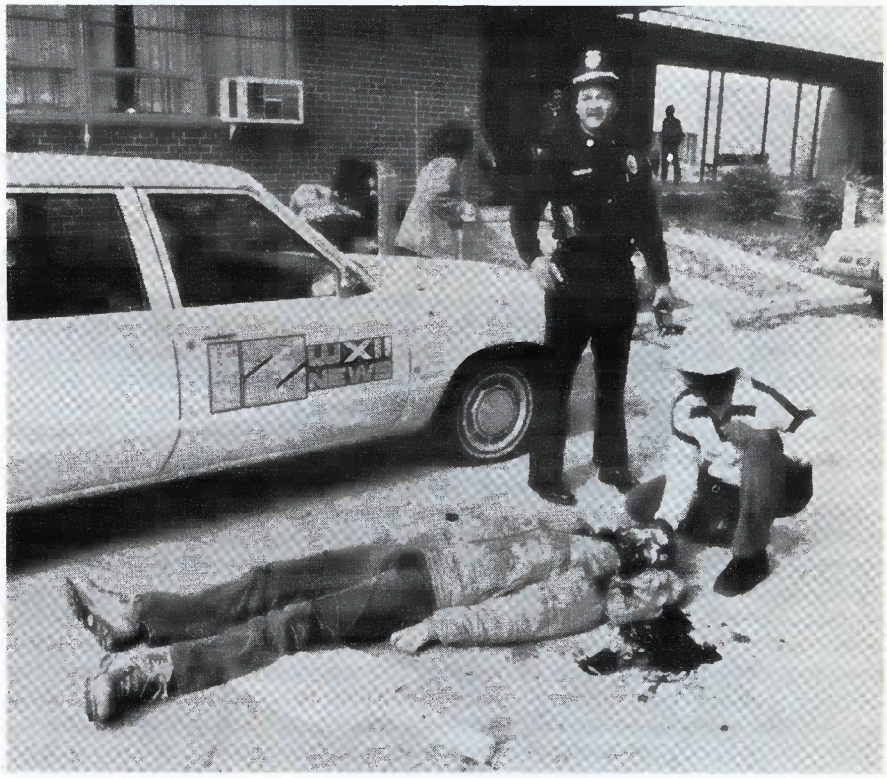
Wood was the only Nazi caught on November 3. The van he was riding in almost collided with a police cruiser and all occupants were arrested. Wood gave the names of three fellow Nazis to the police and their names were issued for arrest.

To discourage Wood's talking, Butkovich paid him a visit in jail. The meeting with the prisoner in a private room in the jail took place with no police present. We do not know precisely what was said. But Roland's brother, Roger Wood, visited Roland in jail later that day. Roger reported two things to the press. First, Roland kept expressing concern about the safety of his wife and child. Second, Butkovich had "offered" to burn down Roland's house "and make it look like the Communist Workers Party did it." Butkovich evidently did not like talkers.

Butkovich tried to find the three fugitive Nazis to hide them out on a farm in Ohio. He also tried to arrange for hiding the murder weapons. One Nazi testified before a federal grand jury that Butkovich called him within hours of the murders and asked him to hide three of the Nazi fugitives and Butkovich's AR-15 rifle.

(STRATFORD, DAVIS/GAMMA-LIASON)

Communist Workers Party member lies mortally wounded



(STRATFORD, DAVIS/GAMMA-LIASON)

Court documents show that Butkovich's activities were reported daily to G.R. Dickerson, the head of the BATF. After Butkovich surfaced, the BATF conducted an internal investigation. Only the report's conclusion was made public; it said only that "Butkovich acted within the guidelines."

Another undercover BATF agent, Michael Sweat, worked inside the Nazis to plan a firebombing of several populous areas of Greensboro if the 1980 murder trial found the defendants guilty. At a later trial in Asheville, audio tapes were played of Sweat urging his fellow Nazis not to falter ("even a moron could do it . . .").

Both Bernard Butkovich and Michael Sweat were put into the North Carolina Nazis by Harold Covington, then the head Nazi in the state. Covington was once a mercenary in a CIA-backed force in Rhodesia.

A Treasury Department briefing paper just released shows that Butkovich acted with the full knowledge of the FBI, which "was kept apprised of the significant

(STRATFORD, DAVIS/GAMMA-LIASON)

(STRATFORD, DAVIS/GAMMA-LIASON)

investigative developments as they occurred."

After receiving bad publicity for killing off the leadership of the Black Panther Party in the 1960's and '70s, the FBI's guidelines were made more restrictive, officially to "curb intelligence abuses." The BATF, with less restrictive guidelines, picked up the ball from the FBI. But only the naive believe the FBI completely gave up domestic counterinsurgency.

The FBI began an investigation of the CWP shortly after we applied for a permit for the November 3 demonstration. Two men, identifying themselves as FBI agents came to textile organizer Daisy Crawford's home prior to the murders and showed her photographs of several of the people killed in Greensboro about a week later. The FBI investigation ended Nov. 2, 1979, one day before the assassinations. At first the FBI denied there had been any such investigation, but when written proof of their activities emerged they were forced to acknowledge their snooping.

Eddie Dawson is another key figure in the case. Dawson is a garrulous, some say over-talkative, housepainter in Greensboro. He is also a violent racist. In 1969 he was convicted of driving through the black community of Burlington, North Carolina and shooting at people. On November 3, he led the assassination caravan. He had recruited most of the Klansmen in late October at a Klan rally in Lincolnton. Early the day of the murders, he reconnoitered

Not just "a shootout between extremists of the Left and Right"

Morningside Homes and later at the rendezvous point he kept hurrying the Klan and Nazis group. He placed the caravan cars in their proper order and he consulted maps on how best to get to Morningside. He rode in the lead car and when his eyes met mine he yelled out at me, "You commie sonofabitch!"

Dawson was working for the Greensboro Police Department that day. He left the rendezvous point to call Jerry "Rooster" Cooper, a Greensboro Police Department detective. He told "Rooster" that "everybody has a gun" and that they were planning a confrontation. Cooper followed the Klan-Nazi caravan over seven miles through town and took about 400 photos of the shootings; but he made no effort to stop the killers at any point.

Indeed the local police department was in on the murders. The few police officers assigned to guard the march were sent to "eat lunch" until 11:30. Dawson knew this and this is why he kept rushing his accomplices at the rendezvous. The murderous fusillade began at 11:23. The police department had given a copy of our parade permit, which contained the starting point and the entire route, to Eddie Dawson. Dawson's caravan and four TV stations were present at the starting point yet the Greensboro police claimed they were confused about the starting point to explain why there were no police at the scene. When they finally arrived, after the caravan had sped away, they did not give chase; instead they arrested and beat up several of the demonstrators.

The local police and the federal intelligence cooperated not only in carrying out the assassinations, but in covering up as well. On the day he was arrested, Jerry Paul Smith, the killer of Cesar Cauce, confessed in a 2½-hour session. One half-hour of that taped confession was later erased by his interrogator, Thomas Brereton, special agent in the Greensboro FBI office. Since the murders, Brereton has been the chief investigator on the Greensboro Massacre. He has admitted to having financial dealings with Eddie Dawson. This FBI agent played a pivotal role in the 1980 acquittals.

Greensboro is a classic intelligence cover operation and coverup, the full details of which are just coming to light. In the Greensboro case *The New York Times* pace-set the media coverup. An article by Anthony Lewis several days after the Massacre downplayed the political implications of the deaths. Lewis claimed the Massacre was only a "shootout between extremists of the Left and Right." This shootout lie was picked up by almost all the U.S. media. But too much was out, and kept coming out, to allow it to be papered over so easily. More will emerge at the Winston-Salem trial.

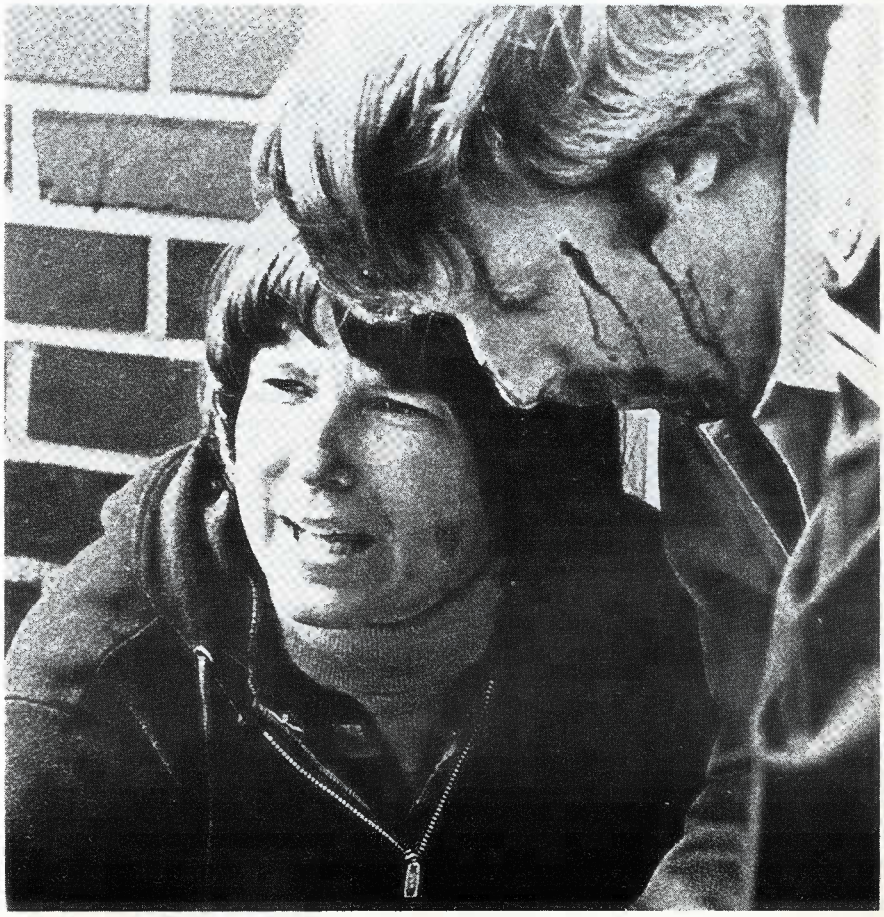
(STRATFORD, DAVIS/GAMMA-LIASON)

The January 9 trial is a result of public pressure in response to serious questions of government involvement. Reagan's Justice Department was forced to seat a federal grand jury in March 1982, which resulted in the indictments of the nine Klansmen and Nazis. William Bradford Reynolds, of the Civil Rights Division, said on *Meet the Press*, that the government handling of Greensboro shows that Reagan is not a racist. In the trial the government needs a conviction to try to stifle the ongoing questions about government wrongdoing.

Greensboro is the key battle against Reagan's unleashing the FBI and CIA against American citizens. Exposing and punishing these intelligence operatives for their crimes in Greensboro will inhibit government covert operations. Not to do so will further imperil all our civil liberties. ■

Paul Bermanzohn is a physician and the son of two Holocaust survivors. As a spokesperson for the Communist Workers Party he was shot several times during the Greensboro incident. Despite significant paralysis he practices medicine full-time in New York. With his wife Sally, he co-authored the book* The True Story of the Greensboro Massacre*, available from Cesar Cauce Publishers and Distributors, Inc., P.O. Box 389, 39 Bowery, New York, NY 10002.

Police refused to offer protection to CWP demonstrators



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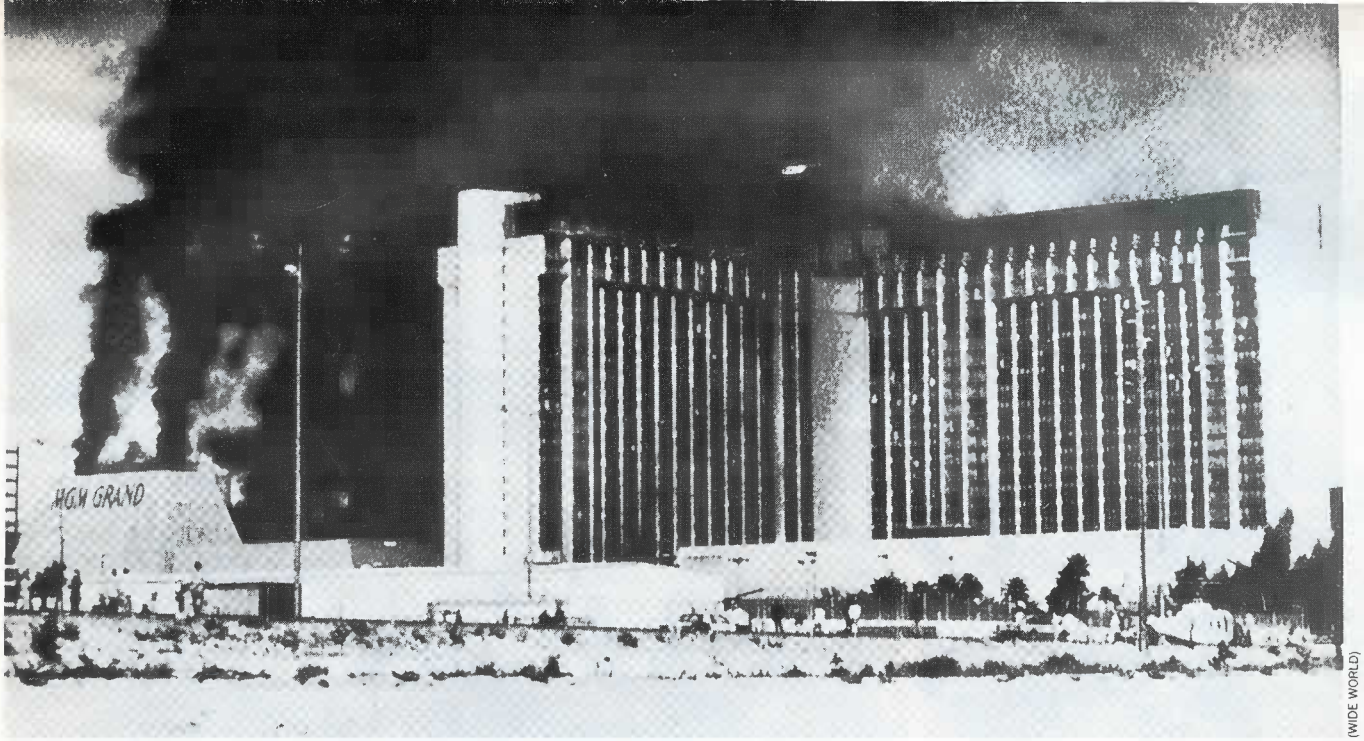

(WIDE WORLD)

MGM Grand Hotel in Las Vegas where 84 died

Towering Infernos And Household Hells

Carpets, mattresses and other common items become lethal gas bombs in home and hotel fires

By Robert Schaeffer

It wasn't a very big fire in room 404 of the Westchase Hilton in Houston. The revelers who started the fire escaped the flames. Twelve people in rooms down the hall would also escape the flames, but not the smoke. The smoke seeping into their rooms killed them behind closed doors.

Across the hall, Ronald, Cecile, Ron Jr., and Jonathan Pabst huddled on the floor at the foot of the bed to get below the smoke entering their room. In 411, the Espanol family did the same. Both families died together, their lungs ulcerated by toxic fumes, their eyes etched by the hydrochloric acid that formed when hydrogen chloride gas mixed with their tears.

In all, twelve people died. They died from the fire, but did not perish from the flames. The fire was contained in 404. The deputy fire chief on the scene said that the firefighting itself was "fairly straightforward."

Little has changed since March 6, 1982, when the smoky blaze darkened the halls of the Westchase Hilton. Some 12,000 more people have died, most of them from smoke inhalation, most of them breathing the same noxious gases that killed the guests in the Hilton.

Breathing caustic gases is rather like snorting Drano. They cause bloody ulcers in moist lungs and mucous membranes. They produce edema, where the lungs fill with fluid, a kind of monsoon-swift pneumonia. Tearing eyes become acid ponds, the cornea etched like an engraver's plate. Then there are the after-effects. Phosgene can remain latent up to 24 hours. Symptoms of gas attack—shortness of breath, coughing, nausea, vomiting, headaches—can recur up to six weeks later, and some victims can suffer a relapse.

Guests escaping the hotel fire might have caught whiffs of what seemed to be bitter almonds, vinegar, rotten eggs, or perhaps the scent of freshly mown hay as they ran for the stairs. Gases from hydrogen cyanide, hydrogen chloride, hydrogen sulfide, and phosgene would produce these smells. Fires that consume furnishings made of synthetic plastics—nylon carpets, mattresses, drapes, foam beddings, simulated wood paneling and TV cabinets, bathroom fixtures and shower curtains, and wall coverings, items common in hotel rooms and every American home—produce these gases.

The spectacular hotel fires—at the Stouffer's Inn near New York City, where 26 died; MGM Grand Hotel in Las Vegas, where 84 died; and the Westchase Hilton in Houston, where 12 died—alerted the public for the first time to the danger of smoke from fires. In the MGM Grand fire, only 16 of the victims burned to death. The rest died from inhaling poisonous smoke, smoke of the kind that would have terrified front-line soldiers at Verdun. But while hotel chains have added smoke detectors and installed sprinkler systems, most Americans are ignorant of the danger from smoke produced by household furnishings containing plastic and other synthetic products. "Americans don't give a damn about fire," Gordon Vickery, former head of the U.S. Fire Administration, complains. "Our casualty rate from fire is five times that of European countries."

A complex mixture of deadly smoke is produced by decomposing plastic furnishings. The average hotel room is furnished with products containing 20 pounds of polyvinyl chloride (PVC) and other synthetic materials. The average American house contains between 300 and 500 pounds of plastic. And avid consumers add between 10 and 15 pounds of plastic to their homes each year. "Because synthetic materials burn twice as fast and twice as hot as natural materials," Gordon Vickery warns, "this amount of new plastic is equal to two pails of gasoline."

Yves Alarie, professor of Public Health at the University of Pittsburgh, warns, "It takes very little plastic to kill in a small room." Scientists at the University of Pittsburgh have found that five ounces of burning PVC emits enough hydrogen chloride gas to kill all the people in an average size bedroom in ten minutes.

Merritt Birky, head of Combustion Product Technology at the National Bureau of Standards, says, "Synthetics have a heat content two and three times higher

than cellulose, cotton, wood; and are generally easier to ignite; and produce a more complex mixture of gases."

Conventional materials—wood and natural fiber—also produce toxic gases. Carbon monoxide is a a primary product of combustion of these materials. But carbon monoxide is not caustic; it doesn't damage eyes or lungs on contact. Synthetically produced gases are much more toxic. Hydrogen cyanide, for instance, is 30 times more poisonous than carbon monoxide.

The introduction of synthetic materials into home, hotel, and office has created a complex and dangerous fire hazard. Firefighters are particularly concerned, since they have to work in these toxic environments. San Francisco Fire Department Battalion Chief Frank Dunphy says that a recent fire in the computer room of a downtown office building decomposed some telephone cables insulated with a new fluoropolymer and sent four people to the hospital. The new cable is harder to ignite than old electrical cable, but when it is subjected to high temperatures it releases an invisible gas 500 times more toxic than carbon monoxide. This is the kind of gas that the U.S. Army would like to test on sheep in Utah.

Despite the danger, science has been slow to respond, and researchers still know very little about fire and its smoke. Even though 80 percent of the 8,000 Americans who are killed in fires each year die from inhaling the smoke, most people still blame carbon monoxide for most fire-related deaths. This is because coroners, who routinely examine fire fatalities, test only the level of carbon monoxide in the blood. Dr. Michael Slade, Forensic Toxicologist at the San Francisco Medical Examiner's office, thinks this should change. "In many fire fatality cases the level of carbon monoxide is not high enough to account entirely for death. People who live in a plastic environment probably died from something else."

There are tests available that could be used to determine the cause of death, but they're expensive. Dr. Slade argues that medical examiners should test for other gases. "If we find a high percentage of people are dying from noxious materials, then we should take these data to manufacturers and say these are dangerous materials." As it is, coroners say only that a victim died of smoke inhalation, not that they were poisoned by their burning stereo cabinet.

But as soon as scientists began testing products for their relative toxicity, they ran into a storm of opposition from the plastics industry. The industry argues that since natural materials produce gases that can kill, there's no point in determining the relative toxicity of different materials.

Michael O'Mara, vice-president of research and development at B.F. Goodrich, a principal manufacturer of PVC, says, "Although PVC does release toxic combustion products when it burns, so do other materials. And PVC is no worse."

(WIDE WORLD)

Forty fire companies including 150 firefighters, battled the blaze at the Westvaco building in Manhattan

Larry Zoeller, vice-president of public affairs at Allied Tube and Conduit, thinks differently. He believes that the "only rational approach" is to develop a test to measure the relative toxicity of materials, one that can compare the toxicity of PVC foam to, say, that of douglas fir. Once the toxicity of various materials is measured, then standards and codes can be adopted to regulate their use. Dr. Birky points out, "We have some 400 codes that apply to fire, but none apply to toxicity."

Larry Zoeller admits that Allied Tube and Conduit is not a disinterested party in the widening fight with the plastics industry. "We wouldn't be in this fight with the plastics industry if we were making catsup," he says. Allied once sold PVC conduit, he said, but "mounting evidence of danger from its use convinced us not to sell it anymore."

Not so for John Lawrence, technical director of the Society of Plastics Industry, who argues that the available tests to determine relative toxicity do not accurately reflect actual fire conditions. He says that wood burns at around 550 degrees Fahrenheit and fluoropolymer cable at 1100 degrees F. While the plastic cable may be more toxic (500 times), it burns less readily. "The bottom line is that a toxicity test doesn't reveal the fact that the material resists burning. A material like this is typically located behind the wall. By the time it burns, the people who are left in the building would have suffocated anyway."

Steven Biegel, director of the office of program planning at the National Institute of Building Standards, is of a like mind.

(WIDE WORLD)

Helicopters rescued five people from a burning 14-story office building in New Delhi

"Toxicity is no more important than flamespread, ignition, structural integrity, durability, and appearance." He criticizes those who blame plastics as the culprit in fires. "All products kill. Wood gives off toxic by-products too. It's easy to point the finger at plastics."

Larry Zoeller criticizes the plastics industry position: "The traditional approach to product safety is that you can't use a product until it's proved safe. The plastics industry has turned this around."

"As an individual," says Robert Park, technical manager for Polyester Resin at PPG Industries, "I have to disagree with the 'everything is toxic' argument. That's gross, not scientific."

And Dr. Birky says, "The people who use this argument like to argue that carbon monoxide is responsible for most fire-related deaths. But this is an argument based more on ignorance than on knowledge. Test fires do not always approximate the conditions of a real fire. That's a legitimate concern, but it shouldn't prevent scientists from going ahead and developing a way of measuring toxicity."

The debate over toxic smoke has joined several industrial groups in an acrimonious battle. Steven Biegel described it this way: "The wood, plastic and steel industries are all tugging at once. The steel and wood industries want to restrict the use of plastic. And this has caused an escalating and intense competition in the industrial groups."

Groups wanting to regulate plastics in buildings have turned to state and local governments and asked them to restrict the use of synthetic building materials. So far, their efforts have met with modest success. In New Mexico, the state conducted hearings to determine whether certain plastic products would be banned in the state's electrical code. Chicago city officials voted to retain a ban on the use of plastic pipe and plumbing materials. The New York Transit Authority decided not to permit PVC conduit in the subways and the City Council appropriated $2 million to remove PVC electrical conduit already in place. City officials in Tulsa, Oklahoma, rejected a proposal to permit the use of plastic conduit. And California, along with New York, called for an investigation into toxicity tests, to see if particularly hazardous building materials could be identified and, possibly, restricted.

Larry Zoeller says that Allied Tube and Conduit is trying to bring the toxicity issue to public attention. "Where we have appeared in a debate before a public body, we've won."

Steven Biegel thinks that "emotionalism makes legislatures act too quickly on this issue," but agrees with Zoeller that "the plastics industry is likely to lose out. After they lose at the state level time and time again, they'll probably turn to the federal government for relief."

But where can homeowners and renters turn to for relief?

Gordon Vickery admits that "we're not going to eliminate plastics from our daily lives." Nor are we going to eliminate the threat of fire or exposure to toxic smoke. But steps can be taken to reduce the danger and lower our standing as one of the most fire-prone industrial nations.

Household furnishings made of wood and natural fibers can replace many synthetic products. Natural products produce toxic gases, but they produce fewer lethal gases. The trouble is that natural furnishings have become more expensive than plastic.

Some manufacturers have begun developing new synthetic materials that are less toxic and more resistant to fire. PPG Industries has developed a synthetic wallboard that uses a plastic resin to bind fiberglass and hydrated aluminum. When exposed to flame, the wallboard releases water vapor. And Sears is now marketing a fiberglass and plastic mattress covering, which Dr. Alarie says is "extremely resistant" to burning and produces little toxic gas. Don Van Gelderen, marketing manager of contract interior for Sears, says that manufacturers have become increasingly aware of the need for such products in recent years. "The turning point came with the Las Vegas, MGM Grand Hotel fire. Commercial establishments realized there were a lot of fires and a lot of people dying from smoke. We still don't know much about toxicity, but I think it will become more of an issue in the future."

Other synthetic products can be treated with fire retardant chemicals. But the results are often mixed. One fire retardant made polyurethene foam ignite at temperatures 25 to 30 degrees higher than untreated foam. The trouble was that when it did burn, the retarded foam produced a gas that attacked the central nervous system and produced epilepsy. Obviously, the science of fire prevention is still rudimentary.

Gordon Vickery recommends smoke detectors, gas masks, and, for those who can afford the $1,500 sticker price, one of the new residential sprinkler systems. He, like Dr. Slade, believes that training and public awareness can go a long way toward reducing risk. That means among other things, not smoking around your shower curtain. Until tests, codes, and laws are developed to reduce the hazard, the danger of living in a plastic environment will continue to grow. ■

Dr. Robert Schaeffer is managing editor of* Not Man Apart, *the monthly newsmagazine of Friends of the Earth.

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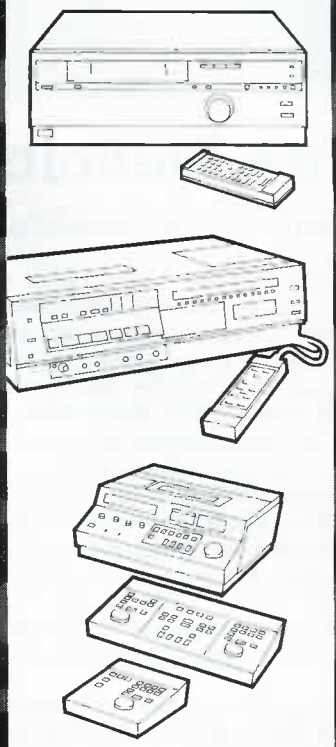

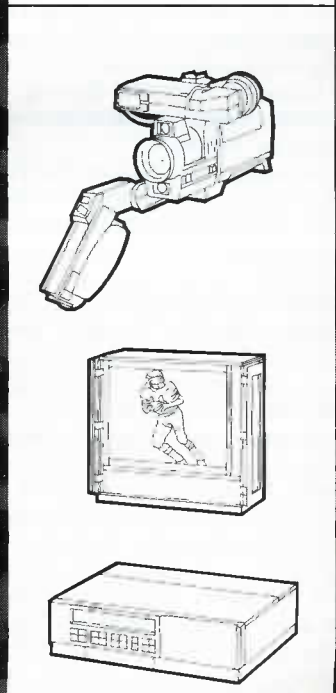

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With Deficits For All

Reagan's defense spending will bankrupt the US in four years

By Josh Martin

The silly season for the 1984 presidential election campaign has begun. It began when Congress adjourned for the holidays in late November, leaving behind an $850-billion federal budget with only $670 billion in revenues accounted for. The fact that there was a $180 billion deficit passed almost unnoticed. Some even took cheer: The deficit was about $20 billion smaller than the one forecast when the budget was originally presented by President Reagan. That is, the Ronald Reagan who campaigned for the presidency on a pledge to balance the budget by 1984.

The silly season moves into high gear when Congress and the President return to Washington this week. They will complete the budget, tolerating a deficit so large that it threatens any hopes of a lasting economic recovery. It is the forerunner of a series of $200 billion deficits that could ultimately force the financial collapse of the federal government, unless drastic action is taken.

So far, neither Congress nor the President have shown any willingness to opt for solutions that would contain these deficits: sharply increased taxes or massive budget cuts. Instead, they have given the public a remarkable display of politicial cynicism, indifference, and folly. President Reagan has threatened to veto any tax increases in 1984 or 1985, leaving it to Congress to cut the budget. Congress, in turn, has failed to realize any of the $73 billion in spending cuts it had pledged itself to make. Everyone, it seems, had a sacred cow.

In the closing days of the 1983 session, Rep. Dan Rostenkowsky, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, warned that failure to take action was a sign of congressional "impotence." A Republican Senator, similarly outraged, told legislators: "We're in a catatonic state. We're immobile. We're unable to act."

On the eve of a national election year, few in Washington wanted to be messengers of bad news, telling voters the ugly truth about the deficits. True, Sen. Bob Dole and financial adviser Martin Feldstein have made impassioned warnings. But most politicians and federal officials prefer living in the economic cloud-cuckoo land envisioned by Treasury Secretary Donald Regan. Despite warnings that government borrowing will dry up funds needed to sustain economic recovery, and despite the failure of Congress or the President to enact real deficit-reducing measures, the Treasury Secretary insists that the economy can thrive and the deficit can miraculously be cut in half—from $180 billion to $100 billion—next year. He may also insist that the tooth fairy exists.

Before Congress adjourned, members approved a stopgap funding measure to keep the government solvent until they returned. It did so by increasing the ceiling on the national debt, from $1,389 billion to $1,490 billion, which should keep the Treasury in business through April.

By this action, Congress, with presidential backing, threw sound fiscal policy out the window, insuring massive deficits for the remainder of this decade. True, it passed increased Social Security taxes, and approved the President's gasoline surcharge. But it took no action on the more important "stand-by" taxes which would be triggered if large deficits persist in 1985, nor did it correct glaring inequities in the tax code.

The Reagan Administration has taken advantage of this, advancing proposals for a variety of new taxes, including user fees, which would place a great burden on lower- and middle-income groups. In effect, these proposals would further widen the gap between the rich and the poor, functioning as part of a malevolent income distribution policy. They would not eliminate the massive deficits expected in the next few years.

The impact of these deficits has yet to be fully assessed. Their sheer size makes them difficult to comprehend. For example, as a lump sum of money, this year's $180 billion deficit is more than the face value of all U.S. currency in circulation.

What we do know is that government red ink on this scale rapidly translates into economic trouble in the private sector. When the government enters the money markets to borrow the money it needs, it eats up national savings that would normally be invested in other economic activities. Companies that want to build new factories or pay for civilian research can't find the money they need at a price they can afford. Consumers can't borrow money to buy cars, homes or refrigerators. If government borrowing grows too large, and many think it already has, economic activity is swiftly throttled.

Economists are now warning that if deficits aren't promptly brought under control, a major economic slump could occur as soon as the fall of 1984, marked by a return of double-digit inflation and high interest rates.

The prospect of economic collapse has not gone unnoticed within the administration. Although the White House tried to censor public debate, it is no secret that Martin Feldstein, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors, has been urging the President to reject the optimistic forecasts of Treasury Secretary Regan, and increase taxes to close the budget gap. So far, the President has refused.

Ronald Reagan has become a Republican "big spender," to use the President's favorite criticism of his Democratic opponents. In fact, he is the biggest spender in history. In three years the federal budget has grown from $660 billion to $850 billion and federal spending as a percentage of the gross national product has risen sharply, from 22.9 percent in 1981 to 25.2 percent in 1983. Since Reagan has been spending without taxing, the result has been a string of ever-growing deficits.

Ironically, this policy, particularly the tax cuts that produced the deficits, may have helped fuel short-term consumer demand, creating the illusion of an economic recovery. A lasting recovery cannot be

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sustained on this basis. In its analysis of the 1984 budget, the Brookings Institution bluntly warned that "unless deficits are cut sharply, investment will be severely reduced, foreign trade deficits will persist, and economic growth will be sluggish."

Unfortunately, the federal government has become a deficit junkie. Since 1960, it has run in the red in all years but one. To cover the deficit, the government has increased the national debt ceiling 25 times in 15 years, so the Treasury can legally borrow money by issuing notes and bonds.

Under Ronald Reagan, federal budget deficits have soared to record highs, thanks to increased military spending and huge tax breaks for the rich. The administration has tried to mask the truth by advancing the concept of "structural deficits." Under this concept, Republican red ink is a "structural deficit" inherent in the economy. But a "structural deficit" is still a deficit, and this administration has borrowed heavily to cover its debts. In three years, the national debt has grown from $907 billion to $1,490 billion. Put another way, this means that each of us, as citizens of this government, now owe $6,170 as our individual share of the national debt.

When offered the choice of increasing taxes or increasing the national debt to cover budget deficits, the administration has consistently chosen to issue federal I.O.U.'s, putting off the day of reckoning. However, delayed payments must someday be paid—and the government's bills are rapidly coming due.

The deficits caused by the so-called "Reagan Revolution" are so large they threaten to bankrupt the government. Interest payments on the national debt have soared—not only because of high real interest rates, but because the size of the deficits has increased so rapidly. Annual interest payments have risen from $59 billion in 1979 to $120 billion this year. More important, a larger share of the federal budget goes to pay debts. Out of every dollar you pay in taxes, 15 cents now goes to pay interest on the national debt. If projected deficits are realized, the government could be spending $250 billion a year in interest payments—one quarter of the entire budget—by 1988.

Congressional leaders have long known that the biggest single contributor to this year's deficit has been the bloated military budget. In three years, it has grown from $136 billion to $245 billion, with Congress voting the funds. By 1988, projected military spending will reach $350 billion; $2 trillion dollars will be spent on arms over the next five years. Defense allocations now make up 30 percent of the federal budget, with little restraint provided by congressional watchdogs of the public till. Congressmen, like the President, have a soft spot for the military, ignoring the clear relationship between arms and deficits.

Since neither the Congress nor the President are willing to cut the budget at this point, they are left with bleak options: Raise taxes to pay off the mounting debts or declare bankruptcy.

While no one has publicly suggested a government default, the concept of some sort of debt moratorium, under which certain interest payments would be delayed, does have adherents. Some administration officials may favor this concept knowing that, if Washington does raise taxes, the far right may take radical steps to voice their displeasure. The tax revolt that swept Ronald Reagan into the Oval Office is still very much alive, and it has been circulating a call for a constitutional convention to mandate a balanced federal budget. So far, 30 of the 34 state legislatures needed to force Congress to call the convention have done so. A significant tax increase would convince the rest.

What would such a convention do? At first, it would inject an element of anarchy into the American body politic; legitimate power would be questioned. But, if history is any guide, the proposed convention would soon act to reinforce the privileges of the rich. Whether other classes and power groups could prevent it is an open question. However, when bankers and the nobility forced the French king to call the Estate General in 1789, each group was elated with the prospect that they would finally control the government for their benefit. In America, 200 years later, a clique of conservative land owners, corporate lawyers and bankers would run the show. Most Americans could expect little democracy, and less generosity, from them.

Whether a convention is called or not, the budget deficits remain, straining America's economic and social resources to the limit. Left unchecked, they will force a radical change in the political system so it can deal with the upheavals those deficits will cause. This would be the ultimate price of Reaganomics. ■

Josh Martin is a writer based in New York. He specializes in political and economic reporting.

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